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LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXXIV OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER ONE

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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

Lasell! How much that word means to the "old girls," and how much we hope it will mean to the new at the end of this school year. To us who have been here a year or more, the return is looked forward to with great pleasure. It means to us the renewing of old acquaintances, and greeting again our teachers. Not only teachers, but friends are they, friends who have helped us over many hard places, and taught us to see with keener vision, not only new things, but old things, looked at often enough, perhaps, yet not seen. It means visiting again the rooms where our friends used to be, and meeting new ones in their places; wandering through the spacious halls; sitting again in the cozy library with all its old books; and entering once more the Chapel, the dear old Chapel where our Dr. Bragdon gave us so many fine talks.

And the gymnasium! what "old girl" is there whose heart has not thrilled with pleasure on entering again this dear room, the scene of so many good times, where she "new" and sick with longing for home, was first welcomed by the "old girls," and where she in her turn hopes to make the new girls feel that Lasell is more home than school?

Then after a while, what pleasure to take again our favorite walks with new or old friends and point out to them our special pictures or pieces of landscape, or to paddle up or down the beautiful Charles in the big "war canoes"; these are some of the things that make the return to Lasell so delightful and so dear to the "old girls." We sincerely hope that Lasell will become in like manner so dear to the "new girls" that their return will be looked forward to with as much joy as ours was.

A man who had a dachshund called him "AUF WIEDERSEHEN *"because* he was "so LONG."—EX.

Commencement Day Address.

The Commencement address was given by the Rev. George P. Eckman, D. D. Most happily, though all unknowing, he had chosen to treat his subject, "The Purpose of Education," along the line of the class motto, "We learn so as to do."

The same cry which came with compelling force to that old monk "Bernard, wherefore art thou here," should arouse every one of us to discover the fundamental purpose in life. This is not different for man and for woman, whatever the world may have thought.

This is an age of opulence and economics. Never was there a time when resources were so boundless; yet Mr. Edison is pacing along the ocean's shore, crazy that he cannot utilize the mighty force he sees. The social problems of today are greater than ever, and their solution can only be reached when the forces of men's minds and the energies of their souls are highly developed. And yet we seem to be running contrary to the law of evolution. We strive to save the least and most unlikely. The value of dust furnished a striking illustration of the worth of one of the least of things. It gives the blue of the sky, and without it the clouds would lack nebulæ around which to gather.

Now a formal education is one of the agencies for the development of life, for making "the most of which the stuff is capable." Education must arouse and train the power of thought; for thinking is the basis of all effective work. The little girl who was asked how she drew a horse, spoke truly when she said, "I just think a horse and then draw round the think." Education must also develop man's strength. If it fails to do this, and kindles only a pleasant glow, it fails utterly.

Recognize your limitations—we all have them—but remember that they may serve as potent factors in developing abilities and powers.

No education can be complete without its

erown, religion. For the mind of the eternal is all pervasive. God is supreme everywhere. He alone ean furnish the highest inspiration in all lines of work.

Young ladies of the graduating class, today has come to you not a new life, but a turn in the road. Remember what Thomas Carlyle said, "Not what I have, but what I do." Then your prayer will be "Lord that I may be most usable." Keep the fairness and the beauty in your souls, and work that God may be glorified.

Extraets from an aecount of the Commeneement of 1858, taken from the Boston Atlas and Daily Bee.

"We presume that our readers very generally are aware that Lasell Seminary is in Auburndale, some ten miles out of the city. It is not only situated in a most eharming plaee as to the beautics of nature and the taste of art, but is one of the finest institutions for the edueation of females to be found in the state, and falls little, if any, short of the standard of a college.

Its seventh annual eommeneement took place yesterday, and was attended by a largc number of gratified speetators.

The annual examinations (conducted by the teachers) eommeneed Friday. It was coneluded on Tuesday evening by an exhibition of declamation, compositions, and voeal and musical exercises. A scene from Maebeth was very finely rendered.

The Commeneement excrcises took placc in the hall at the Seminary. At noon a eollation was servcd in the dining room of the Seminary, and was partaken of with great relish. It was excellent, and the manner in whieh the gallant young men attended upon gratified, and pretty young ladies was a lesson and a pieture to all who beheld or experieneed it.

In thc afternoon exereises eommemoration of the day were held in the Congregational ehureh, a handsome structure in the village. Prof. F. D. Huntington of Harvard College delivered the address. His subject was the "Scienee of Human Companionship." In the evening there was a soeial reunion in the Seminary hall, at whieh some six or seven hundred persons were present. Happier eontenances or more gladsome hearts were probably never gathered under one roof; and the occasion formed a fitting elose to the labors, the joys, the varied experiences of the year.

The Seminary, in its general conduct, is more like a family than a plaee of study, as sueh institutions are generally regarded. The relation of teaehers and pupil is eminently social and pleasant, and no rigid rules jar upon the sensibilities. As a eonsequence a general estcem and confidenee exists throughout the establishment. It is this social and family element that is giving to the Seminary a preference over similar institutions.

Howard Pylc, the artist-author, has one of the most unusual of fads. It is the eollection of hats. He has more than a hundred headpieees, representing many different periods of history. The most picturesque feature of the hat eollcetion is that made up of pirates' hcadgear. For ycars the subject of pirates has faseinated Mr. Pyle. He has given special attention to thc study of them, and, particularly, of those who infested the Ameriean Coast, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexieo.

Mr. Pyle lives in a large old home at Wilmington, Delaware, where hc not only keeps his hat eollection, but, also, a small sized armory of weapons; for no pirate fad eould be complete without long, sharp knives and fieree pistols. He has also eollected a rare group of prints and books relating to the "roaring bullies" of the dcep. The influence of this enthusiasm is apparent in some of his recent pietures.—From Saturday Evening Post.

Understanding.

Owing to lack of space in the June Leaves, the senior prize essay, written by Miss Leona M. Benner was not printed; we take great pleasure in putting it in our first fall number.

"Herein!" called the music master softly in answer to a peremptory knock at his door. As he turned from the window the late afternoon sun, finding its way over the bewildering housetops, touched lovingly the silvery curls at his temples and brought into relief his fine high forehead. Although he had apparently been closely regarding the scene below, in spirit he had been far away from the crazy quilt appearance the back piazzas of the tenement opposite presented, from one of which came the delighted howls of several dirty children playing circus with a scrawny cat and lop-eared yellow dog for the menagerie. He had been in a dream country, from which he was but half recalled by the entrance of a blue-coated messenger boy who handed him a violin case. So engrossed was the man in lifting out the instrument, that he did not hear the boy's message that Mr. Slattery would be up at seven, although it was repeated several times. At length that young person, turning up his snub nose, walked to the door, and was about to slam it after him, when something in the old man's face made him close it softly.

"Queer old guy," he muttered to himself, "wonder if he'd wake up if you'd set off a fire cracker under 'im. Say, but he did take a shine to that fiddle; them lamps of his'n just lit up. Looks like he ain't had nothin' to eat but music fer mon'n a week. Shorty," he added in a reproachful tone, "you'll be teachin' a infant class in Sunday school, or settin' up a home for 'also rans' ef you don't cut out this sympathizin' bizness." And he went whistling away down the rickety stairs.

Back in his shabby little room the music master sat holding the precious violin. He was trying to realize that this wonderful instrument was to be his upon the condition that he go on a concert tour under the management of one Michael Slattery. All his life he had known that the power of genius lay within him; but somehow the ambition was lacking and his genius had never been recognized. At last he had given up hope. Then one day when the music spirits called him so that he forgot he was old and a failure, he had poured out his heart in melody; and this man Slattery, hearing him play, quite by accident, and recognizing his ability, had at once offered him the engagement. Ah, how he would play! He could see before him now the seas of eager, upturned faces, held spellbound by the magic of his art. He would play to them till they forgot their cares and sorrows, their jealousies and petty quarrels; he would waft them on the wings of his music into those beautiful dream countries where he was wandering when the messenger boy interrupted him. Half unconsciously he settled his worn cravat, and with the gesture came the thought that now he need no longer be ashamed of his shabbiness. He could use the money he had been saving to buy the violin he now held in his arms. Many times he had gone hungry that he might put by the little money he earned, for what was food in comparison to such a jewel? It was a beautiful high-modeled Stainer; and since the first time he had stood outside the window of the old shop where it was for sale, gazing at it hungrily, and admiring the wonderful varnish that its maker had learned from the Italians, he had loved it, and wished for it with the greatest longing he had ever known—save one. *She* had been dead many, many years, but he had not ceased to love her and long for her. Ah, if she could only see him now, when he had come into his own at last. His head fell forward on his breast, and for a long time he sat silent with a smile on his face, the smile of a man who after long years of waiting is at last understood.

"Jimmie! quit hangin' over that railin'; you'll be kilt dead!" eame in loud eommanding tones from the tenement opposite. "Go call your pa to supper, and move lively now," finished the woman as she vanished in the doorway.

The musie master awoke from his dreams with a start, and the violin, slipping from his arms, fell to the floor, emitting a single sharp note as if drawing attention to itself. "Ya, doch!" said the man softly in the tone one would use to soothe a ehild, as he pieked up the violin and fitted it into position. "I not forget you, I play you now."

He eaught his breath with a quiek gasp as the first notes rose high, sweet, exultant. It sounded like the voiee of a woman who had been dumb for many years, and suddenly found that she could sing. What was it saying? Ah, yes, he understood! It was singing of the forest in the Vaterland, his Veterland. He eould hear the wind in the branches and see the bowing treetops. It was singing of the time when it was a pine tree on the hillside, in a little mountain village, with the forest stretehing away baek of it. It sang of the long winters, when the strong wind eame, bowing all before its might, singing a song of frozen seas. When the trees lower down in the valley tossed their bare arms and moaned with cold, while they, the pines, in their green dresses, nodded in sympathy and bade them remember that summer was on the way. Then fell the snow in feathery flakes, as if in pity of their nakedness; and under its downy coverlet they dared to dream of summer; and when they awoke they found that Jaek Frost had been at work and deeorated them with myriads of tiny jewels. There were the long nights when nothing was heard but the grinding of ice-elad braneles. One night in each winter the pine tree loved to remember. A night when up from the village came floatings of songs of a ehild and a star; songs that stirred a vague fceling of joy within it. The memory of that night helped it to bear the eold, till spring came and loosened the fetters of the streams, so that they again eame chattering down the hillside, spilling laughter as they ran. The springs bubbled in the moss, and the trees in the valley roeked their tiny leaves to sleep. Back in the forest eountless green arms beekoned the wood-folk back, the singing birds, and the shy, wild things they loved. Then eame the long, lazy summer days, when the breezes wandered from tree to tree, whispering of the wondrous things it had seen in the southland; when the pirate bee went buzzing homeward with his loot. Sometimes there eame a strange hush. Then Thor the Thunderer spoke, and the skies flamed with the light of his anger; and the storm king with his galloping legions rushed through the forest, driving all the wood folk into shelter. When sure of his departure, they stealthily peeped forth, with here a call, and there an answer; and when the sun appeared, they joined in a many-throated chorus of gladness and thanksgiving. How the pine loved the silver nights when the hillside eehoed with elfin laughter and the gossamer-robed fairy folk daneed lightly 'round the magie eircle under its boughs. This was the time when lovers strolled, arm in arm, down in the village. All too soon summer drifted into autumn, and the valley trees flaunted their gay leaves in one last farewell frolie. Ah, how beautiful it all was!

Then one day the forester eame with his ax and felled the pine; strong suns sucked the life from every cell; the eraftsman gave it curving lines, and for a long time it lay hearing nothing, sceing nothing, feeling nothing; swathed in strange gums, as a mummy of aneient Egypt, it lay dead. Then it had been finished and varnished, and many masters had played upon it; but not one who eould understand. It had been the means of produeing much beautiful music, but the violin itself had never sung. All its life it had longed to sing. The

wind sang, the birds sang, the children who came to gather flowers sang, the wood-choppers sang at their work in the forest; all the world rang with music, it alone was silent, it was still. Then had come the touch of this man who understood. Ah, what rapture! It the compass of all nature's various voices, it was singing, it that once was dumb.

The man seemed to see spread out before him the scenes of which the violin sang. Did he not know each phase? His home had been just such a mountain village, and he had loved it well. The She died; and he had felt the blows of the woodman, Death, and the rending in every sinew. For a long time he, too, had been silent, he could not sing. Then because She had always had faith in him he had gone across the seas to become famous.

Suddenly the music changed, as if its aim had been accomplished; then began again in a minor key, and through it ran the violin's desire to see again its native hillside. Freighted with longing the music pulsed through the room. A sob tightened in the man's throat as he realized that he was old and homesick, and in a foreign land. He would like to see Her grave once more; and his little sister, the only one left him. He could see her still, on the day he had left home, a little maid standing in the door, her brown feet were bare and there were tears in her blue eyes; but the little mouth smiled bravely, because she loved him very much, and she knew he would not want her to grieve. Why, he had almost forgot! She was a woman now, with little maids of her own. Suddenly an overpowering longing to play to them the songs of the child and the star, that the tree had heard, and to hold them on his knee, came over him; and he sank into a chair with his head in his hands, only to spring erect with determination. The money he was saving for the violin, yes, he could use that. He would give up the engagement. He was going home, home!

"Good evening, Herr," called Slattery's cheery voice from the doorway. "Well, what do you think of the violin? What's the matter man? Have you seen a ghost?" he added in softer tones when he saw the look in the other's eyes.

"Nein," said the music master reverently, "nein, I haf seen the soul of a fiolin and it wass fery peautiful to see." Then he continued with visible effort, "Herr Schlattery, hard it iss to tell you, because you haf honor me fery mooch; but mine engagement I cannot keep," pointing to the violin he said with breaking voice, "We are going home; old we both are, and we cannot sing for tears." In a flash the cruel thought came to him that with the engagement he must give up the violin. With a sob he held it tightly to him, then slowly extended it to Slattery.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed the latter, his floral features alight with sympathy, "You wouldn't think I was the kind that understood, now would you? But you see I stood outside your door and heard you playing just now, and —well, I've been there myself. Keep it with my compliments, and take it home." He brushed a few stealthy tears from his eyes and then went out, closing the door softly after him.

On one of the back piazzas a woman was trying to rock a fretful baby to sleep. The high, thin notes of her song came up to the music master as he stood at the window, still holding the violin; and this is what she sang:

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame, to my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame I fain would be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame! to my ain countrie.

The man leaned out and played the air softly, over and over again, till the woman ceased her rocking, and the babe fell asleep. Sweet and reassuring the music floated downward like a benediction:

"Oh, the sun through the mist seems to promise to me
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! Oh, hame I fain would be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame! to my ain countrie."

When the old musician had almost finished packing his few belongings, the next morning, there came a rap at his door, and a raw-boned Scotch woman with a round-eyed babe on her arm entered.

"Ah, sir," she began hesitatingly, "I wilna forget the bit bonie music ye played last night. I kenned by the way ye played that ye wad be going for to see your ain countrie again. I be unco glad, sir, an' I hae kem fer to say 'good-bye' and 'God bless ye, sir.'

A little while later the music master stood in his doorway, with the violin in one arm and all his worldly possessions done up in a neat bundle in the other. "Heimgang!" he announced to the bare walls softly, "Heimgang!" And he smiled as he said it.

Thy Will be Done.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.

Our faith springs like the eagle
That soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee:
"O Lord! Thy Will be Done!"

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us cringe and writhe
Beneath the iron heel;

In Thy name we assert our rights
With sword and tongue and pen
And e'en the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy Will! it bids the weak be strong
It bids the strong be just;
No lips to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.

Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O God! be there, Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

John Hay.

The nineteenth of January seems to be an especially interesting date. Edgar Allan Poe was born on this day, in 1809; so was the great inventor, James Watt (1736). General Robert E. Lee claimed this birthday, in 1807. Gold, too, was discovered in California on that day, in 1849.

The German Emperor was born on January twenty-seventh, 1859.

If you were born on the twenty-eighth it will help to fix the date of the first train on the Panama Railroad that went through from ocean to ocean, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1855.

If the twenty-ninth is your birthday, so it was that of President William McKinley, in 1843. If you were born on January thirty-first, so was James G. Blaine, in 1830, and Franz Schubert, in 1797. And so I might continue.—From Ladies' Home Journal.

Lasell Pew in Berlin.

Lasell visitors to Berlin, Germany, or residents in that city find in the American church a pew marked "Lasell" in which they have a right to sittings. This right was paid for some years ago by teachers and pupils of Lasell in aid of the building fund, and it is perpetual.

We would be glad to have this fact well advertised among past, present and future Lasellians, so that all may feel they have a Church Home for two Sundays or for fifty.

If you know any of our school who are going to Berlin, tell them about it. They will receive a cordial welcome by Dr. Dickie, the popular and successful pastor of the church. They have only to ask for the Lasell pew and feel at home at once.

There is the more need of letting this be known because I have somehow overlooked the mention of it in recent years and the "old girls" who contributed and were enthusiastic about it have perhaps let it slip into an unused pigeonhole of memory. Tell everybody!

C. C. B.



Lila Warren visited Georgianna Adams McElfresh in Williamstown. Says G.'s little daughter is lovely. Wants Mr. B. to come back once in a while to see "his girls."

Charlie Wagner built a house for (the mother of) his lady love by Sebago Lake, Me., and made a good summer of it.

Belle Loudon Bragdon sends her Dorothy to her old school. Take care of her, girls! She is far from home. Make it homey for her and for all the other new girls.

Etta Wolfe reached home (Nome) July 17. That was a long way to come. But she is worth the outlay! She wrote she had a splendid trip, will never forget her year at Lasell, would like to have another but doesn't feel she ought to leave her mother in another Alaska winter.

Edith Locke Slaten is glad she knows Mr. B.'s successor. Says little Helen keeps the family busy. Wishes she could have been at Commencement. Is sorry Mr. B. is leaving, and begs him not to forget the old girls!

Mamie Miller Moore sends a friendly letter from Dallas. Says she married Arthur Moore three years ago. They built them a nice little home; enjoys housekeeping; she does her own cooking; finds much help in what she learned at Lasell; has two horses, a cow, chickens; invites us to visit her and asks after Miss Carpenter, whom she loved.

Isabel Blackstock, '03, on June 18 wrote a delicious letter, just like her, from Shahjahanpor. Isabel is always appreciative of her Lasell years, as we are of her. She is now principal of the Moradabad Girls School, and likes the change; had just received the Carpenter memorial volume was "rather shocked to see so much of her heart in print" (not anticipated of course when she wrote that fine tribute); says Bess Draper and Cornelia Douglass are kind enough to write often, forgiving lack of adequate reply. She sends an exquisite Moradabad brass bowl with "Bragdon" on it in Urdu characters to Mr. and Mrs. B., and one to "dear Miss Ransom," and some India toys for little Margaret Barlow. Wasn't that just like Isabel? Lasell loves her forever!

Edith Ebersole, '03, after Commencement visited the Poolers, '01 and '03, on Mouse Island, Me. Then Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, in Montreal (pronounces Annie's little girl a "dear" [and Edith knows] and her home delightful) where she visited with Claire Hammond with whom she later went to Quebec; then Bess Draper, '02, in Troy, etc. Edith appreciates the friends she made thro' Lasell and does her part. *as all Lasell girls should do.*

Dessie Millikin Bevans, '92, with her children three (how fast they grow up, these daughters) has spent the summer at Lewisburg, W. Va., finding there in '07 the best conditions after Havana life. Dorothy was fifteen July 27. Dessie's child! Think of it!

Lina Morgan Jones of Utica (18 Scott St.) says the Joneses are getting along well; her son graduated from college in June and is now in politics, running for State Senator; says Lasell looked very lovely at her recent visit.

Bess Campbell, '00, who came to Lasell from Topeka, Kan., is with her aunt and cousin, spending several months in Los Angeles. Queerer things have happened than their permanent going to Southern California, but we hope they choose Pasadena. Her address is 1044 Kensington Road.

Sarah Buck Proctor writes a cordial word; says Hannah enjoyed last year at Lasell and returns with pleasure.

Edith Burke Wells, "The Lasell Baby," writes loyally that if her baby boy had been a girl she would have gone to Lasell, and adds "Never mind! Chester Taylor shall learn Ho-i-la, anyhow!

Aliee Fuller writes from Camp Candlelight, Lake George, that she wants a eatalogue for a friend; that she has wished she eould send her sister; that Lasell life meant so much to her; that "we all will be most loyal to Lasell without C. C. B." (that is the right spirit, Aliee!) that she has mother, grandmother and sister with her in N. Y. (that is a happy family). I guess Alice has been over-working, but she does not say so, only she is "better."

Margie Sehuberth, '96, (bless her heart) made one day in August a happy one for C. C. B. by giving him a nice eall. We looked over Lasell photos, talked Lasell like two girls and had a splendid time generally. Margie never looked better or nieer. Says Anna Ampt is to marry this fall!

Katherine MeCoy, '01, (bless her heart, too,) came early in September for an afternoon in Pasadena, her mother and father, who were with her, having not seen the Crown City. The afternoon was spent in a earriage, viewing the eity, with Lasell visiting "on the side." They were on their way East from Seattle, where they spent several weeks, seeing Eo Sehram and Nell Chase, '02. They all looked well and are the kind of people Lasell is proud to call friends.

Marriott Degen's friends in Pasadena think Lasell has done wonders for her in every way; are astonished by her splendid piano-forte work and by her art work, too. They say she is a new woman! Marriott is always giving her mates some eye (and mouth) openers by her great cooking. So they aver that Lasell is a great school. Lasell thinks Marriott used her chances better than many girls do and is proud of her as a Lasell girl. She sent Mr. B. a ehocolate eake for his birthday that Mrs. Loomis eouldn't beat! Their birthdays coineide, on Sept. 6th.

Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87, sends another of her newsy letters from P. Islands. Merey would have made a fine editor. But then she has made several fine things of herself, besides mothering four fine children! We find her letter so interesting that we quote part of it in another column. A Lieut. Mason, U. S. A., spoke recently very complimentary of Mr. Ingalls' splendid engineering work in that new land of ours; says he is almost, if not quite, the most important man there!

Rebeeea E. Luce, at Lasell in 1856, died in Westford, her life-long home, in July. She was a teacher, an earnest church worker, a most devoted daughter and sister. She was loved for her many good qualities, her kindly sympathetic friendliness. She was ever loyal to Lasell and one of the red-letter days of her later life was the one on which she attended the Lasell jubilee.

For those of you interested in genealogies, here is a study: The daughter of one now Emma Barnum Riggs has one of the most remarkable missionary aneestors in the world. By request it has been written off for us. Annie Barnum Riggs is the daughter of Mrs. Emma Barnum Riggs and Rev. Henry Dwight Riggs of Harpoot, Turkey. Her mother has been a missionary in conneetion with Euphrates College for many years. Her father is the president of the eollege. Her grandfather and grandmother, Dr. and Mrs. Mary Barnum, have been missionaries in Harport for fifty years. Mrs. Mary Barnum is a daughter of Dr. Goodell, for many years a missionary in Constantinople. He was assoeiated with Dr. Riggs, the translator of the Armenian Bible, and Dr. Dwight, Dr. Riggs' son, Edward, married Dr. Dwight's daughter, Sarah, who settled as missionaries in Marsovan, Turkey, and it is their son, Henry, whom this baby elaims as her

father. This makes up a total of twelve missionary ancestors in direct line.

We are pleased to have several of our girls take up further work after leaving us.

Rosalie A. Bennett expects to enter Pratt Institute in Sept.

A letter from Helen E. Carter, '07, told of her plan to enter Chicago University this fall. Irma Goldman is another Lasellian at the University this year. You two must see each other and exchange Lasell news. Do write us that the introduction through the LEAVES was effective.

Esther Starr, '08, is another of our seniors who is taking this year away from us. She has entered the James Milliken University in Decatur.

We miss you girls and no doubt you miss us. Esther says she will come on for commencment. Don't forget, will you?

Cecile Rich enters the freshman class at Smith. We hope to have a visit from her some time this fall when she can tell us all about it.

Emma McConnell has entered a school in Philadelphia. "I hate to think of not going back to Lasell again," she says, "but for family reasons it seems best to be nearer home." We miss you, Emma, but are glad of the one year with us.

Isabelle Bowers is taking a six month's course in the Normal School at Los Angeles. When writing for her credits for work done here she says, "It seems that I have special use for everything I took at Lasell." That is the highest kind of recommendation.

We know all of our girls are busy. Here is what a few others are doing.

Jennie C. Drew is giving music lessons in Somerville. We know she is successful, for hear what Miss Parkhurst says of her. "An ideal music teacher. She unites common sense, tact and an unusual ability in imparting knowledge."

During the last winter Mabel H. Goodwin, '02, had charge of the Norfolk Library—the largest private library in Connecticut.

During the summer many letters have come flitting in with kind messages for the coming year and words appreciative of the beauties of the new catalogue.

Ruth Sykes, '08, says, "It is a beauty and by far the most attractive one I ever saw from any school."

Ethel Smith Aylsworth, '99, sends her subscription for the LEAVES. She appreciates the glimpses that it gives of the old girls.

Margaret B. Cobb writes of her cousin, Amelia, who is with us this year. Wont they enjoy talking Lasell over and comparing notes! This is one of the possible joys of younger sisters and cousins.

We thank Elinor K. Chamberlayne for her delightful, loyal letter. It voices sentiment which we hope all our girls may cherish. "Each year I am fonder of the dear old school than ever, and I am perfectly sure she is in the very best possible hands." And most heartily do we echo her wish that the coming year shall be "the best school year Lasell has ever had—in quality as well as quantity."

If there is anything in a name, M. Alice Fuller's summer must have been a delightful one, for she writes from Camp Candlelight, Pilot Knob, Lake George, N. Y.

Edna M. Rogers, '05, writes that Helen Royse has been visiting her in Watertown and planned for a later visit with Carrie George, '03, in Lynn. Edna spoke of a trip she and Helen were to take on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. We hope nothing upset their plans and that some day we will hear more about it.

Emily Hale, Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, sends notice of their annual reunion and luncheon to be held on Oct. 31st.

Kind messages have also come from Mabel Case Viot, '94, Virginia Wyckoff, '94, Ethel Radcliffe Finch (who, by the way, has a sister, Helena, here this year), Fern Dixon, '07, Edna Thurston, Elizabeth Snow, Lucy Gray Wilson, '06, Louise Kelly, '07, Cora Penniman McFarland, Lena Armstrong Brown, '03, Lela Goodall, '08, Edith Blair, '97, Florence Plum, '01, Gertrude Bragdon, '08, Ethel S. Walton, '99, Elizabeth Love, '08.

Marie Gibert, '03, was with Marie Andrews Barris in Lynn during part of the summer.

Lillie Potter, junior, spent some time at the Thousand Islands Park with Clara Nims, 07, after spending a month with Mary Potter McConn, '05, in Mystic, Iowa.

One of our grandchildren, Helen Elizabeth Slaten, is already two years on her way to Lasell, so her mother, Edith Locke Slaten, writes. We are glad to add little Helen's picture to our growing collection.

News of another granddaughter, Ella Stedman Frank's ('77 to '82) daughter, Louise, was married to Mr. Chester A. VanArsdale on September 16th at Warsaw, N. Y.

We are much interested and touched by the account of the bronze tablet placed in the high school gymnasium of Spokane, Wash., "In memory of Lewis Montague Fassett, who spoke and worked for this gymnasium and for clean school athletics." Katherine's mother says that Katherine is well and plans to do some studying this winter. Kind wishes for a successful year for the school came from both.

Rev. E. S. Chase, father of our Nellie and Laura Chase, '02, has recently moved to North Pasadena—more Lasell neighbors for Dr. Bragdon.

Capt. Chas. A. Ranlett has joined the active militia, serving as lieutenant in M company (Somerville), 8th M. V. M.

PROFESSOR.—*"Jones, what is steam?"*

JONES.—*"Steam, sir, is cold water gone crazy with the heat."*—Ex.

Pupils This Year.

Dorthy G. Aiken, West Newton; Lucy A. Aldrich, Flint, Mich.; Charlotte W. Alley, Pasadena, Cal.; Rachel P. Amen, Exeter, N. H.; Myra W. Andrews, Somerville; Myrilla L. Annis, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Eula E. Averill, Barre, Vt.; Ellen Avery, Peoria, Ill.; C. Elizabeth Baer, Lehighton, Pa; Louise R. Balch, Marshalltown, Ia.; Alice C. Ballard, Holyoke; Marion A. Bartlett, Detroit, Mich.; Olive F. Bates, Hanover; Marion V. Bemis, Springfield; Alma R. Bendixen, Springfield, Minn.; Reva L. Berman, San Antonio, Tex.; Constance E. Blackstock, Shahjahanpore, India; Alma J. Blaisdell, York Village, Me.; Hazel M. Blass, Little Rock, Ark.; Alice L. Boggs, Clarion, Pa.; Georgia D. Boswell, Coffeyville, Kan.; Dorothy I. Bragdon, Pueblo, Col.; Elizabeth B. Brandow, Albany, N. Y.; Amy F. Brannan, Cleveland, O.; Marion H. Briggs, Voluntown, Conn.; Elizabeth Bronaugh, Portland, Ore.; S. Gertrude Bull, Cleveland, O.; Edith E. Butterworth, Marion, Ind.; Ruth C. Butterworth, Marion, Ind.; Dorothy A. Chaffee, Amenia, N. Dak.; Margaret L. Chapman, Coldwater, Mich.; Evylyn N. Cheney, Lyndonville, Vt.; Amelia E. Cobb, Schoolcraft, Mich.; Anna L. Conant, Plainfield, N. J.; Amy J. Copeland, Upper Montelair, N. J.; Julia E. Crafts, Greenville, Me.; Grace E. Cremin, New York; Mabel Cressman, Perkasie, Pa.; Annie M. Crowe, Winnipeg, Man.; Ellen A. Cudworth, Chelmsford, Gladys L. Davis, Contoocook, N. H.; Julia DeWitt, Newark, N. J.; Nina Dietz, Lincoln, Neb.; Margherita Dike, Chicago, Ill.; Grace E. Douglass, Brookline; Gladys Dudley, Roxbury; Frances G. Ebersole, Cincinnati, O.; Rachel D. Edwards, Orient, Long Island, N. Y.; Edith Eisenstaedt, New York; Marion W. Eldredge, Dorchester, Edmonia C. Ellis, Torrington, Conn.; Ruth L. Farmer, Gouverneur, N. Y.; Isabel R. Farr, Beloit, Wis.; Helen S. Ferry, Pittsfield, Mass.; Aimee Flood, Galveston, Tex.; Miriam K. Flynn, Jamaica Plain, Alice M. Fuller, Brockton; Louise B. Funkhouser, Evanston, Ill.; Mary A. Gallaher, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mildred V. Goodall, Sanford, Me.; Florence Guething, Winchester, Mass.; Marion L. Hale, S. Glastonbury, Conn.; Mildred J. Hall, Montgomery Centre, Vt.; Helene Hamilton, Boston; Julia B. Hamilton, Utica, Mont.; Constance Harding, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace M. Harvey, Jamaica Plain; Marion W. Harvey, Jamaica Plain; Martha R. Hazelet, Williamsport, Pa.; Stella W. Henderson, Winnipeg, Man.; Amanda B. Hexter, Victoria, Tex.; Grace P. Holman, Jenkintown, Pa.; Edith Houghton, Red Oak, Ia.; Florence R. Hudson, Westfield; Mary E. Hughes, Huntington, W. Va.; Edna A. Jennings, Haverhill; Dorothy A. Jones, Jamestown, N. Y.; Ruth

E. Kettlety, Providence, R. I.; Lurella Krentler, Detroit, Mich.; Mildred Kretsinger, Evanston, Ill.; Eleanor R. Laurens, Charleston, S. C.; Gladys M. Lawton, Sheffield, Ill.; Laura E. LeDuc, Duluth, Minn.; Elsie Leonard, Wayne, Pa.; Alice J. Levi, Birmingham, Ala.; Irma F. Levi, Birmingham, Ala.; Marion H. Levy, Louisville, Ky.; Irene Lobenstein, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mary S. Lumbard, Oak Park, Ill.; Marion S. MacArthur, Troy, N. Y.; Edna MacDonald, Guanajuato, Mex.; Nadine C. Malone, Denver, Colo.; Mildred L. Marshall, Malone, N. Y.; Elizabeth P. Martin, Upper Montclair, N. J.; Adele C. Maurer, Rochester, N. Y.; Stella Marx, Cincinnati, O.; Fannie May, Portland, Ore.; Bessie E. Mattison, Pasadena, Cal.; Lillian L. McCauley, Chicago, Ill.; Madeleine McCrory, Altoona, Pa.; Ina M. McLean, Miles City, Mont.; Edna B. Merriam, Waterford, Conn.; Annie F. Merrill, Enosburg Falls, Vt.; Phyllis Merrill, Clinton, Conn.; H. Louise Miller, Oswego, Kansas; Ruth S. Miller, Bloomfield, Conn.; Anita F. Mirick, Worcester; Ruth H. Monroe, Brighton, Mass.; Hannah P. Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.; Florence B. Nelson, Derby Line, Vt.; Pauline M. Orcutt, Mechanicville, N. Y.; Marion F. Ordway, Barton Landing, Vt.; Louise B. Paisley, New York, N. Y.; Jane Parsons, Troy, Pa.; H. Louise Porter, Higganum, Conn.; Theia H. Powers, Lyndonville, Vt.; Clara D. Prince, Bedford, Alice L. Preston, Pasadena, Cal.; Hannah E. Proctor, Millbury, Mass.; Ella A. Puchta, Cincinnati, O.; Helena B. Radcliffe, Shelton, Conn.; Elsa Rheinstrom, Cincinnati, O.; Blanche Richmond, Mattoon, Ill.; Maria L. Riker, Harrodsburg, Ky.; Lucy F. Russell, Honesdale, Pa.; Ethel St. Clair, Deeth, Nev.; Fancher G. Sawyer, Skowhegan, Me.; Myra H. Schofield, Newtonville; Marjorie M. Sharp, Dorchester; Helen F. Schnadig, Chicago, Ill.; Mabeth S. Shuttleworth, Amsterdam, N. Y.; M. Elizabeth Simmons, Williamsport, Pa.; Maude A. Smith, Freehold, N. J.; Edyth M. Snyder, New Orleans, La.; Jennie G. Stanton, Milford, Del.; Jane G. Steele, Denver, Colo.; Caroline K. Steinmetz, Reading, Pa.; M. Cornelia Stone, Kankakee, Ill.; Eleonora Stroh, Detroit, Mich.; Susan Stryker, Duluth, Minn.; Florence Swartwout, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Millie Belle Switzer, Flint, Mich.; Gladys Taylor, New Orleans, La.; Winifred Taylor, Worcester; Julia M. Terkule, Montvale, N. J. Margaret E. Thacher, Littleton; Helen R. Thirkield, Washington, D. C.; Helen L. Thom, Centralia, Kans.; Ruth H. Turner, Glastonbury, Conn.; Sarah L. VanDorn, Cleveland, O.; Marguerite B. Vicary, Canton, O.; Edna J. Wald, Birmingham, Ala.; Sara F. Ward, Binghamton, N. Y.; Eleonor E. Warner, Duluth, Minn.; Marjorie W. Watkins, S. Manchester, Conn.; Sibyl Webb, Springfield, O.; Dorothy V. Wells, Greenfield; Edna K. Wheaton, New Bedford; Katherine H. Wheeler, Crookston, Minn.; Josephine L. Woodward, Brookline; Charlotte Wythe, San Jose, Cal.; Mary B. Wythe, San Jose, Cal.

Chicago Lasell Club.

The Chicago Lasell Club held its annual luncheon in the South Grill Room of Marshal Field's on Tuesday, October 20th, at one o'clock. Covers were laid for thirty-six in one of the private dining rooms, and the tables were prettily decorated with American beauty roses and minature Lasell banners. No special program was rendered, the time being devoted entirely to the renewing of old school friendships, and "getting acquainted" with the new members.

Much to everyone's disappointment Prof. Bragdon's hoped for "greeting" arrived too late for the luncheon and it is herewith inclosed, trusting that those who did not see it will find it published in the Leaves. Those present at the luncheon were:

Miss Mona Ryan, Miss Flora Gardner, Mrs. Alice Gardner Rogers, Mrs. Fan Brookfield Butler, Mrs. Edna Matthews Condit, Mrs. Emily Brookfield Hardy, Miss Blanche Harber, Miss Ina Harber, Miss Helen E. Carter, Miss Mary Seaman, Miss Louisa Grunewald, Mrs. Margaret Coon Browne, Mrs. May Rice Jenkins, Mrs. Bertha Hax Auld, Mrs. Lestra Hibberd Saxton, Miss Ida Jones, Miss Mabel Jones, Miss Emily Eaton Thomas, Mrs. Clara Roesing Taylor, Mrs. Annetta Paley Mathews, Mrs. Julia Hammond McBride, Miss Alice Hobbs, Miss Christine Frank, Miss Loretta Salmon, Miss Ruth Stone, Miss Agnes Lowe, Mrs. Jessie Vilas Miller, Mrs. George Ragsdale (Louisa Brown), Mrs. Blanche Wilcox Barnes, Dr. Emma K. Hackett, Miss May Florine Thielens, Miss Frances Bragdon, Miss Mildred Johnston.

My dear Girls, feeding and talking:—

And I hope the talking is the better part of it!

I don't suppose I have any "call" to write

you a greeting sinee I am no longer your Principal and "officially," am without reason for intruding. But many a long day—and year—will pass before I eease to hold you in my heart, and *care* for all you do!

My thoughts go out to you all oftener than you think and I claim you still as "my girls." So I take the liberty, for auld lang syne, of wishing you a happy meeting.

You have good news from your alma mater to help you to be glad. A *full* sehool, a fine quality of new girls, and success all along the line. It isn't everything to have the school full, but it is a sign that she has not lost her hold, and that must always be gratifying to her lovers. They write me that she is as full as ever. That is a ehronie condition of hers for many years and I am particularly happy that it continues *this* year for the eneouragement of her friends and the new prineipal.

I eount on you all to stand by the school with even greater love for her, faith in her and pride that you are of her.

Let every old girl make it a point to send one *good* new girl each year. Will you?

At this meeting let speeial care be taken that the new members feel *at home*. Let them be sure that they have fallen among *friends*.

Sometimes I have known at these meetings so much time taken up by a "program" that neweomers have stood or sat about on the edges of the ehairs (not stood on the edges! I guess that sentence better go to Miss Witherbee!) and have not been made to feel wholly at home.

Don't let that be so in any of your gatherings, will you?

Come and see me here! How glad I'll be to weleome you at 75 No. Grand Ave. No interest will ever quite take the plaee of my "old girls" in my life, not even the dainty, winsome little grandehild that ealls Belle Bragdon "mama"!

And when you ean, revisit your sehool, even if it takes trouble! The ealls of the old girls, a sign of their steadfast loyalty, is a greater eneouragement to the prineipal and teaehers than you guess!

Now I have taken enough of your time. All join hands and sing Alma Mater and have a jolly good time.

As always,

C. C. BRAGDON.

Pasadena, Calif., Oct. 15, '08.

Don't forget to send a full report of your meeting, with names of all, and present addresses, to Lasell for the LEAVES, and eaeh one of you send your dollar for this year's subscription! It's worth while—you'll get your money's worth in news of old friends and Lasell's present doings!

While visiting in Newton Centre this summer, went out to school. Wish I eould have come on for Commencement, but a little visit is better than none. Enjoyed seeing again Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Blaisdell, Miss Genn and Maude. Mike, too, and Mariah, also Mariah's small girl.

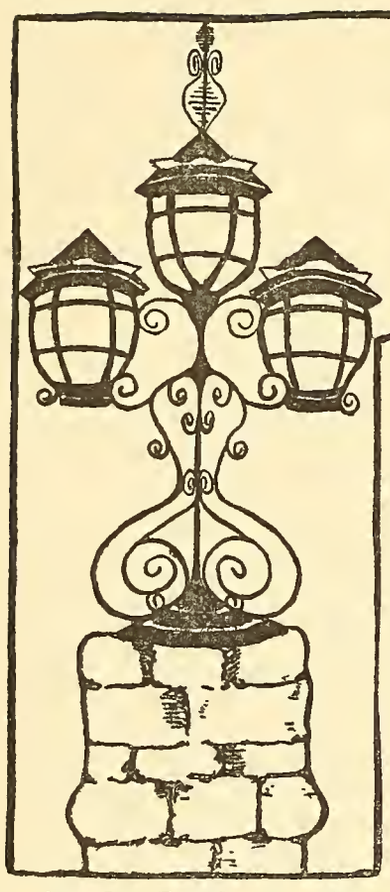
Spent a day in Haverhill with Edith Burke Wells and heard Chester, aged three weeks, say "nothing at all." He is a wonderful baby and Edith is a lovely mother.

Had a delightful week's visit with Georgie Dunean, '02. On a boat trip from Bath, Me., think I saw Mabel Pooler, '03, but as I was getting off the boat that she was getting on, I could not stop to verify my guess. On our return trip saw Ella Hazelton, '04, and had a true blue Lasell visit.

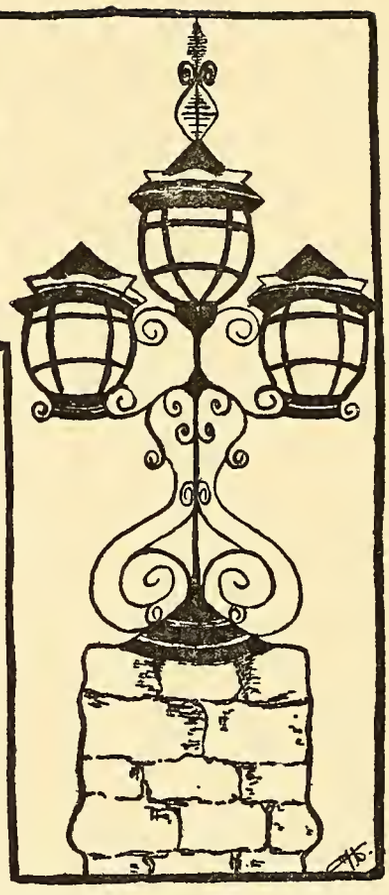
The first five days of August were spent with Agnes Drake, '03. Had a splendid time.

Read in the Leaves last winter there was to be a Lasell Club in Pittsburg. When will it materialize?

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03.



LOCALS



September 22d. The new girls arrive.

September 23d. The old girls arrive during the day, and after dinner an impromptu dance was enjoyed in the gym. Late in the evening the seniors gathered at the Crow's Nest, announcing their class officers: Pres., Florence S. Wartwout; V. Pres., Charlotte Alley; Secy., Edith Houghton; Treas., Dorothy Wells; yell master, Gertrude Bull.

September 24th. School work begins. In the afternoon a trip on the Charles was enjoyed. In the evening a very enjoyable lecture on "Franklin as a Man of Letters" was delivered by Dr. Vincent, one of Lasell's most popular speakers. On the same day the juniors announced their officers: Pres., Josephine Woodward; V. Pres., Ruth Balch; Treas., Jane Staunton; Secy., Mildred Goodall; yell master, Eleanor Laurens.

September 25. In the evening the sophomores and freshmen held their first class meetings, score 1 for the freshmen. After study hour the old girls gave their annual serenade in honor of the new girls.

September 26th. First meeting of the athletic association. Miss Warner takes a party of Clark Cottage girls out in the canoes. After dinner the old girls give an informal party for the new girls in the gym. The seniors added to the festivity of the occasion by appearing in very becoming red and white caps and gowns. During the evening we were given a special treat by hearing Mr. T. Shufeldt sing.

September 27th. The first Sunday of the school year. At Vespers Miss Packard gave a delightful talk on "The Friends We Should Choose."

September 28th. Mr. Shepard conducted a large party to Bunker Hill and the Navy Yards.

September 29th. A large number of the girls attended the first prayer meeting.

September 30th. Canoeing enjoyed in the afternoon.

October 2d. In the evening great excitement in the vicinity of the Deer House. Later the juniors serenaded the seniors at Karandon and Carter Hall.

October 3d. Mrs. Loomis gave an interesting and instructive talk on "Domestic Science." In the evening the new girls were entertained in the gym. by the old girls. This was the first formal affair of the year and although the gymnasium was very crowded, everyone seemed to be having a delightful time.

October 4th. Dr. Nash of Harvard spoke at Vespers, his subject being "The Leaven of Life."

October 5th. A large party, conducted by Mr. Shepard, visited Nantasket Beach.

October 6th. Basketball teams were organized. The material seems unusually good this year.

October 8th. Dr. Vincent gave the first of a series of three lectures on Tennyson.

October 10th. In the afternoon we listened to a talk by Miss Nutt on "How to Keep Well." Mrs. Wagner entertained the cottage girls at a fudge party. First symphony concert enjoyed.

October 11th. At Vespers we had an extremely interesting talk by Dr. Bugby on "The Great Truth."

October 12th. A party of seventy, chaperoned by Mr. Shepard, visited Concord and Lexington.

October 17th. In the afternoon we had a very instructive as well as interesting talk given by Dr. Sopher, one of our oldest missionaries, on "Woman's Education in Japan."

October 18th. Sunday evening Miss Northrup, editor of "The Woman's Missionary Friend," of Boston, talked to us on "The World's Outlook."

October 19th. A large party visits Harvard and Mt. Auburn Cemetery.

October 22d. Dr. Vincent gave a lecture on Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

October 23d. The seniors appear at breakfast in their caps and gowns.

October 24th. An auction of the school magazines was held at lecture hour.

October 25th. Dr. Mattison of the Episcopal church talked to us at Vespers.

October 26th. Mr. Shepard took a large party to Salem, although the weather was very bad everyone enjoyed the trip.

October 29th. Miss Snowden lectured on "Woman's Suffrage."

Marriages.

Clara Lewis to Samuel F. Owen, on July 24th, at Seattle, Washington. At home after October 1st, No. 411 E. 15th St. N., Portland, Oregon.

Mary K. Willett, '05, to J. Guy Blackinton, on Thursday, October 1st, at Long Lake, Genesee County, Mich.

Mary D. Wilmarth to Arthur C. Vicary, on Tuesday, October 6th, at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Deaths.

We sympathize with Minnie Steenman in the loss of her father, who passed away July 2d in Buffalo.

With Nellie J. Feagles, '97, whose mother passed away September 25th, in Toledo, Ohio.

With Carol Maude Case, '99, who lost her father, Mr. A. Wells Case, on October 6th, in Highland Park, Conn.

Elizabeth Cady Prescott White, wife of Clifton Burtis White, died at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 18. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her bereaved family and the Lasell friends she made during her year with us, 1890-'91.

Each Should Live for Something.

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou can'st ne'er to life be true.

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

SMILE IT DOWN.

Every one who loves you
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.
Smiling comes so easy!
Do not wear a frown.
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.

—Exchange.

Lasell Alumnae.

Five hundred postals have been sent out to the Alumnæ, as a reminder that their annual membership fee was due; and stating that it is the plan of the Association to use this money for a scholarship.

If each one would respond it would only be a few years before we could have the desired fund.

In addition to $24.00 handed in at Commencement time fifty-five dollars have been received to date in response to postals. Also some cordial notes, extracts of which are given below:

"I am glad the Alumnæ have taken this action, as it has seemed to me for a long time, that we ought to do something of the kind."

"I approve highly of the plan to use this money for a scholarship and trust you will meet with a generous response to your appeal."

"As a grateful Alumna, I am glad in sending the one dollar requested. I think Dr. Bragdon's leaving is a great loss not only to the Seminary but to Auburndale, and to all New England. His breezy good cheer and wholesome strength will be missed alike by old-time and more recent graduates."

"I am very glad that the scholarship is to be founded."

"Always the most loyal wishes for our Alma Mater."

"Am glad to know that at last Lasell will come in line and offer a scholarship. Lasell helped me by allowing me to work in the dining room, but if I could have gained help by good scholarship, it would have been better for me as one cannot do as good mental work when as tired as a girl gets working as I did. I got my diploma, and prize it highly."

"It seems to me that the idea of establishing a scholarship at Lasell is a splendid one, and I hope and feel that every girl will respond heartily."

The following are the names of those who have responded to the postals: Rose Heywood Brown, '54; Louise Wood Wellman, '54; Mary Murdock Billings, '56; Harriet Rice Carpenter, '56; Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57; Mary Lane Gilbert, '59; Lucia Jacobs Meigs, '59; Susan Hall Blount, '60; Caroline Hills Leeds, '61; Mary A. Parkhurst, '61; Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67; Luella Dadmun Brooks, '74; Ida M. Phillips, '77; Jennie Darling Folsom, '78; Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79; Lillie R. Potter, '80; Ella Ellis Holway, '81; Augustine Lowe Brownback, '84; Lillian M. Packard, '84; Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Lizzie Whipple Pierce, '85; Helen White Fogg, '88; Mary Cole Seaver, '88; Mary Hathaway Farnham, '88; Josephine Bogart, '89; Elizabeth Harwood Fones, '89; Maude Matthews, '89; Mary P. Witherbee, '92; Effie E. Symns, '93; Harriet G. Scott, '94; Mabel Case Viot, '94; Carrie Johnson Miller, '94; Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95; Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95; Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96; Edith Howe Kip, '97; Carita Curtis Bird, 99; Alice R. Kendall, '99; Edith L. Bailey, '00; Blanche E. Gardner, '00; Florence Pooler, '01; Bessie M. Draper, '02; Ida Mallory Lyon, '03; Mabel Pooler, '03; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03; Ella M. Hazelton, '04; Ada Wells Burnham, '05; Belle Johnson Clark, '06; Dorothea L. Turner, '06; Maude B. Simes, '06; Ruth Butterfield, '06; Etta H. Handy, '07; Helen E. Carter, '07; Florence Disman, '07.

Mabelle H. Whitney, '03.
Treasurer.

Hail to the graduating girl;
She is sweeter, far than some;
For while she speaks she talks no slang
And chews no chewing gum.

"Here I am; dear," the first woman said sweetly. "Have you been waiting long?"—Ex.

Under the Hammer.

To Miss Mayer must be aeeredited the glory of diseovering a new raee of antiquity, the *"Alibi,"* famed by Liby!

Has some battle eaused the awful scenes of devastation in the halls, the fearful carnage and heaps of ruin? Oh, no, 'tis but the carpenters and painters serenely busy in beautifying the corridors.

"Oh, mamma, look at Mrs. Smart's head in sueh a queer position. What makes the motorman laugh?"

Oh, where, oh, where have your stories gone?
Oh, where, oh, where ean they be?
Some were short, and some were long;
But now—no more can one see.

A Problem.

If X is very much in love,
And Y is just the same;
And X will never happy be,
Till Y has changed her name;
If P to it does not object,
And M on it does smile;
How long will it take X and Y,
To tread the centre aisle.—Ex.

Elegy.

The tea-bell tolls fair Nell to pass the tray;
The glowing cook winds slowly up the clock;
The ash-man homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves a trail of cinders round the block.
Now fade the dingy fences out of sight,
And all the world as solemn as can be,
Except where some street organist at night
Plays "Holy City," *or the* "Bamboo Tree."
—Ex.

Just as this was going to the Editor-in-ehief, an excited Prep, with distended staring eyes, dishevelled hair, and frightened mien burst into the editor's private sanetum, exelaiming in horrified tones. "Does Ex. after a joke, mean it was one long ago?"

Vacation is O'er.

Excitement galore abounded,
On our Easter vacation 'twas founded!
The tieket man came and the ticket man went,
While o'er her trunk eaeh lassie was bent.
A few hours later, the halls were so still,
One might have thought all our students ill,
Unless she had known our vacation'd begun,
And our girls all off for a week of fun.
The Easter vacation was quickly passing,
Now thought of this was surely harassing!
Meanwhile, earpenters, painters, and all,
Had transformed our once rather dingy front hall.
On the floor a bright, shining earpet was laid,
(The man told Dr. Winslow, it just couldn't fade).
The dining room, too, had a new toueh of paint,
Proteetion of which, took patienee of a saint.
Easter vacation, scarce begun, was ended,
Though some of the girls didn't know, they pretended.
Back to Lasell the most of us came,
To find—why no things were not just the same.
That paper, that carpet, why they were all new,
One girl in surprise, almost whistled "Whew."
"Good night, dear," that same girl later sighed,
"The last bell's rung and I mustn't be spied."
And still as a mouse she slipped thro' her door,
Realizing quite, that vaeation was o'er.

"Why does a blush creep into a maiden's cheek?

"Because, if it ran, it would kick up too much dust".—Ex.

Rural Citizen.—"Jabez, what in tarnation are yer trying to do?"

His Son.—"It's that thar Correspondence Sehool, Dad. I got a letter from the Sophomores yestiddy, tellin' me to haze niself."—Ex.

Hotel.—A place where a guest often gives up

If Ivanhoed the brawny bray,
And Friar Tucked the food away;
And Athelstoned his tunic new,
Pray, tell us, what did Roderic Dhu?—Ex.

Hug.—Around about way of expressing affection.—Ex.

I'd like to c c c c
On some x q q q q—
Her little '& (hand),—
But what's the u u u u?—Ex.

"Did you hear the crackling noise this morning?"

"No, what was it?"

"Daybreak."—Ex.

A Freshman to St. Peter went,
To wait with the rest his turn.
St. Peter, him to Hades sent,
Where they found him too green to burn.—Ex.

Said a broken down fox, "I have spent,
Every dollar I had;" and he went,
To a wealthy old skunk,
For the loan of a plunk;
But the skunk wouldn't give him a scent.—Ex.

A Lady.—"Mr. Anderson, are you single?"

Mr. A.—"Do I look like twins?"—Ex.

First Jew to His Friend:—"What's the matter, Isaac?"

Isaac.—"I lost my appendix last week."

First Jew.—"Why didn't you have it put in your wife's name?"—Ex.

Blood will tell. Vein thought!

Blood is no use to a man artery (arter he) dies!—Ex.

Doctor.—"Mike, why are you holding that dying man's nose?"

Mike.—"Sure to keep the breath from leaving him."—Ex.

Mrs. Newell.—"Did you see my sunburst last night?"

Mrs. Richmond.—"No, but I certainly thought he would if he ate another bit."—Ex.

Automobile,—An improved spoon holder, Wind well before starting,—Ex,

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Faculty.—An irrepressible body guided by passion.—Ex.

WHAT'S THE USE.

If I were Milton, Shakespeare, Pope,
Or other great, poetic saint,
I'd take my pen and write a trope—
But what's the use? I know I ain't!—Ex.

As a College Man Shows Diplomacy.

The rose is red,
The violet 's blue,
Send me fifty,
P. D. Q.

As His Diplomatic Father Replies.

Some roses are red,
Others are pink;
I'll send fifty—
I don't *think.*—Ex.

A boy—a match —
A strong cigar—
A period of bliss—then gloom—
A doctor—a nurse—
A coffin—a hearse—
A mound—and then a tomb.—Ex.

(The above embryo novel is offered to the literary geniuses to work into an excellent story with a strong moral).

Mary had a piece of gum,
It was as white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
That gum was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
The teacher took away the gum,
And chewed it after school.—Ex.

Turn failure into courage,
Don't let your courage fade;
And, if you get a lemon, why,
Just make the lemon aid.—Ex.

The teacher lammed him on the head,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lam in school.—Ex.

The difference is droll;
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist, the hole.—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its foot was black as soot;
And into Mary's dinner pail,
It put its dirty foot.
Now Mary was a pious maid,
Her feelings she could smother,
She only said one little word,
Which—to the lamb—meant—mother.
—Ex.

A forlorn looking man was brought before the magistrate, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the Judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, 'Man's Inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn! *I am not as debased as* Swift, *as profligate as* Byron, *as dissipated as* Poe, *or as debauched as—.'"

"That's enough, thirty days. And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're a bad lot."—Ex.

Clara.—*"What kind of face powder do you use?"*

Maud.—*"Why do you ask?"*

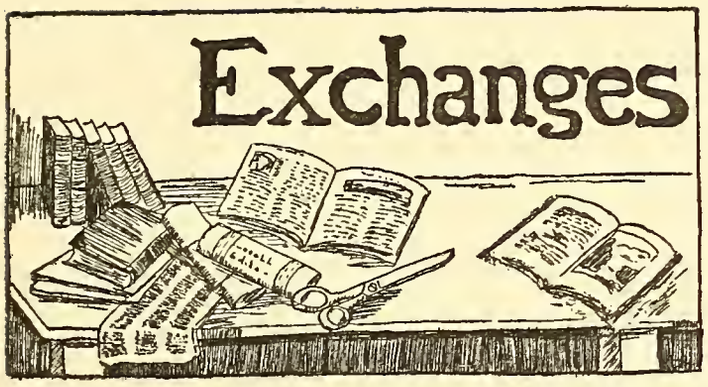
Clara.—*"Charlie Spooner says it's the best he ever tasted."*—Ex.

Stranger.—*"Where is your father, sonny?"*

Boy.—*"Out in the pig pen! You'll know him 'cause he's got a hat on!"*—Ex.

A pretty girl had fallen overboard from an excursion boat. As she rose to the surface, a strange young man leaned over the side of the boat, and said:

A pessimist is a person who, when confronted with two evils, chooses them both.—Ex.



We are pleased to acknowledge the following May exchanges: "The Racquet," Portland, Me.; "The Academy Graduate," Newburg, N. Y.; "Oak, Lily and Ivy," Milford, Mass.; "The Owl," Middletown, N. Y.; "The Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.; "Phillips Exeter Monthly," Exeter, N. H.; "The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.; "The School Life," Melrose, Mass.; "The Mirror," Bethlehem, Pa.; "The Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.; "High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.; "The Tulex," Oshkosh, Wis.; "Vail-Deane Budget," Elizabeth, N. J.; "The Advance," Salem, Mass.; "The Journal," Blairsville, Pa.

The following June exchanges we are grateful to acknowledge: "Tudex," Oshkosh, Wis.; "Kemper Hall Kokak," Kenosla, Wis.; "The Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.; "The Owl," Middletown, N. Y.; "Wheaton Bulletin," Norton, Mass.; "The Tattler," Nashua, N. H.; "Brocktonia," Brockton, Mass.; "Bates Student," Lewiston, Me.; "Thyme and Lavender," Carmel, N. Y.; "The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.; "The Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.; "The Oak, Lily and Ivy," Milford, Mass.; "Vail-Dean Budget," Elizabeth, N. J.

The exchange editor may scratch with a pen
Till the ends of her fingers are sore,
When some one's sure to remark with a jest,
"Rats! how stale! I've heard that before."—Ex.

You've more 'n likely noticed
When you didn't when you could;
That jes' the thing you didn't do,
Was jes' the thing you should.—Ex.

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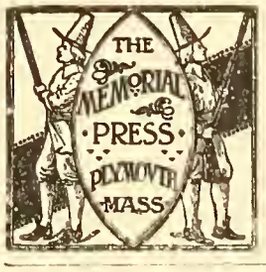
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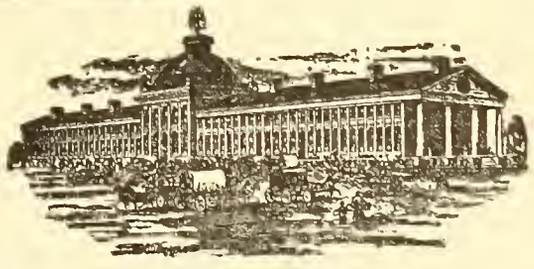
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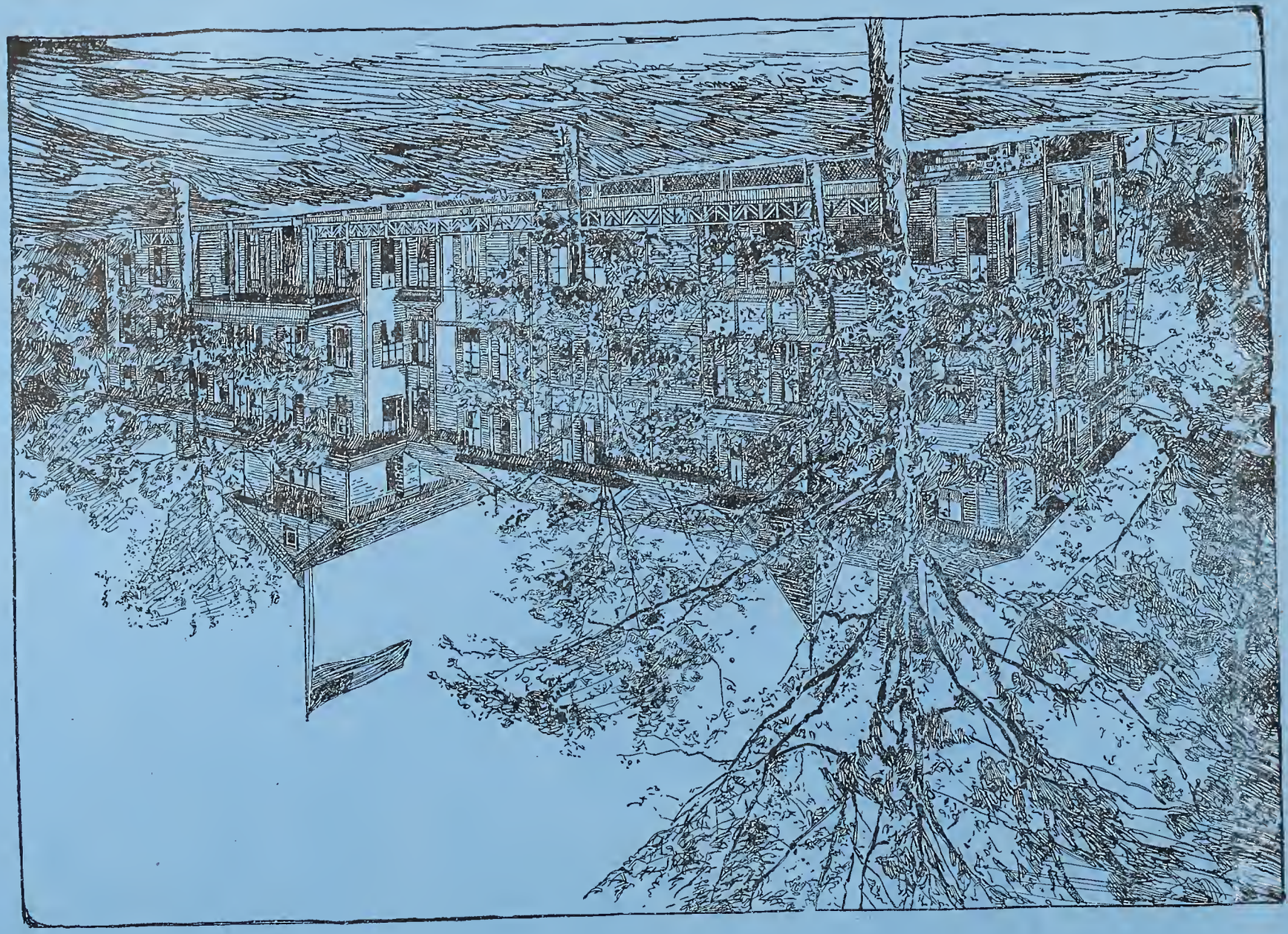
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Exchange Editor.
CAROLINE STEINMETZ, '09

Business Manager
ANNIE M. CROWE, '09

Subscription Agent
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

Thanksgiving day is one that all look forward to with keen anticipations of pleasure; it means, or certainly should mean to everyone, universal expression of gratitude throughout our land, to our Father, for the gifts he has bestowed upon us during the year. It is a national occasion of feasting and rejoicing,—feasting on the fruits that the farmer, helped by "Mother Earth," has brought to the garner after long months of faithful toil; rejoicing that such bountiful harvests are ours, and that we live in this, the land of plenty. Our hearts, too, are made glad by the knowledge that in our great cities measures are taken nowadays to relieve the suffering of our less fortunate brothers and sisters, the very poor, so that they also may share in the general joy.

I wonder how many of us ever stop to think how *much* this day ought to mean? Would it not be more in accord with the true spirit of the day if we spent it as a day of genuine *"thanksgiving,"* instead of wasting its precious moments on self-indulgence and merry making? There is danger that the true meaning of Thanksgiving day may be lost forever in the rush and bustle and self-seeking of the twentieth century.

PROFESSOR.—*"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"*

PUPIL.—*"The moth. It eats holes."*—EX.

UNSOPHISTICATED VISITOR (*trying to use the telephone*). *"Kitty, what do you say when you take this thing off the hook?*

LITTLE GIRL.—*"Papa always says, 'Darn you, Central, you've given me the wrong number!'"*—EX.

WEARY WILLIE.—*"What are you walking around all doubled up like that for?"*

TIRED TIM.—*"I ate a square meal and de corners are hoiting me."*—EX.

A Welcome to the New Girls.

As the time for leaving home draws near in the fall, the girl about to start to boarding school has a feeling of sadness, yet, if she is leaving home for the first year away, curiosity is mingled with this sadness, and she finds herself wondering what the school will be like, whether her roommate will be congenial or not, and what school plans for the future she will be able to carry out.

Arriving at Auburndale, and making her way to the Seminary, she presently finds herself in a large, unfamiliar building, and among girls stranger yet. In every hall the old girls are meeting former friends with effusive expressions of delight, and everyone knows the feeling of loneliness that it gives to see others merry and at home, when we feel ourselves as yet strangers. However, this feeling does not last long, for at Lasell every old girl shows a friendly interest in the newcomer, and offers to help her in every way possible. This brings it about that before many days are passed the new girl feels as much at home as the old, and considers herself truly a part of the school.

Now the girl that has been thus helped out of a condition of strangeness and bewilderment, owes a debt to her helpers. To the girls, gratitude and a sentiment of good will; to the principal and teachers, honesty of effort, respect, and a desire to return the benefits received.

She best serves her own interest, when she makes herself thoroughly part of the school; a help and not a hindrance.

"Speak to me," she said. No answer.

"Speak to me," this time in softer tones. Still no answer.

Then, caressing his curly head, she said, "Please, dearie;" and he answered, "Bow-wow."—EX.

Chosen by lot.—Lot's wife.—EX.

The Linen Closet.

What an important place the linen closet holds in a home, or a large hotel, or any other kind of establishment where there are a number of people! We often do not realize the fact, and take it too much as a matter of course, that when we are in a hotel the bed linen must be clean and the table linen spotless, and yet, if, when we entered the dining room and saw the table with its bright silver and glass, looking brilliant under the electric light we would also notice the spotless table linen. It is almost inconceivable to imagine the great amount of table and bed linen used in the Touraine, for example, every day.

The public demands clean linen, and it is not to be wondered at that a hotel, where the linen is not looking clean, does not succeed. We often come across places of this kind, but we do not frequent them.

Linen has become so common and cheap that we do not realize what labor there is in producing for instance, a hemstitched sheet.

Just for a moment, let us go down to the West Indies, and after landing, go inland for a week, we drive out in the country and wonder at the most brilliant and gorgeous sight which meets our eyes. As far out as we can see are fields and fields of flax with their gorgeous red flowers. The sight is not unusual out there, but it is to us who never see anything like it. It is like a burst of glory, and there cannot be anything like it in this country. It seems almost a shame that all this has to be cut down for the ordinary linen we use on our table and beds. This is expensive by the time it reaches us for there is such a long process to be gotten through before it comes to us. Those poor laborers who are so cheaply paid have to work in the heat of the day and in tropical heat, which leaves them inert, and what people in northern countries call laziness; can it be helped?

After it gets here the rich want all their linen embroidered or hemstitched by hand, so the nuns of the convents do it for little or nothing for the stores, but the store is where one has to pay so much for it.

There is no greater pleasure than to walk into a linen store at Christmas time. We see all kinds of bargains in handkerchiefs which the "girl behind the counter" tells us have come from Ireland. Here the same sight bursts upon us as we saw in the West Indies, but here one can understand what the Irish women and men are talking about, because we are so used to that broad Irish brogue. Here, too, they work hard because they have large families to keep up. Fortunately, here, they do their own fancy work on the linen handkerchiefs, a good deal of it being the same style as the Mexican drawn work.

It seems so easy to get a Christmas or a birthday present for an engaged girl, for, we always think that a girl cannot have any too much linen in her linen closet.

A girl will embroider for hours every day and say that she is so busy getting her linen closet filled. She will stay away from dances and parties, if need be, to embroider her linen, or at least a conscientious girl will.

We always are inclined to judge a housewife by her table linen; there is no greater matter in which she takes so much pride as in her spotless damask which covers the table, and the silver and glass are only matters of secondary importance.

A dentist must have his linen closet, or he loses his patients, and thus his business, for we only know how true it is that people will not patronize a dentist who does not use clean linen.

The last but certainly not the least of this demand for linen goes to the hospital. Go into a ward and the spotless linen on the white iron bedsteads is the first thing which impresses one. Here is one place where we know the linen is clean.

The operating room with its spotless linen

and the nurses, who go to and fro, are an example with their white aprons and little caps.

The hospital, perhaps, has greater need than any other for linen, and the people connected with it have to work pretty hard in the laundry to keep up with the demand, for, comparatively speaking, there are very few hospitals so heavily endowed that they can have all the linen they are able to use without having to have hard work done in the laundry.

The linen closet is needed in every home, and would that it were possible for every living soul to be able to have clean linen every week.

The Flat Across the Street.

What a pleasure it was in the "olden days," (for so we called those times, though but four years ago) to sit out on our front porch on a summer evening! We could listen for hours to the long-drawn-out buzz of the locusts in the trees, and the steady, comfortable chirp of the cricket under the steps. Our eyes were certain to dwell dreamily on the long cluster of pine hills across the way. There was a soft sighing sound as they moved their rugged boughs in the breeze, and the topmost branches made a silhouette of the daintiest and finest lace work, with their feathery cluster of needles, against the bluest-gray sky. On stormy nights the wind rushed through these trees with an angry swishing sound, and the stately trunks bent and swayed as though they would break, while in mad confusion the branches tossed back and forth like great black monsters struggling to free themselves from bondage. Or, on quiet, balmy nights, the full yellow moon might be seen through the branches, peeping coyly through their feathery tips like a maiden smiling coquettishly over her lacy fan. Soon one saw the whole ridge bathed in the silvery sheen, and each little twig dance in the sparkling light. But all that was in "the olden days"—and now!

Picture sitting on these same porch steps, a tall, dark, handsome youth of the athletic type, (such as are all young men in well-written story books). And by his side, small and dainty in contrast with his well developed figure, the prettiest, sweetest girl in all the world, with her soft eye-lashes, (fully an inch in length) modestly sweeping her pink-tinted cheeks, and her yellow ringlets making a halo of golden glory around her face, perfect in its modeling to the exquisitely chiseled lips, (also quoted from the "world's best literary productions"). Now, lest we copy too closely the story book, let us look straight ahead. And where could be found a picture more romantic and satisfying to a couple thus sentimentally situated, than the one before them?

There is the jovial old moon peeping its tip-top curve of yellow over the high, but level, stretch of horizon, and finally rising far enough to delight the lovers' wistful eyes, by throwing into firm and dignified relief—the chimney of the flat across the street, The different families, restless for more excitement than the view of two motionless figures on the veranda of the house opposite, leave their own little two-by-four fresh-air platforms for fresh fields of adventure.

Suddenly a loud and most amazing collection, (one can hardly say "combination") of sounds breaks the stillness of the air! After the first shock, an experienced frequenter of flats can recognize the tune of "Traumeri" speeding from the top floor at the rate of a tornado. Why, of course! that is a piano-player, a marvelous invention—it must be, because (the advertisement expressly says so). But music-lovers come not singly, for from the open windows of the rooms below, issues a grating and rattling sound through which at times can be distinguished the rich melodious voice of Caruso—perfected by the phonograph. In the twin apartment of the same floor Shuman-

Heink is singing a series of her famous runs, and twirls of high soprano, and the combination has an effect that is indescribable. Guests have assembled in one of the apartments on the first floor, and a dance is in full sway. Jumbled and pathetic strains of rag-time come from somewhere within, and merry couples flit to and fro, and around in circles,—anywhere to avoid the various pieces of furniture projecting threatingly into the room from their several stations. Shouts of laughter and hand-clappings follow each selection, and the whole performance is begun again. Across the hall, some one is racing with an express, his feet incidently on the pedals of another piano-player, and poor quiet old "Swanee River," of the lazy darky days of the South, is rushing at the speed of Niagara's torrents. But the windows over at the right hand, top floor, are dark! Oh, of course, that particular flat is sleeping. There is nothing so comfortable as neighborly feeling, and midnight serenades can't compare with a night in the flat across the street.

Thanksgiving in a Tenement.

The sun took one searching glance at the dismal little garret room of a Boston tenement house, and then hid its face behind a cloud, as though discouraged. Maggie watched the light brighten and fade, and then with a tired sigh laid down the baby whose fretful cries had finally ceased, and wearily straightening her slender little shoulders, walked slowly to the window.

It was a grey dismal day, the smoke from the factories hanging gloomily over the city. On the roof nearly opposite Maggie's standing place, a crowd of sparrows hungrily chattered and scolded one another, and far down below her she saw children trying to forget their troubles in play.

Maggie's grey eyes, always too serious for one knowing only twelve years, were unusually cloudy as she stood there: it was so lonely, so dreary, and her little room would soon be crowded with five children, with children's appetites, all clamoring for more than this frail little foster-mother of theirs could hope to give them. And tomorrow was Thanksgiving! Maggie would have given anything to secure for her little brothers and sisters a few of those luxuries that so many people have, and appreciate so little. If only for tomorrow she could give them a few of those things, which only she, as the eldest of the children, could remember having had some where back in a dim past!

From her reverie she was abruptly wakened by a cry from the baby, and hastily wrapping her in a ragged, old red shawl, she carried the little one down the crooked stairs, into the bleak afternoon air. She did not stop to join the group of children at the door, but walked slowly down the street talking and crooning to the baby. When the sun had set, and the shadows were deepening, and the long streets were almost emptied of the busy jostling crowd, Maggie turned again towards home, with the sleeping baby. Suddenly her foot touched something soft, and looking down, she saw a large sized pocketbook. She picked it up and opened it. The few crisp bills and shiny silver pieces seemed an untold wealth to her! Through her mind flashed a picture of all that she could do with this money. She could see the brilliant cranberries, the rosy apples, and fat pumpkins waiting to be made up in pies! She could see the eager looks of the children as they gazed open-eyed at all the good things! She could hear their happy cries! She looked about to see if anyone had seen her pick up the pocketbook, but no one was near save an old man just in front of her. Maybe it was he who had lost it! The idea flashed with dismay through her mind, for she had not thought of the loser before. Perhaps he had little ones at home eagerly looking forward to his re-

turn, and maybe they were even hungrier than those at her home. Banishing her own desires from her thoughts, she ran up to him crying, "Oh Mister, Mister; you dropped your purse! Here it is!"

He turned and looked with astonishment at the young girl, who was holding the pocketbook at arm's length, as though to keep temptation from her. "My child," he said, looking at her with kindly, eyes "you look hungry; why didn't you keep the purse, and get something to eat?"

"Oh," she cried, "I thought maybe you had children at home, an' they was hungrier than we, an' I felt sorry for them, an' so I gave it back."

He turned from her for a minute, and then said softly, "Where do you live, child? No. I have no little ones at home. They have gone, and I am alone. This is the first Thanksgiving without them. Here, take this," and emptying the contents of the purse in her hands, he left her abruptly.

A few minutes later Maggie was telling the assembled family of her good fortune, and many happy plans were made for the morrow. Hardly were their plans completed when they heard a knock at the door, and a messenger boy, with his arms crowded and piled with packages and bundles of all sorts and sizes, walked in. Such exclamations as were heard as these were opened! Such shouts of joy as undreamed of delicacies came from out those dark brown paper bags! The little family was radiant with joy, and the children could hardly be persuaded to leave the packages for the night. Maggie could leave them only after giving loving pats and touches to everything.

Early in the morning, as the first gleams of sunlight were streaming over the hushed and silent city, she sprang hastily out of bed to see if it were only a dream after all, but no, there was everything just as she had left it. A radiant prayer of thanks went up from her heart, and at the same moment, in a far different part of the city, a grave-eyed, white haired old gentleman joined with the congregation and the vested choir as they softly chanted, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Message From an Old Girl

"We have only recently returned from a month's voyage in southern seas. With the four little people I sailed away from Manila May the first, and besides visiting most of the interesting places in the Southern Philippines, including several islands where the only white man is the U. S. official, collector of customs, etc., we also called at Sandakan in British North Borneo, and at Menado in Celebes. At the last named we went up into the interior to visit Lake Tondano, which has an elevation of 2,500 feet. Our route lay over the best mountain road I have ever seen, fortunately, for we travelled in a sort of carry-all drawn by two badly matched bulls. We broke the journey for a few hours at Tomohon, and after a delicious tiffen visited a school which has been established under the Dutch Missions Society for the daughters of native chiefs. There were nearly a hundred bright faced girls, dressed in simply made European clothes, and as neat as the proverbial Dutch house-wife. They pay 10, 15, or 20 G. per month, according to the wealth of their fathers. I asked the Principal if they could sing, and he modestly said, "Only a little," but was good enough to let us judge for ourselves. They had only a tuning fork to start them, but I have rarely heard more melodious or better trained voices. Their first choice was "My Grandfather's Clock," in Dutch of course, and this was followed by a variety of selections from National hymns to College songs. We were the cynosure of all eyes everywhere, and when we signed the register at the Tondano Hotel, we could only find that about

half a dozen Americans had been there in several years. It is said that Celebes is very like Java in vegetation, and that the inhabitants are the same. In the early mornings we saw natives beating crude drums and tom-toms to call the laborers to the fields.

Mr. Ingalls will complete his sewer system this year, and we do not know what we shall do next. I am looking forward to a visit home via Suez, with perhaps a peep at India en route. The children certainly know Geography, especially oriental, very well indeed. It is amusing to hear them play with their paper dolls, and I am sure when they go on imaginery voyages that their conversation would be almost unintelligible to children of the same age in the United States.

It gave me quite a pang to learn that you are finally and fully separated from Lasell. It is very difficult to think of Alma Mater without your guiding hand. Perhaps you will have time now for that long promised visit to the Orient?

I have heard pleasant news of Eleanor Young Hord, of Terre Haute, recently. She is a widow of several years, but is devoting her life to the education of two charming children. She was fortunately left with ample means.

With heartiest greetings to you all,

Always affectionately,

Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87.

August 3, 115 Nenva, Ermita, Manila, P. I."

Among the distinguished patrons and visitors who have called at Lasell during the past month are Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton, Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkield, president of Howard University, Washington, D. C., Rev. William Haven, Judge R. W. Steele of Denver, Colorado, Dr. F. C. E. Mattison of Pasadena, Cal., and Mr. MacDonald, whose four daughters have been Lasell girls.



On my way home the day following Commencement, I dropped in to a meeting of the New England Branch, W. F. M. S. in my home church. Mrs. Legg, the president, mother of our Bessie Legg Harris, was presiding. Clementina Butler, was the home secretary, and Mabel Sawyer Rogers ('95) the secretary of literature. Miss Jennie Farwell, Santiago, Chili, recently returned from her South American school, where she has been doing missionary work, and teaching art, was introduced. She was formerly a teacher of Art at Lasell.

A telephone from Miss Kendrick, a few days later, on the eve of her departure for a fifteen months' trip across the water, gave me a little insight into her splendid plans for study and travel. She did not mention that Miss Witherbee was to be her companion for the summer. Another 'phone from Mabelle Whitney ('03), informed me that she had been doing a little mathematics and found there were 640 graduates. As treasurer of the Alumnæ she had been requested to ask each one for a yearly membership of one dollar—the fund to be used towards a scholarship. I am glad for these signs of awakening in our alumnæ, therein lie great possibilities. Mabelle spent a week at the Deaconess Fresh Air Home in Haverhill—"helping a little."

Let me see, what next? I received two letters from girls of last year who forgot to pay up their missionary dues. There were three dollars in the two and I sent a poor woman

and her sick daughter, and a mother and her five children off for a whole day's outing, and they had a great time. I wish a few other girls had followed their example, but it is not too late yet. My next experience was at Suncook, N. H., at a district missionary meeting. I found the president a Lasell girl, Mary Packard Cass ('89), and the speaker also one of our graduates. Just about this time the "Federation of Women's Clubs" met in Boston. Mrs. Shepherd and I were taking a little trip together, and were crossing the East Boston ferry, when a lady wearing her delegate's badge spoke to us, and we discovered Daisy Parkhurst Brady, all the way from Florida.

One week I spent at Northfield, Mass., and here also our school was well represented. Nellie Packard Draper ('84), was my roommate, a delegate from Roxbury district, Women's Board. At the same hall with us was booked Miss Laura Chamberlain, a returned missionary from Turkey. She was one of our students somewhere about the sixties. She told me many things about the early days that were interesting, one was the borrowing of text books on "Conic Sections" from Harvard, as there were none others to be had. She had with her her niece, Miss Watts, a daughter of her deceased sister, Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain Watts, ('60). They make their home now with another sister, also a student at Lasell, Miss Abbie Chamberlain and live in Cambridge. Here also was Miss Emily Wheeler and her mother of Turkey, who for some time were at the missionary home in Auburndale. She told me much about our Emma Barnum Riggs, wife of the president of Euphrates College and of her splendid work. In a very severe illness a doctor in a district miles away was summoned, but a severe storm blocked his way for days, finally the citizens of the town turned out and shovelled his way through just in time to save her life. Miss Wheeler says that few if any children in the world have so remarkable an ancestory as Annie's daughter, Annie Barnum Riggs. It will be printed in another column.

There were two Conferences in session, the summer school for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, and the Sunday-school Conference. Imagine my pleasure when I discovered the names of three of our girls as speakers on the two programs. Carrie Manning Dexter ('94), gave a talk in the Primary Department on Modern Principles of Sunday-school teaching in Rural Districts." It was very good, and some of the points I am going to try in my Bible class this year. I had the pleasure of meeting her mother, husband and daughter. The next day I missed Bess Roper Conant's paper on day I missed Bess Roper Conant's paper on "Review," but I did attend one session of her course on Manual Work in the Sunday-school. She was teaching her class how to make very affective maps of Palestine out of boiled newspaper and diamond dyes. I wish I dared attempt that bit of domestic science in my class. Another leader told me of the good work of Gertrude Clark, ('97), with the children in her home church. The last evening of the Missionary Conference, Clementina Butler gave one of the star addresses on the India Jubilee. We spent a delightful evening at Hotel Northfield with our Miss Parkhurst and her mother. We enjoyed Mrs. Chappell and Mrs. Shepherd, also these days.

The month of August I spent at our summer home at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, and there I was obliged to be on my good behavior all the time, for I met no less than seventeen of our girls. Two of them, my sisters, were with me. At church one Sunday I met Edna Wheaton and Ethel Wilde, '07, and a few minutes later Genevieve Stone Corson, who introduced me to her husband. Another day I

drove to Edgartown with Luey Harvey and Lizzie Burnham Lowe ('87). Florenee Smith and I had a ehat about our Sunday-sehool elasses and our housekeeping experienees. Olive Bates I saw often, but was away the week Ruth Emigh visited her. Ruth Sommers, Marion Stafford and Florenee Harding, drove by and waved to me. Bess Trieber and Winified Taylor I met near the Post Offiee. Strange how attraetive post offiee boxes are to our girls, always. Sophie Mayer ('08), her grandmother, mother and father, eame over for the day from Falmouth Heights. To see them all again seemed like a breath from Commeneement. I met one young lady whose home had been in the Philippines and she told me how near she eame to being a student at Lasell beeause two friends there had spoken so highly of it. We always knew we had friends around the world. Mrs. Davidson made me a eheery eall. Sinee my return to Boston I have run aeross Cora Shaekford Tilton, who by the way had a silver wedding not long ago, and May Merrill on a shopping trip. This ends my experienee for this vaeation, how many of you have had as pleasant a one. I am only sorry that I eould not have met every one of you.

Lillian M. Paekard.

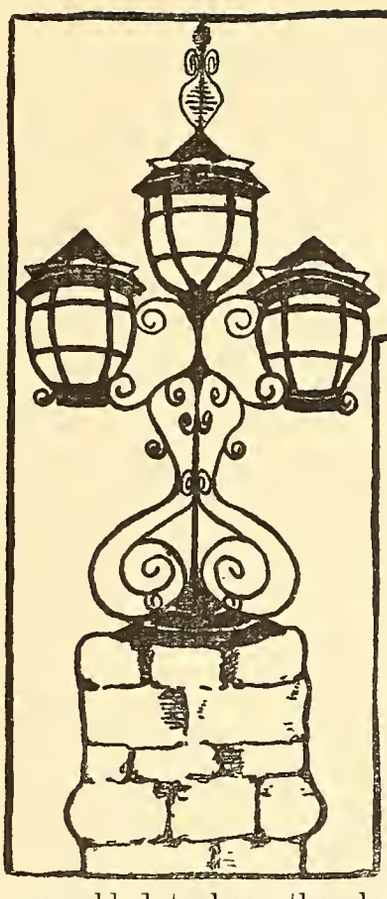
Lasell Luncheon.

The annual luneheon of the Conneetieut Valley Lasell Assoeiation was held at the Hartford elub, Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Graee Holmes Stiles presided in the absenee of the president. Dr. Winslow, principal of Lasell seminary at Auburndale, Mass., and Miss Potter were guests of honor and gave brief talks. These offieers were eleeted for the following year:

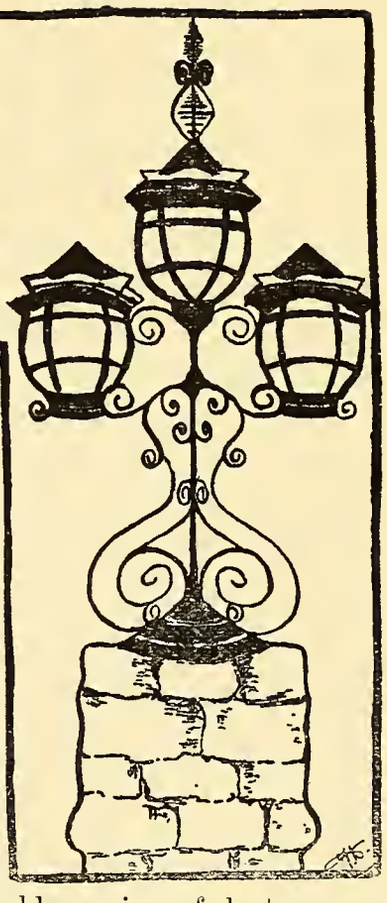
President, Miss Carol Case of Highland Park; viee president, Graee Holmes Stiles of So. Windham; seeretary and treasurer, Emily Bissell Swindells of Roekville; exeeutive eommittee, Franees Thomas Fiske of Hartford, Graee Conklin Bevin of Easthampton.

The following forty-one alumnæ were present: Franees Thomas Fiske, Hartford; Sara Hayden Carlton, '95, East Hartford; Graee Holmes Stiles, South Windham; Emily Bissell Swindells, '99, Roekville; Bessie I. Comstoek, Laura M. Comstoek, Ivoryton; Fannie L. Maekenzie, Southington; Aliee G. White, Wethersfield; Edna H. Striekland, '07, Lelia Walker Saunders, '01, Hartford; Nellie M. Hart, Unionville; Mary Goodwin Olmstead, '03; Mabel H. Goodwin, '02, East Hartford; Bessie Y. Fuller, '02, Suffield; Ruth M. Taleott, Taleottville; Bertha J. Libby, Hartford; Clara B. MeLean, '02, Roekville; Emily M. Hale, South Glastonbury; Elsie M. Bolles, '04; Rebeeea C. Shepherd, '94, Hartford; Marjorie E. Halliday; Suffield; Bessie L. Brainard, Thompsonville; Bertha Hayden King, '03; South Windsor; Mrs. Marie Warren Hayden, Jessie W. Hayden, East Hartford; Miss Ruth K. Merriam, '98, Meriden; Myra A. Steward, New London; Miss Graee M. Purtill, South Glastonbury; Helen Merriam Cornell, Middletown; Sarah Dyer, Collinsville; Anna P. Warner, '97, Washington, D. C.; Mabel Deming, Wethersfield; Florenee Miller Henn, Bloomfield; Graee Conklin Bevin, Easthampton; Maude A. Beaumont, East Hartford; Gertrude P. Reynolds and Elsie B. Reynolds, '00; East Haddam; Miss Mabel Case Viot, Highland Park; Jennie M. Johnson, Middletown; Louise A. Martin, Wallingford; Eva C. Robertson, Hinsdale, N. H.; Luey Miller, Avon, Conn.

Lasell is always gladdened by the eoming of Martha Ransom (here in '79-'81), who for over twenty years was head of the Department of Physieal Culture. She was the guest of her sister, Minnie Ransom Wagner, and has now returned to Pasadena, where she makes her home with Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon.



LOCALS



October 31. After dinner the entire school celebrated hallowe'en in the gymnasium. The many picturesque costumes, the delightful entertainment and the all pervading good will made the affair one of the most enjoyable of the season.

November 1. Dr. George A. Bates gave us a very interesting talk at Vespers.

November 3. The school was given the opportunity of voting in the gym., the polls being open from two-twenty until three o'clock. At eight-fifty in the evening all assembled to hear the election returns, both of the school and of the Nation. After singing "America," the entire school, led by the four class presidents, paraded around the grounds, finally gathering on the "Deer House" hill, where a huge bonfire was crackling merrily.

Nov. 4. Many of the girls attended the "Aunt Jemima" evening given by the Methodist church.

Nov. 4. Miss Caroline L. Hunt, gave an interesting talk on Co-operation for the Home to the Household Economics Classes. She spoke of the many ways in which the housekeeper of today is forced to co-operate with others in order to supply the needs of her own household; of the benefits accruing to her from this co-operation, and of the responsibility which it imposes upon her; the responsibility of securing these benefits for all the workers who minister to her home, be they in a far off factory, or on the city street. Miss Hunt is the author of "Home Problems" from a new standpoint.

Nov. 5. Mr. Leon H. Vincent gave us the last of a very enjoyable series of lectures on "Tennyson and His Works." His subject was "Idylls of The King."

Nov. 6. The Senior French Class entertained the Junior and Sophomore French classes, the affair was voted a decided success.

A large party chaperoned by Miss Rand and Miss Caldwell attended the Sembrich concert in Boston.

Nov. 7. At the regular lecture period, Miss Potter gave us a very helpful talk on "Morals and Manners."

Nov. 8. Dr. Peloubet delivered a very interesting and instructive address at Vespers, on "The Ideals of Life."

Nov. 9. Miss Rand chaperoned a large party to "Old Boston."

Nov. 10. Preceding Prayer meeting, a business meeting of the Christian Endeavor was held, the following officers were elected: President, Susan Stryker; vice president, Cornelia Stone, and secretary, Alice Preston. The meeting was led by Florence Swartwout, the topic being, "The XXIII. Psalm."

From California.

PASADENA, Nov. 10, '08.

DEAR LEAVES: I was rather waiting for an invitation to say a word of greeting for the new year. None came. So I merely remark that I am just as interested as ever in everything and everybody belonging to Lasell, and I hope this may be the best year she has ever had!

Two old girls and two new ones have been kind enough to write to me, and their letters did me good. It is gratifying to be remembered kindly by two and two—four!

I had a phone from Miss Lasell, a niece of our founder, daughter of his brother, Claude. She is making a tour of this coast, but is so homesick for London, England, her present home, that she plans to go straight back there. Imagine any one in California, or, indeed, in any part of the United States, being homesick for London! It is unthinkable!

Edith Hawley Dunn sends word of the coming of Dorothy Alice, on August 11, '08. Congratulations are hearty!

Frances Leavitt, '03, finding time heavy on her hands, is taking lessons in nursing at the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago, and enjoys it. Her address is 277 Ashland Boulevard. Chicago Lasellians ought to make her welcome. On the way to Chicago she visited Bess Beno, where she met Meta Buehner, '06. Frances called on Marion Talbot, now Dean of Women at Chicago University, who told her of her first teaching at Lasell. I wonder if Miss Talbot told her how hard I had to coax her to inaugurate the Home Sanitation Department? No school had taught this branch up to that time, and she was doubtful as to her fitness for so untried a work. Lasell has pioneered several branches which are now accepted as entirely suitable for young women! Then many scoffed at the idea as "undignified"—whew!

So did very many when we began to teach cooking! and law! and dress cutting! Lasell has seen many who "came to sneer remain to praise!" Frances wishes remembrance to Miss Ransom, and signs herself "a very loyal Lasell girl, who will always think of Lasell as your school." You ought to have said "Our" Frances, instead of "your."

But Frances is a girl to be proud of just the same!

Lillian Douglass, '07, is enjoying California climate and life at Covina, not far from here. I am going to see her some day.

Anita Wade Ambrose reports a six months' old candidate for Lasell. She is about to build a house for a home. Is now at 2114 Oak street, Los Angeles. I enjoyed a call upon her mother, who is one of the brightest women in Los Angeles.

Nellie Chase, '02, gave me much pleasure by a call lately. She is teaching music in Los Angeles and Altaadena, where her father is pastor. Laura is teaching near Visalia, Cal., and likes it. Here again are two girls to be proud of. Nellie looks handsome as ever, and we had a good Lasell visit. She has a good deal of Lasell news, which she ought to give THE LEAVES. She and Laura may be addressed at 224 No. Soto street, Los Angeles.

A picture postal of "The Old Curiosity Shop" in London, brings the love of Rena French Sheppard and Mary Masters, '07, and of Mrs. Masters. The news was very welcome, showing kind thought so far away.

Bon voyage, all!

Emily Hale, as secretary, sends me the kind greeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Association, which had a most successful reunion at Hartford, Oct. 31. I call it a splendid gathering, forty-five present!

The other Lasell clubs will have to get down to work to beat, or even equal, the record of the C. V. L. A. Wish I could have been there!

Della Fowler Arthur writes from 2505 Wal-

nut street, Texarkana, Texas, a new home into which they have just moved, a "dear" letter, as we girls say, and says she and her girlies expect some day to sit in the Lasell pew in the American church in Berlin, in which she has a share. She tells of a fifteen-mile week-end drive to their plantation on the Red river, of the picturesque darkies singing and picking their way through the white cotton fields, and gives a cordial invitation to us to visit her and see for ourselves some of the quaint sights of the real south. We accept, Della, only postponing the date!

Ah, me! The old days and the old girls! Aren't they precious?

Cordially yours—all of you,

C. C. BRAGDON.

Class '01.

The Class of '01, as heard from in their last "Round Robin."

January 1, '08, Margaret Fisher Boudinot back at her home town, Red Oak, Iowa. Recently acquired a typewriter and busy helping her husband, a civil engineer write out "specifications."

January 5, '08, Zoe Hill Mayne sends smiling faces of herself and "Monk" Hewson, '02. A hard year for Zoe, herself not well; death of her father, and her mother ill.

Jan. 28, '08, Florence Pooler busy with music and enjoying Boston.

Feb. 7, '08, Marion Cole reports the marriage of her brother to Katherine Kendrick. Enjoys a quiet life.

Feb. 18, '08, Ina Scott Bryant is well again. Encloses a beautiful picture of her small daughter.

March 5, '08, Cleora Brooks Clokey writes from her home in Mexico a most interesting letter of a horseback ride to the top of the highest mountain in Guerrero, where she lived for three months in a mining town at an elevation of 12,000 feet.

April 8, '08, Isabella Clemens is studying Italian and fulfilling her duties to home and society.

April 13, '08, Ethlyn Barber Brown tells of a busy winter with the things of housekeeping and pleasure.

April 16, '08, Edith Dustin doing bookkeeping three days a week, and "looking for a harder job;" also making herself most useful in the work of the Associated Charities of Gloucester.

May 10, '08, Lelia Walker Saunders has a busy home life; enjoyed the Connecticut Valley Reunion.

May 17, '08, Harriette Ward Walker sends a picture of her happy little girl, and reports a most satisfactory year for herself.

July 19, '08, Ethel Gallagher announces her engagement to Mr. Rouse (married, Oct. 14), and says her father has purchased Maryland College.

August 6, '08, Katherine McCoy writes from Seattle of a fine western trip, and of many Lasell girls seen "enroute."

August 12, '08, Mabel Martin McGregor encloses a picture of the "Class Boy" (she has the "Class Girl" as well).

Oct. 3, '08, Florence Plum is "most married," "will be the 28th," "busy as a bee," "happy as a big sunflower." She will live in Milwaukee.

Oct. 18, '08, Bessie Lum writes on her way to California, where she will spend the coming winter.

The Preps! It is a glorious sight
To see them coming through the halls.
Some can toddle just a mite,
While many an infant crawls.—Ex.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If Latin don't kill us,
English must.—Ex.

(Especially versification!)

Marriages.

Oct. 15, 1908, at Hartford, Conn., Miss Elsie Burdick, '99, to Mr. Charles Louis Seiple.

October 1, 1908, at Toledo, Ohio, Nellie Jamerson Feagles, '97, to Mr. Walter Roby Kattelle.

Margaret M. Lamborn to Mr. Frederic J. Zang on Thursday, October first, at Alliance, Ohio. New home, 43 West Main street.

Elizabeth Campbell Mac Martin to Dr. Frederick Hindsley on Thursday, July 9th. At home, 85 Gem avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Deaths.

Methodism sustained a serious loss in the sudden death of Dr. C. W. Rishell, father of our Helen and Ruth, '99. We extend our tender sympathies to the family.

On September 24th, Mrs. W. L. Rogers of Greenville, Me., after a protracted illness, passed away at her home. She had endeared herself to many of our number during her frequent visits to her daughter while a student here. Our thoughts are turning constantly and tenderly toward Florence during this season of bereavement. We extend our sincere sympathy to the members of her family.

Our entire school shared with dear Isabel Farr in the sudden shock and grief which was hers when word came of her father's sudden passing away on November 12th, at Beloit, Wis. We have been holding her in tender remembrance during her absence from our school. We extend our sincere sympathy to her and her family circle in their bereavement.

Lasell was shocked to learn but recently of the passing away in September of our Alice Mae Bean. Our tender sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and friends. The following beautiful tribute to "our Alice" appeared in the Pawtucket Bulletin of the Pawtucket Church, Lowell, of September 27th.

In Memoriam.

A tribute to Alice Mae Bean.

The passing of a sweet and tender grace,
The vanished radiance of a love-lit face,
Love's chalice broken with a sudden blow;
And Sorrow's heavy cloud hangs dark and low
Above our aching hearts.
We loved her so.

O, Christ, once nurtured in an earthy home,
With all Thy gracious balm of healing, come
To sorrowing loved ones in this stricken home!
No heart but Thine their depth of grief may know.
Thy loving cords of peace around them throw,
And hold them close to Thee,
These hearts that loved her so.

Give us who walked with her, the grace to see
Love's proof divine in all that comes from Thee.
So may we faith's sweet consolation know,
And in all heavenly grace more sweetly grow,
Because we knew and loved her so.

Thanks *Greeting* for your cordial welcome to Lasell. We appreciate thoroughly your kind words which cheered us the first Sunday, and made us feel that while we are here, Auburndale is our home!

"WELCOME LASELL

Teachers and students of Lasell, we are glad to see you. Your presence means blessing and good cheer to our community and to our churches. We hope that the vacation weeks have brought you rest and joy and new vision of the best things in life. We expect that in the days of this coming year of study and service you will be blessed and made a blessing.

To those who are with us for the first time we would extend the warm hand of Christian fellowship. Whether you make this or some other church your church home this year, we greet you as fellow members of the Father's family. Together we will offer the prayer of Tiny Tim, 'God bless us every one.' G."

From Our Exchanges.

A young man hired a team at the livery stable. The horse was very ancient, and, it seems made exceedingly slow time. On returning, the young man was questioned by the stable keeper.

"Did you see anybody on the road?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I think some ox-carts whizzed by."

Mrs. Hayseed (reading letter from her son at college): "Hiram says that the barn dance is all the rage in the city at present."

Mr. H.: "An' I suppose them stuck up city snobs is a callin' it 'the garage hop,' eh?"

"An' let me say right heah," remarked Brother Johnson, "foh the benefit of de breddren who am puttin' buttons in de plate, dat the heathen don' need no moh buttons till dey hab trousers to sew 'em to."

Said Farmer Jones. "My cat will starve;
There are no mice to keep it."
"Your barn is full of hay," said I,
"And sure the cat(tle) eat it."

What Others Think Of Us

"The LASELL LEAVES has not been as good lately as we have seen it. Would it be impossible to get a new cover design?"—TALLOW DIP.

"We were very glad to welcome the LASELL LEAVES. The *Items from California* certainly did interest us, and the stories are very good."—VOX PUELLARUM.

The Exchange Editor would be pleased to have any criticisms from her schoolmates concerning the Exchanges — whether the present form is an improvement over the old, or whether they have new papers to recommend, or any comments whatever to give.

"Give me your hand, miss."

"Ask Papa," rejoined the fair maid as she sank for the second time.—EX.

The following recipe may be of interest to the girls taking Domestic Science:

Ginger Snaps.

Three measures of the flower of energy; three-fourths measure of self-confidence; one measure of the molasses of politeness; season to taste with the ginger of never give up. Spice to taste with sense of humor. Make light with desire mixed with hope.

Stir all together. Roll out with the rolling pin of difficulties held well in hand, and cut into cookies of convenient size for daily use.

If there is no fire of opportunity started, make one, and bake till the energy in them snaps.

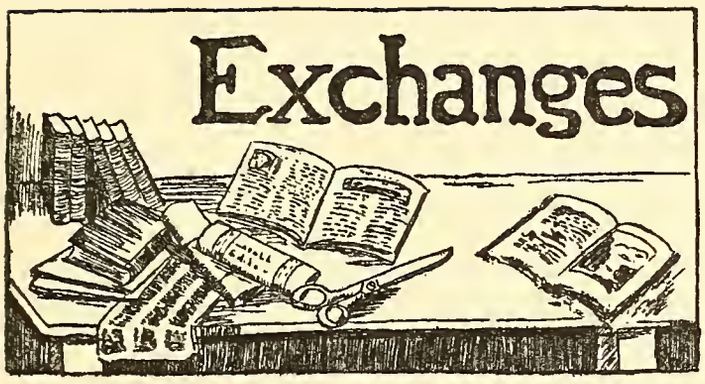
Private Schools.

Never before in the history of American education have there been so many and so well equipped private schools, from the kindergartens to the college preparatory schools. Their growth in numbers and importance has been remarkable paralleling the rapid strides made by the public schools.

Today nearly every college has its preparatory school—conducted separately—but recognized as a "feeder" for the college or university career. The development of the private school idea has resulted in the establishment of secondary schools that send young men and young women forth fully equipped for their share in business life.

To the boy or girl who is to attend college the private boarding school offers an advantage over the public school not only in the more thorough preparation as to studies, but in self-reliance the boy or girl will acquire—which becomes an important asset at the larger school.

The individuality of the student is brought out in the private school more than is possible in the public school; more attention is paid to his needs, and the work he is expected to do is along more definite lines, with his future in mind.—New York Tribune.



There are two June papers—one from Canada, and the other from California.

TALLOW DIP: Your *"Class Prophecy"* is interesting and well written. Why don't you have some stories in your magazine?

VOX PUELLARUM: A cleverly named, excellent paper. *"The Gentle Art of Bluffing"* is fine and amusing. At first glance one thinks that "Dorothy Parkinson" was the sole contributor; but this seems to be a wrong impression, it seems. Surely not one adverse criticism can be made concerning this first-rate paper.

CAPITOLINE (Sept.): You're not so good as usual. What is wrong?

There is quite a goodly number of October exchanges.

LES COLLINES: A good little paper with a microscopic *Exchange* column.

THE SCROLL: Good stories as usual.

MIRROR: *"The Twitch of an Eye"* is very fine. Where *is* your *exchange* column, though? Would it not improve your appearance if you put the *Table of Contents* elsewhere than on cover?

MINUTE MAN (Concord): Appropriately named, this paper has only two good cuts—*Literary* and *Athletic*. But please tell *how* people can "pour *up* a gangway!"

"To Him That Hath Not" and *"Only a Celt"* in the QUILL are fine stories.

There are excellent stories in the CRESCENT for October.

RED AND BLACK (Claremont, N. H.), is good, but has a funny *Exchange* column.

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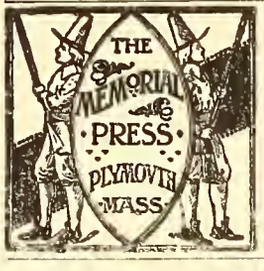
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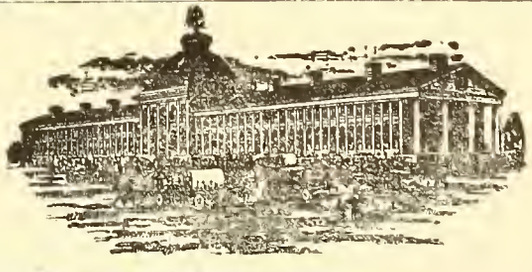
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A well-rounded magazine, and interesting, is the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

"Meditations on Chopin's Preludes" in the COURIER is a good description of the emotions roused by music.

ACADEMY GRADUATE: Your stories are good, but the *exchange* column a nonentity.

TATTLER (Nashua, N. H.): The heroine of *"The First Day of School"* was a fine girl to conquer shame of her rustic mother as she did. Of all poor ways of conducting an *Exchange* column, you have certainly selected the worst!

Perhaps SCHOOL LIFE (Melrose), you think it smart to depict so underhanded and dastardly a phase of boarding-school life as is shown in *"Boarding School Experiences with a Chafing Dish;"* but it makes the girls, be they never so pretty and bright, only contemptible, and rouses one's sympathies for the trusting teacher whose ill-bred pupils ridiculed her. *"For Her Mother's Sake,"* sounds like the sensational and worthless stories Charlotte Braeme writes; its writer might study with profit the rules of punctuation and the fitness of figures of speech. Why not leave *Personals* from the *Exchanges,* and use the column merely for *your* comments on other papers, using a separate column for other papers' opinions of you.

SHAMOKIN HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW: Your *Exchange* column is very well written.

BATES STUDENT: Lack of an *Exchange* column is your chief fault.

RACQUET (Portland, Me.): You're thoroughly charming.

There are but a few November magazines so far.

BATES STUDENT: Your *Exchange* column would not suffer much by expansion—perhaps cold weather has contracted it; if so, *thaw it out.*

A good *Exchange* column is not the least of the many good points in KEMPER HALL KODAK.

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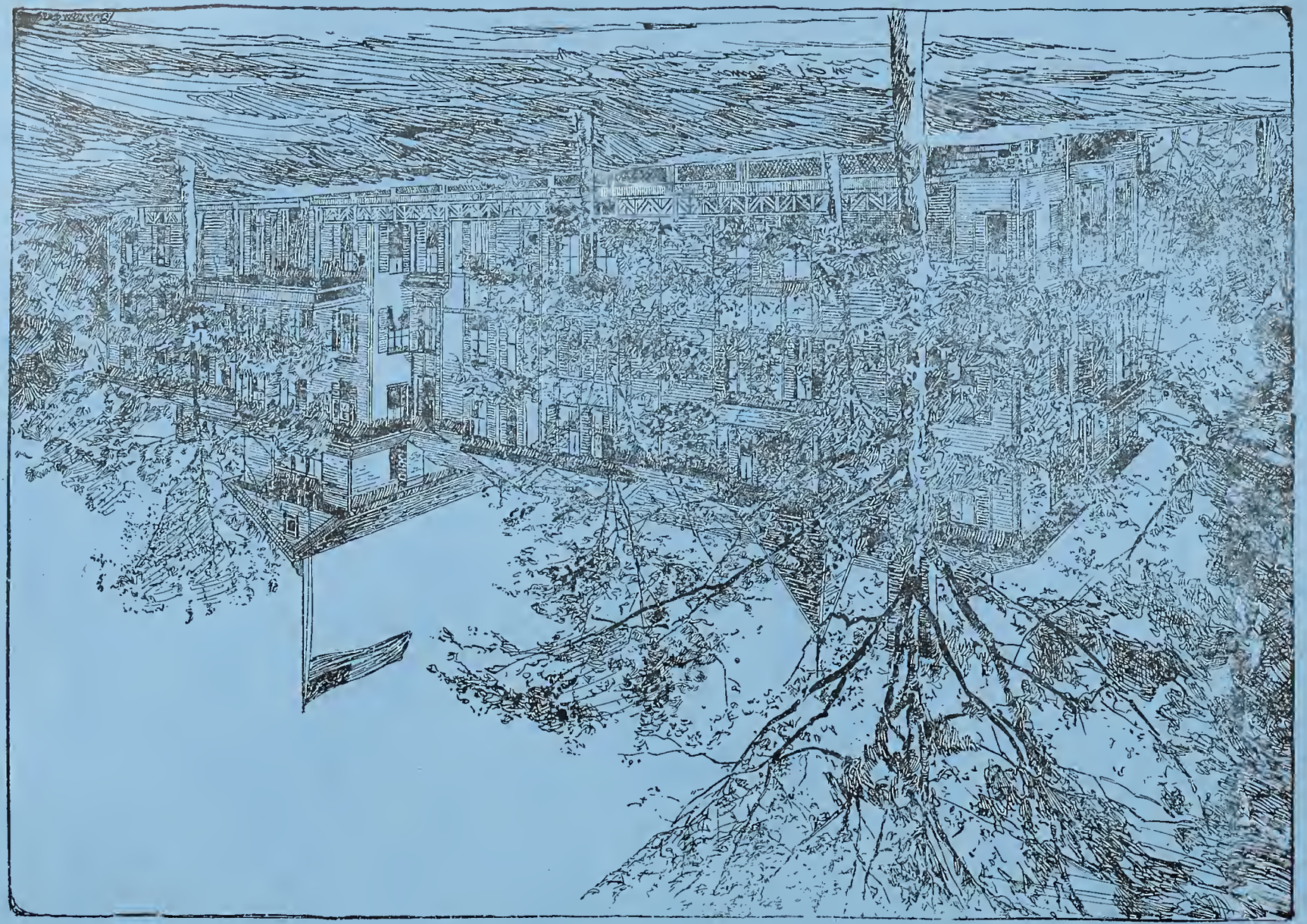
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

From that first night, two thousand years ago, when the shepherds hailed the coming of their Lord, and the Magi rode from afar to worship at His shrine, the word *Christmas* has had a magical sound, has held a magical meaning. For some it means mysterious intangible, unfathomable; for others joy, happiness and festivity; for still others, sadness, hunger, want, made more formidable, felt more keenly because of the good cheer, the warmth, and light and gayety on the other side of the wall, built up by wealth to protect itself against invasion by the "other half," as they who dwell without that charmed barricade have sometimes been termed.

At this time, then, when shops, streets, homes, all betray the usual joyous excitement, should not we the girls of Lasell, who will soon be leaving quiet Auburndale, for twenty days of careful enjoyment, take a moment to think of this "other half," and to do what little we can, to extend the blessed happiness of this season to their hearts also? The ways of doing this are legion. For instance, just one: All of us have seen the patient little Salvation Army woman this past month, standing beside her "Turkey" charity box, and have gladly given of our store to her. Then let us now, in the same spirit, contribute again for the coming Christmas Day, helping thus to make some poor pinched little heart and soul, more in love with the world, and more thankful for the blessings that the compassionate Lord, brought to it so many, many years ago. Christmas is above all things an unifier. Our hearts rejoice together in the attractive holiday displays, made more brilliant by the age-old, dear and familiarly cheery blending of red and green. We smile alike on beggar and on dearest friend, and for a time at least, the world is one bright song, one entrancing story. Our own hearts brimming over with tenderness, we select with loving care, each gift for those we wish thus to remember; nor can we conceive of any one's giving merely because he feels it incumbent upon him. On the contrary, every time Christmas comes the giver must wish with all his heart to extend that time of especial kindness and consideration of others, that he may the oftener see faces light up with pleased acknowledgement, and know that his gifts have found warm appreciation. Nor can we any more easily imagine wholesale giving of gifts, a mere buying of trifles, regardless alike of fitness or attractiveness. Rather do we not by unceasing questionings; or shrewd observation, make sure of what is desired most of all, and then with some loving message, speed this on its way? Always there is the desire to please, to make happy, and well content.

And oh, but the joy of it all is contagious! Who could resist the merry excitement and chatter that pervade the school, when more than a hundred girls begin their home preparations? What a flying about of white tissue paper parcels gayly decked in scarlet; what a melee of trunks and boxes, and what a hubbub of shrill merry girls' voices! For are we not going home, home to bring brightness and sunshine, and laughter wherever we go?

The joy is never selfish, you see. There is always someone that we may help by it, be it at home, or elsewhere. The poor children of the street are the better for having seen a bright face, or heard a kindly word; and we shall do good wherever we go, do we but remember the day, and its significance, and our place therein.

Then can we all say whole-heartedly, true-heartedly, our "Merry Christmas" to one and all—as I now say it to you. Make it a *good, hearty, helpful, unselfish* Christmas, girls!

Overheard at the dance—*The Cuff*:—"Wilt thou?"

The Collar:—"I wilt."

Making Christmas Gifts.

Yule-tide approaches once more, and with it comes that perplexing Christmas question. "What shall I give?" Why not do away with this spirit of worry which leads us to forget the real meaning of the blessed season, and determine that for once we will find a genuine joy in the thought of giving? You say to yourself I want to give something pretty and something useful. Now, what shall it be? Forget the stock gift of handkerchiefs, book, or tie, and this Christmas make with your own clever fingers some dainty little remembrance, put together with love and thought.

Let us begin with mother, for of course she is first now and always in these girl hearts of ours. I once heard a dear little woman say, "I would like something for my very own this Christmas. I really think the house gets most of my gifts." How much she would have enjoyed a waist, embroidered by her own daughter; or may be a darning bag, filled with the necessary articles. There is an endless list of things that would make mother happy. For father a collar bag would be a serviceable gift. This may be made of any heavy material, as plain or as fancy as one wishes. A necktie holder that would help to keep every tie in order, and immediately accessible, may be made by covering a smooth strip of wood, about one inch thick, one inch wide, and a foot long, with ribbon. At each end make loops of narrow ribbon, by which the holder may be fastened to the wall. Ties may be thrown over this and kept unrumpled and clean.

I never worry about gifts for sister; girls are always wanting all sorts of things. One Christmas I made a pretty bureau set for her. It was of plain white muslin lined with pale pink, embroidered in each corner with pink rose buds. There were a handkerchief holder, a glove holder, a pin cushion, and other articles made to match. All were inexpensive, useful and yet noticeably attractive; best of all they were a great surprise, as such a gift was never once thought of. That same Christmas I made Baby Louise a rag doll. It was fun, real fun to stuff that poor ragmuffin full of cotton. How sweet it looked, all dressed up in one of Baby's long dresses! It nearly covered Louise up as she trotted around with it in her arms. Make brother a pillow for his room; he will show it with great pride to the other boys.

There are numerous pretty things for our girl friends. Have you ever seen a dainty fan bag? Take a piece of ribbon about twenty inches in length and three inches in width; fold it through the middle, and whip the edges together. At the open end make a facing of silk of any color to match the bag, run a casing and thread through it a narrow piece of ribbon as a draw string, and suspending loop. This is both simple and useful. Holders for the dainty ribbon so much used now for the underwear are very pretty. Embroider a design on a piece of white linen, or linen of some delicate color; make three eyelet holes just beneath; sew the linen together in the shape of an envelope, leaving the flap unfastened; place ribbon of various colors inside, drawing the ends through the eyelet holes. Another attractive gift for the toilet table is made by covering one side of a piece of chamois skin of convenient size with a pretty ribbon, and sewing beading and lace around the edge. This little accompaniment to Milady's crystal powder-box will not be disdained.

Let the girl who can paint be thankful for her gift. Don't be like a friend I once had, who kept all her paintings for herself, admiring them alone. Make sketches for your friends, if you know how to do such pleasure-giving things; or paint a piece of china for some one. It will be giving something you have yourself made, and will be greatly appre-

ciated. Perhaps some one of us can make pretty baskets; these are always attractive and serviceable. Get your raffia and set about it. You will enjoy the making as much as the recipient will enjoy the article. Take time and thought, too, for some poor family, and your Christmas will be complete. It will take but little to make them very happy, and you will gain much from it yourself. I know a father who every year gives his children a certain sum to spend for the poor. The youngsters keep their expenditure secret, until they meet at the Christmas dinner table, when each tells how he or she has spent the money entrustd. The children enjoy this planning, buying, and giving, even more than they enjoy the receiving of their own presents. Try to make some one happy who otherwise would have had a dreary day, and you will never have a dull Christmas or a disappointing one.

Put a part of yourself into your gifts this year more than ever before. Let them be useful and inexpensive if you choose, but certainly individual, and given with the genuine Christmas spirit. So doing, you will find that the greatest pleasure that Christmas brings is that derived from the loving anticipation of other's wants or desires, and the generous expenditures of personal effort in planning and fashioning the gifts you bestow.

IN MARS,

First Astronomer:—"What are all those spots on the earth?"

Second Astronomer:—"Merry Widow Hat formations."

For three long weeks, we'll be at ease
To walk and stroll where ere we please,
  For away we'll be from that walking card
  Which taxes our memory as very hard;
Nor little notes, there will not be
Requesting walking so very early.
That registration board!

F. S., '09.

Christmas Windows.

As the Christmas season approaches, it is with anxious eagerness and great anticipation that everyone looks forward to the beautiful and helpful display presented by the windows of the shops, for at no other time of the year is so much thought and consideration given to their adornment. It is evident that some skillful mind has worked very laboriously and diligently in decorating these, so as to create, through their attractiveness, an entirely new atmosphere of interest in town.

In fact, one can easily be entertained by merely visiting the different windows, each a single type in itself, yet uniting with the others in impressing the observer with the spirit of Christmas. Naturally, not only does the size of the city greatly influence the extravagance and profuseness of the exhibit, but on the other hand some shops lend themselves more readily to decoration than others, thereby showing off better for the time and labor given to their care. The window of the confectioner can be made very inviting, with its cakes shaped and decorated in keeping with the Christmas idea, and its candies tinted to carry out the time-honored "color scheme" of Yuletide. The grocery store likewise attracts much attention, as it presents to the public in its windows artistic arrangements of canned goods, nuts, raisins, or ribbon-candies, wafer boxes, select and choice fruits. None of these windows, however, are so important as those of the department store, wherein are seen so great a variety of articles that it is impossible but that some gifts exactly suiting sundry of our friends and pleasing to their taste can be found there. This fact is particularly impressed on us when we inspect the windows representing the most fascinating department of all, that of books, always welcomed, and always useful for entertainment and amusement. But the Christ-

mas windows are not made interesting for grown people alone; some are planned so as to afford pleasure for the little folk also. Those of this order often employ electricity, or present some object in motion, such as the funny rolling up of the eyes of a little negro figure, for instance, or a scenery which delights the children with its cotton wool snow, and white-bearded Santa Claus. They like to see old Santa with his pack actually on his broad back, going, perhaps, quietly down the chimney of a house, and then hastening out again to drive off with his eight galloping reindeer through the snow. No greater happiness can be given them, than that of seeing a real living Santa Claus, dressed in his red costume trimmed with white fur, waving his hand, or nodding his head, to assure them that he will visit them on Christmas eve, and bring with him all the gifts they have written to him for in their naive little letters.

Yet it is not necessary to go to town in order to gaze upon beautiful windows, for those of the home share in the general beauty of the season. Wreaths of holly hang gracefully and artistically from the windows, giving a heartening suggestion, a cheery picture to the passer-by, and bringing to mind the Christmas spirit which seems to prevail within. Some houses have these red and green circlets peeping forth from *every* window, while others have only one or two of them. But in the homes of the poor, the windows are too often quite bare, though they may contain a poor little wreath made from a few leaves and twigs gathered from some dust-barrel, or picked up from the street. All these rings of holly, however, whether of the poor or of the rich, show off to great advantage at night, when the lights of the room forms a mellow background for them.

In truth, the windows at the Christmas season mean much to us. They are not only beautiful, and pleasing to contemplate, but useful and helpful as well. Those of the shop suggest many ideas for choice of gifts to our friends, or perhaps, enable us to see much that is interesting, but that would except for such display have escaped our notice altogether, while the windows of the home inspire us with cheer and happiness, and the warm personal feeling of sympathy and affection for others.

Wall Paper and Its Decorative Value.

I wonder how many of us realize the value of wall decoration? It would be impossible to imagine ourselves living in a house in which the walls were destitute of any ornamentation. This modern wall adornment originated, as regards England, in the reign of Queen Victoria, and starts with the name of Pugin, a man of remarkable ideas, which he impressed on others. Then come the names of Wyatt, a man of fine discrimination, Talbut, originator of the "Sunflower" design, and William Morris, who towers above all the others, and has been an inspiration to those following. Morris's imprint was one of largeness of scale, and insistence on a pattern or design, not by other lines, but standing clearly out, easy of recognition. Many others follow, who stand well in rank, such as Walter Crane, Eartbake, and Mott. The custom of covering the walls was introduced in China in 105 A. D., the material used being bark fibre. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, stamped leather and painted cloth were used in Italy, Spain, France and England. During the nineteenth century the house manufacture of wall-papers began; and in 1735 the use of these papers was introduced into America.

Mural decoration has reached such a high form of art to-day, that even the humble cottage may be, and often is, made cheering and comfortable in appearance by well selected wall-paper, the cost of which is now so low

that all can afford to use it, and the demand that has arisen gives employment to thousands of workmen, including many of the best designers, men who formerly, under the old order, would have been employed only to decorate the mansions of the rich, but who have now an opportunity to offer the creations of their genius to the many, instead of to the few only. Increased beauty of house decoration in any one line leads directly to the originating of new ideas and new designs found to be essential to the harmonious carrying out of the plan. The selecting of wall-paper is a task better left to those who have made this particular branch of art a study, and it is hard to say why a decorator is willing to leave the selecting of the paper to his customer, who in many cases is absolutely unable to make an artistic selection. This is the reason why nine rooms out of ten are are so unsatisfactory in appearance, and we can readily agree with William Morris in his assertion, "If you cannot have the right thing on your walls, leave them white-washed. They must harmonize."

In selecting wall-paper or hangings, there are many points to be considered. The size, shape and light in the room must be given the most careful consideration, the light being of the utmost importance in determining the sort of paper suitable. In order to make an entirely satisfactory selection, it is nccessary that the paper be reviewed in the actual position it is to occupy, yet the general custom is to select from a bound book of samples. The importance of making a careful selection cannot be too strongly emphasized, for at comparatively small cost, a house may by means of papers chosen by a person of good taste, be made very charming, far more so in fact, than one costing four times the amount, in which the paper is not chosen with taste and judgment. The individual taste of the inmates of the house must be considered, for certain colors actually have upon some people the effect of making their heads ache. Another point to consider is that the room to be papered may be hung with pictures. The purchaser too often makes the general and serious mistake of forgetting that the wall is a background for these pictures, and should not contain any decided pattern. One must not, however, be too narrow in this matter of taste, for it varies largely in different localities. Those living on one side of a street may make a selection of paper that the other side would hardly look at.

In choosing the decorations for the walls of a house, the character and individuality of the owners have a chance for strong expression. The rooms themselves are interesting subjects for study. A dining room should be cheerful; if it faces the south, however, it is not advisable to use the same paper as if it faced the north, because the amount of sunlight admitted would be very different in the two cases. Again, a very lofty room might be finished very effectively with a deep frieze, while one with a low ceiling would look better with a paper having vertical stripes, in order to increase the apparent height. A very long and narrow room should never be hung with paper of a set pattern, as the perspective will tend to increase the length; it would be better in such a case to divide the walls into panels, although even this to some extent, accentuates the length.

For ordinary rooms, where pictures are to be hung, a perfectly plain ingrain or ground paper, with a bold, well-designed frieze, is the perfection of good decoration, although many people dislike plain paper, and in that case, if pictures are to be considered, as simple and plain a pattern as possible is best. Next to these ingrains, "stencil effects," designs printed in a single color on a plain ground, are the best.

Each room of a house should be treated

separately when it comes to mural decoration. The hall and staircase of the modern house offer a fine opportunity for the decorator to secure an effective and cheerful appearance, and thus add much to the impression made upon the visitor. But the drawing room is the one where the decorator can show his talent to its best advantage. Here the design is usually delicate, and may even be somewhat fanciful; there are as many individual tastes in drawing room decoration as in ladies' gowns. In the dining room the color of the decoration may be in rich brown, red, or other warm color, instead of in delicate tints. This room must be comfortable and cozy, never cold and cheerless. Comfort should be first. In the music room, a separate apartment in our large houses, delicate tints are best, as in the drawing room, although some have special designs and friezes on the walls, bearing figures of the Muses, or of players upon various instruments. For bed rooms, one has choice of many charming designs, graceful and beautiful. The paper and wood work are often made to harmonize, carrying out a continuous pattern. A young lady's boudoir gives a chance for something dainty and simple, its colors bright, but not glowing, pale pinks and blues being much liked. Some designs for such use simulate twisted ribbons and flowers, imitations of delicate lace work of exquisite design, or panels showing garlands of flowers. One may think it hardly necessary to mention the bath room, as these in our modern houses are usually tiled. Many, however, are not, and here the choice of a paper must be made. It should always be light and bright, containing plenty of white. The kitchen should be painted with oil or water paint, and not papered at all; but some prefer paper, and, in this case, something light should be selected. Tiled papers are often used, and look well, possessing the advantage of always being easy to keep clean. The nursery is an interesting room, as regards decoration, which can here be made to exert a considerable educational influence, and besides this, beauty, of course, is to be considered, and childish tastes. Here we find the cat-and-kitten frieze, Hans-and-Gretchen, and figures from fairyland.

Another point that must not be forgotten in considering the papering of our homes, is the effect of the artificial light upon color, since it often changes the tone completely. The safest rule is to choose under the light to be used in the room to be papered; and always good taste should rule, and any tending to garishness or loudness of pattern, or anything so pronounced as to entail weariness in the beholder, should be avoided.

The Lesson of the Doll House.

What should be my Christmas gift for Marjorie, my niece? That was the thought uppermost in my mind as I hurried through the brilliantly decorated department stores on my round of Christmas shopping. Everywhere were things to delight young hearts,—dolls, toy pianos, tiny dishes, and the thousand things that help little ones in their small mimicry of life. With all these playthings, it would seem that I ought to find no trouble at all in fixing upon some acceptable gift for a girl of eight. With most children this would be the case, but I had to bear in mind that Marjorie was an only daughter, and spoiled at that, so my task was not as easy as might have been.

Suddenly a bright inspiration flashed into my mind. Why should we not join our many gifts in one, and make a doll house? That would be a lasting gift, one that need not share the fate of most Christmas toys, such as dolls and wooden horses, which are often seen on the day after Santa Claus has made his appearance, strewn over the nursery floor, be-

headed and limbless. Perhaps a present of this kind would have the additional advantage of relieving her poor mother from answering such questions, as "Oh, mother, what can I do next, my dollies are all asleep, and there's no one to play with?" For then, even if the dollies should at some fateful moment fall asleep, there would always be other things in the playhouse to interest her.

Thus it came about that my next few weeks were spent in furnishing a small apartment. The thoughts of putting a house in readiness for the whole doll family quite delighted me, and I could hardly wait until the large packing box which I had ordered came out from town. After a carpenter had put in a few partitions for me, my own particular share of the work came in. First, to take away the ugly look, I gave it a coat of glossy white paint both inside and out. Next I turned myself into a paper-hanger, and after hunting through the attic for the left-overs of the paper, which we had had on our own walls, I found just what I needed, —a pale yellow satin-striped paper for the reception room, red for the dining room, a rich brown in the library, and a pale blue paper for the bedroom. The kitchen, I decided, should be done in oil, since all good housekeepers say that that is by far the most cleanly. Over the white paint, then, I put a layer of light brown, which I hoped would not show the wear and tear of the family soon to move in. Carpets were the next thing to be attended to I decided, and, with some search, scraps of carpeting were presently found which would harmonize well with the color scheme of the various rooms. The following day, found me on a furniture-hunting expedition, for nothing but the best would do for this palatial "residence." In a few hours all necessary furnishings had been bought, down to the most trivial things for the kitchen. Then came moving day. What fun it was to arrange and rearrange each separate piece of furniture, until it all was set at exactly the right angles. It would not do for Miss Marjorie's artistic eye to find any flaws. To my own eye, however, something did still seem lacking, though I could not think what it was. Suddenly it occurred to me—there were no pictures. Hereupon all the old magazines were diligently searched for available advertising or other pictures, and when these were found and glued to the wall, I felt that my work was at an end, a satisfactory end.

On Christmas eve my miniature house, resplendent in its white paint and new furniture, was placed under the Christmas tree ready for Marjorie's eyes, the minute she should bounce into the room on the following day.

At about seven o'clock the next morning, I heard little bare feet pattering down the uncarpeted stairs, and knew that Marjorie was on her way to see what Santa had left for her. I could not miss the joy of seeing her bright eyes sparkle, and the little feet dance for pleasure, when she saw her numerous gifts, so I crept down after her, and all unnoticed behind the draperies watched for the impression, which my share of her Christmas would have upon her. When I heard the little squeal of delight which she gave on seeing the doll-house, and noticed that all her attention was immediately taken by this treasure from her more expensive gifts, it made me feel amply rewarded for all my trouble. Yet I was somewhat afraid lest after the first fascination of the new toy should have worn away, Marjorie would lose interest in her home-made gift, and go back to her talking dolls and Teddy Bears. How would it be, I wondered.

The next day I went away, and did not see Marjorie for several weeks after, so that when I came back, I was quite unprepared for the change which had taken place in her. Before this she had much too often been peevish and

whining, and was always saying, "Mama, read to me!" or "Mama I want somebody to play with," apparently unable to find interest in what she had. She had always seemed to lack the resources which most children have for amusing themselves, and this had not infrequently made her a great nuisance.

But I now discovered before I had been a day in the house that there was a great change. What could have happened? The question was soon answered, and by Marjorie herself, who took me by the hand coaxingly, saying, "Come upstairs, Auntie Mat, and see my doll house." There I found a most model apartment with everything in perfect order. From her evident joy in telling me all about it I came to the conclusion, that the little house was the secret of her changed disposition. During my stay of several days that conviction grew yet stronger, for now her mother could scarcely drag the busy child from her doll-house. Either she was to give a dinner party, or the rooms must be cleaned, or the parlor re-arranged—always something to be done, never a time when there was not some plan afoot for that little flat. Her mother told me, that she had even begged to be taught how to sew, in order to make more dresses for her family, and that she had taken such delight in pretending to cook, that her next demand would most likely be for a real playhouse, with a "truly stove," where she could actually cook, could sweep and dust, and where there need be no pretending. The ideas which this child was now gaining, although seemingly of slight value, were in reality of the greatest importance, true foundations for the larger things to come. Besides learning merely the nature and the interest of household affairs, she was also forming character and improving her disposition.

My experiment had proved a success, and it gave me the feeling, that I had done a most genuine kindness in helping our little girl to become more unselfish, more wide-awake, more capable of helping others.

The Prodigal Returned.

The feathery flakes were quietly, but steadily, falling from leaden skies, as four-year-old Bobbie Hendrics, the very image of gloom and grief, stood at the nursery mindow watching vainly for the return of his father, who had set out early in the afternoon to look for our little hero's lost playmate, Jack. Jack was a cunning little black and white fox-terrier, the companion and humble servant of Bobbie ever since that little youngster had been able to sit alone on the nursery floor. Always had the little dog humbly submitted, without the slightest whimper, to all the ear and tail-pulling to which Bobbie had subjected him; but now, apparently, he was resolved to bear no more; at least he had suddenly disappeared, causing much distress to his little master, who began to realize for the first time how much he really loved his pet.

Presently the door opened, and Mary came in, bearing a tray upon which was her little master's supper. Tip-toeing over to the silent little figure by the window, she kissed the frowning forehead, and wiped the tears away from the large brown eyes.

"Well, me darlin', 'Oi think Jackie will come a trottin' back soon enough, when once he gets good and hungry. Now, you jist come and eat a bite of bread and milk, and let Mary put you to bed."

"But, Mary, him don't want any supper! Him wants his little dog," wailed Bob, and gave full vent to his pent up feelings in a storm of sobs, for which he presently found comfort and relief on his nurse's sympathetic shoulder. After numerous entreaties and commands, he was finally persuaded to take a few swallows of his bread and milk, but he still stubbornly refused to be put to bed, until his mother, very gently, but inflexibly, insisted that she be obeyed.

After he was tucked snugly into bed, the

light turned down low, and Mary had departed, shutting the door as she went, Bobbie lay for a long time with his eyes closed, trying his best to do as his mother had told him, and go to sleep. But somehow he kept hearing foot steps, and now and then he was sure he heard a whine. Finally, he came to the conclusion that his mother surely didn't mean that he must stay in bed if he was positive that he heard Jack right outside the window, so he slipped noiselessly out of bed and stole over to the window-seat. The grandeur of the beautiful picture presented there, the clean, silvery circle of the moon decking the softly piled snow-drifts and the ermine-robed trees with a myriad of sparkling gems, was all lost on Bobbie, who sat with his little nose flattened against the cold window-pane, and with eyes strained in the vain effort to make out the dark objects which loomed up so mysteriously in the distance.

Presently, partly because of the unaccustomed lateness, partly from the unusual strain of watching, he fell asleep on the window-seat. And then something happened, he thought that he heard the telephone ring, and climbing up on the chair, took down the receiver and listened.

"Hello, hello, I say! Is this J. D. Hendrics, 21 East Grand ave., Milford, Mass., United States of America, Western Hemisphere of the Earth?"

Bobbie was quite surprised, but he thought that he had better answer that gruff voice. He knew the speaker was asking for his father, and he knew, too, that his father lived in the United States, but he was not so sure about the 'Western Hemisphere' part; nevertheless he managed to say, "No, sir; this is Bobbie Hendrics, the son of Mr. J. D. Hendrics."

"Well, you don't mean it! You're just the one I want," came the reply in the same gruff voice.

Bobbie was very much frightened and was half inclined to drop the receiver and run away, but somehow he was too interested, and decided to remain just a minute longer, anyway.

The voice was continuing, "This is Santa Claus; I guess you have heard of me."

"Oh, yes, sir!" quickly agreed Bobbie.

"Well, I should like to know what you want me to bring you for Christmas, I have everything from blocks up to ponies."

Ponies! A brilliant idea flashed into Bobbies' head. If he had ponies, perhaps he would have little dogs, too.

"Oh, say, Mr. Claus, do you happen to have any little puppies?"

"Puppies? Oh, yes; lots of them. Do you want one?"

"Well do you 'spose you could bring me one 'ist like the one I 'ist lost?"

"Why, I think I might. What kind of a dog did you have?"

"Why-why, he wuz a little black an-an white fots-terrir, an-an h-his name wa-wuz Jack!" stammered the anxious child. Bobbie had become quite excited, and the words wouldn't come as fast as he would have liked.

"Well, now isn't that queer! a little black and white fox-terrier came up here just today. Perhaps he is yours; and—let's see!—he has, 'Jack, from Bobbie' on his collar. I wonder if you are the Bobbie? You are, you say? Well, *isn't* that queer! Say, Bobbie, I'll tell you what I'll do, I am coming down this evening in my sleigh to go around to a few of the churches, so I'll just bring Jack along with me. How will that do? Fine? All right, then! Good-bye! I'll see you in about an hour."

Bob hung up the receiver, and remained cuddled up at the telephone desk waiting for what seemed, to him, an awfully long time, until finally he heard a faint little tinkle of sleigh-

bells. They kept getting nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, so he started to jump up and run to the door, when with a thump he fell right off of the window-seat, and woke up. Instead of the sleigh-bells he had heard the Christmas chimes, for it was morning, and the sun was streaming in at the window which had so lately admitted the silvery moonbeams. He lay for a long time winking and blinking in the bright light, and listening to the chimes. After they had ceased to ring out their glad tidings, he still lay wondering whether he had really found his little dog, or whether it was all a dream, when suddenly he heard a familiar scratch. With a bound he ran across the room and threw open the door, and there was the prodigal returned.

Wee Richard.

Somehow, *this* year Christmastide at Lasell seems more beautiful and blessed than ever before because of the presence in our midst of a little child—wee Richard Austin Winslow.

Welcome, dear little pilgrim celestial! Your coming has made our school-home circle complete. Little you dream, lying in your tiny bassinet, that were it not for the eternal vigilance of a certain fair mother, and the watchful eye of our Principal, you *might* be "killed with kindness." For, among the host of Lasell girls, old and new, who are just longing to be your ladies in waiting, are ever and ever so many cannibals, who boldly and unhesitatingly declare that "you look sweet enough to eat!"

A little while ago we heard one of those Lasell girls singing softly the Christmas carol:

"There came a little child to earth long ago,
And angels of God proclaimed His birth high and low."

We love to believe that since the coming of that little Child long ago the Christian world has seen in each baby's face a likeness to the Little Lord Jesus,—and as we bend over your crib our hearts, too, grow tender and reverent!

Welcome, thrice welcome, wee Richard! Lasell wishes you your first Merrie Christmas!

We have been granted the privilege of reading the gracious words of welcome from old girls to Richard. With permission we quote a line from the letters of these well-wishers:

"My Dear Mrs. Winslow:"

"I am glad that now you, too, realize the happiness and know the blessedness of motherhood."

"When the announcement of Richard Austin Winslow's coming reached me, I was inspired to run the gamut of all the Lasell yells, beginning with the melodious 'Ho-e-la' and ending with our own 'Een Dicka-deen' of 1905."

"Babies are certainly a care, but their dear little smiles repay the mother tenfold for all her work. There is nothing more wonderful to me than my baby boy."

"Perfectly splendid! Please accept my congratulations, and extend them to the baby for being such a lucky boy."

"Your card and Richard's reached me a few days ago. Very much pleased that you remembered me on this happy occasion. Our baby is growing fast. I will send you a kodak picture when I succeed in getting a good one. I wonder if Dr. Winslow actually struts around as my husband does. He's just too proud for anything."

"Lasell girls must be glad to have a 'real lively baby' in the school." She meant to say "live," you say; no — she knows Lasell girls, and that "lively" is all right.

"Kiss him right in the back of his little neck for —"

"Good things are being added to Lasell all the time. How the girls will love him, and how many nurses he will have. I feel cheated not to have a chance at him myself."

"It is a wonderful happiness, I know right

well, for we have a baby girl. Life has come to have a new and richer meaning."

"When you have time, won't you tell me just what he is like? Does he look like Dr. Winslow? Or, is he going to be fair? Is he good? Babies are so much nicer when they are good natured. I went to see a poor woman one day this week, and she had a tiny baby a few days old. She said: 'It cries so much I just feel like putting it under the bed and leaving it there.' The whole trouble is that this baby is mixed up, for it sleeps beautifully all day and cries all night."

"Lasell has many daughters and granddaughters of whom she may be justly proud, and now I congratulate you upon giving her a son, of whom I know she will be proud."

"Are they not the dearest and most interesting little creatures? Every day brings some change in them."

"Please remember me to Dr. Winslow. I do not believe he will be interested in any more tadpoles, for Richard will be so much more interesting."

"How very happy you must be, and how much baby will be loved and petted and worried over. I watch with all fear the apparently careless way with which L. manages our baby. Like all old maids I am in constant terror lest so young and helpless a baby break in the handling."

"I like to think of a baby just loved into the world, with such a good home to welcome him. So many little ones find such scanty welcome, and so many homes are denied the blessing craved."

"I am sending a pair of mittens for the young man, as I am sure he will be in many a snow-ball fight this winter."

"I am so glad to have the question of that baby settled, for I have heard from three sources that he was a girl. But Charlotte says she has seen him, and he is the splendidest baby she ever saw. Since it is leap year, *my* love to your son."

"My Dear Little Richard:—

"Let me kiss your sweet rose-bud cheek and whisper: 'I am so glad that you have come to make a bright place in this great, big world.' Lovingly, —"



To the many old girls and other Lasell friends who have sent us such cordial words of congratulation on the arrival of our little son, we send most hearty thanks. We should be glad to write each one of you a personal letter, but your number makes it impossible at present. Better still, we should like to have you come to see us. Your number is never too large for that. There is a royal welcome waiting here for you all. The baby says, "Goo-oo-oo, gah-ah-ah," which means, "Do come" and "here's my love."

Cordially yours,
CLARA A. WINSLOW.

Mrs. Andrew S. Caldwell, known to Lasellians as Ada Dunaway, as chairman of the Pure Food Committee of the Illinois State Federation of Woman's Clubs, has been promoting a cause which it is particularly fitting that a Lasell woman should champion. The work of this committee, as described in Mrs. Caldwell's report to the State Federation, held at E. St. Louis last October, has been most practical and effective. Its aim is to arouse intelligent interest in enforcing the Pure Food

laws already passed, by supplying literature and suggestions as to programs to the various Woman's Clubs throughout the state.

Our Principal received a cordial line from Frances Thomas Fiske. She expresses her continued interest in the school, and especially in the Alumnæ Association at Hartford, Conn.

Annie Dealey, '06, visited Minnie Trimble this summer, and says, "We did have such a good time together talking over the good times there, and looking over the memory book."

Katherine McCoy, '01, spent the summer in the West. At Minneapolis Bessie Lum, '01, met her at the station and took her for a drive through its parks and beautiful streets. While in Seattle, she and Nell Chase, '02, were entertained at lucheon by Eo Schram Brole. Dr. Bragdon showed her the sights of that beautiful city, Pasadena. On her way home she visited Edith Locke Slaten at Springfield, and had a short talk with Bell Clokey, '02, in Decatur.

Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn, '02, had Clarissa Hammond and Edith Ebersole, '03, for short visits this summer. Wishes to be remembered kindly to all whom she knows at the Seminary.

Catherine Cann writes that Madeleine Lovitt, '08, is at home this year taking a course in Domesticity from her mother. Says she is doing splendidly, and that they have "great fun" comparing notes.

We expect to have visits from Agnes Wylie, '05, Florence Smith and Kate Fassett, who comes East sometime in January or February.

Lasell girls have been visiting Annie MacDonald in Mexico, Alice Stahl, '04, Marion Stahl and Clara Mattlage, '06.

Agnes Drake, '03, was with Marinette Ramsdell, '02, this summer. Agnes entertained Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, and her mother.

Helen E. Carter, '07, is working hard at the Chicago University.

We have heard from our "Southern friend," Millie Smith, '08, and Clara Nims, '07. Both send kind greetings.

Edna Thurston has been visiting Edith Anthony, '06.

Hattie Rutledge Murphy says, "Kindly remember me to all who made my year at Lasell such a happy one."

Edith Bidwell sends her new name and address. She has been Mrs. G. Murray Seal, of Arlington Avenue, Govanstown, Maryland, for three years, and has a daughter a year old.

Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, says that "Lasell is not forgotten down here in Guanajuato, Mexico." She is expecting Florence Hayden to visit her.

Anna Rouse, '02, while in Chicago last spring met quite a number of Lasell girls. Says she is doing nothing, but—"am bookkeeper, stenographer and secretary for my father."

Bessie Lum, '01, says that her address after December 1, will be Whittier, Cal. That Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, who is at Long Branch, Cal., has "a wee daughter with eyes as blue as her own."

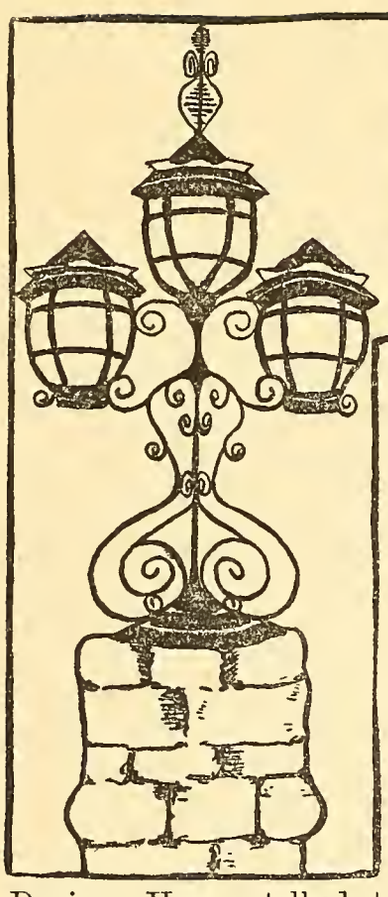
Martha Laurens, '07, is teaching piano successfully, with pupils in Dorchester, Winchester and Somerville.

Delia Hopkins Cooke, '70, sends us word from Brooklyn, Washington. She is planning to teach in Olympia, and Lasell is glad to send a line of recommendation for this worthy graduate.

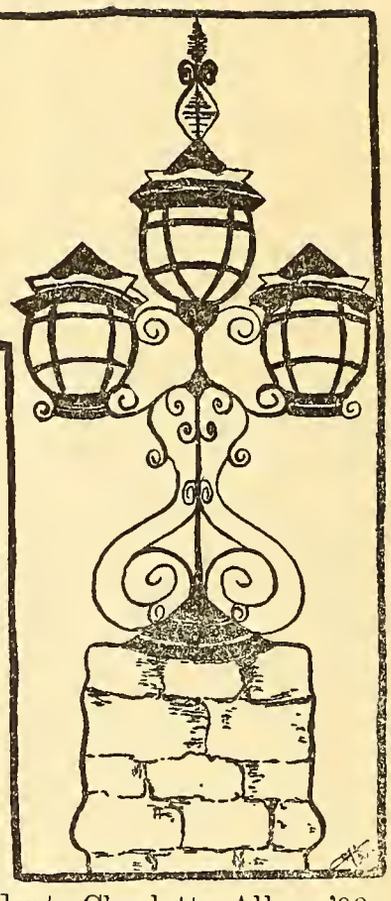
Mrs. Ida Foster Brown, at one time associated with the office department, gladdened us by a call recently. She reports her three splendid boys in good health. Just as we expected, she is making the most of life.

Among the yule-tide guests at Lasell was Emily Hale (here in '02-'03), sister of our Marion. A more welcome guest we never entertained in the school home. Come as often as you can, Emily, and stay as long as you can.

Rhoda Porter is in New York City this winter, at 261 W. 73rd street, and hopes to visit Lasell before returning to Michigan.



LOCALS



November 10.—At Prayer Meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, Susan Stryker; Vice President, Cornelia Stone; Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Preston.

November 12.—One of the most enjoyable and instructive lectures of the year was given by Jacob Riis, his subject being, "The Slums of New York."

November 13.—First formal meeting of the Dramatic Club.

November 14.—Miss Dudley of the Denison House, talked to us concerning her work there, in which we feel especially and personally interested.

November 15.—At Vespers, Mrs. May Chisholm Brown spoke to us on her work in Chinese Missions.

November 17.—The new President of the Christian Endeavor led Prayer Meeting; her talk was one of the most helpful of the year, and was enjoyed by an unusually large number. In the afternoon, parties chaperoned by Fraulein Heinrich and Miss Chandler go to hear Calve.

November 18.—Miss Rand chaperoned a party to see Ben Greet's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

November 19.—Mr. Vincent's last lecture of the year on "Kipling and Zangwill," was enjoyed by all who had the privilege of hearing him.

November 20.—In the afternoon, the Dramatic Club elections were held. The following were made officers: President, Reva Berman '10; Vice President, Charlotte Alley, '09; Secretary, Josephine Woodward, '10; Treasurer, Mary Lumbard, '10; Business Manager, Julia DeWitt, '10; Costumer, Martha Hazelet, '10.

After dinner the Senior German Class entertained the under classmen. The affair was very enjoyable.

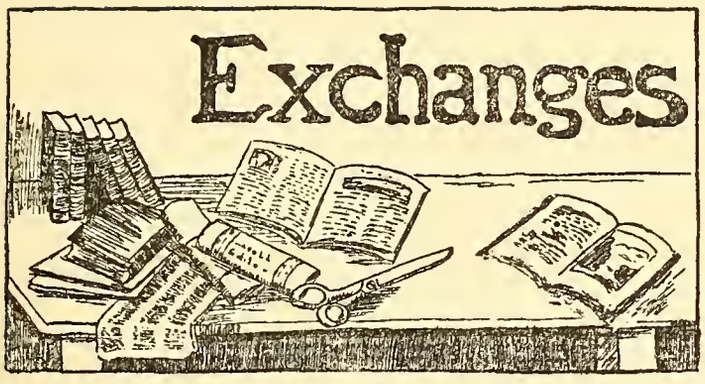
November 21.—At the regular lecture hour we enjoyed a talk by Mrs. Anna Andrews Barris, on her trip "Through Central America." Later in the afternoon Mrs. Barris was the guest of honor at a delightful reception given by Mrs. Winslow to the girls of the Seminary.

November 22.—A meeting at the Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. Call of the "Rescue Mission," was attended by the students.

November 23.—Thanksgiving boxes began to arrive.

November 24.—More boxes.

November 25.—Many girls leave for Thanksgiving holidays.



Some schools are still issuing their October numbers; but there are only two of them.

There is a good essay on *"Wireless Telegraphy"* in the *Crimson Tattler* from our neighbor, the Allen school.

Oak, Lily and Ivy has an admirable plan which the LEAVES can at least consider, if it does not intend to emulate its example. Prizes are offered for the three best stories or essays, the competition being open to all the students. This is a good idea for arousing in pupils an interest in that which is usually considered an irksome task—writing compositions.

The *Editorials* in the *Newton High School Review* are good; and the stories, very clever.

"Good Night," in the *Megaphone* is a beautiful little poem. The Exchange column is well written.

New Trier Echoes has a story *"All's Fair in Love,"* which, in addition to its trite title, is entirely spoiled by the slang and expletives used. It would be far better to leave such matters to men like Connor, Garland and Hart, who know human nature thoroughly, and whose master hands alone can give the right touch. This delicate handling is beyond a novice, who can but mar what he would make.

"An Egyptian Mummy," is unusually fine and clever, *Red and Black, (Reading, Pa.)*. For one who has so long been out of the High School, the author of *"The Substitute,"* shows a deplorable ignorance of punctuation and the best English. Each department is headed by an excellent cut; and the cover of this paper, artistic and well drawn.

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Why don't you have an *Exchange* column, *Allisonia?*

You too, *Courier, (Cinn., Ohio)*, have a poorly conducted *Exchange* column.

Scroll:—Yours is not the only school flooded with Lombard waists.

In the *Academy Graduate, "John Brant's Last Ride"* has certainly an unexpected ending—keeping the reader (till there) "wavering between hope and fear."

Les Collines:—Poor Mr. Rugby! *"The Fall Styles"* are very amusing.

Among the numerous football stories so popular with many of the fall papers, many are trash—silly love stories about a boy who does or does not play for Her sake; but in the *Vail Deane Budget* is a powerful story with a practical lesson to those who want to see it. The author of *"Playing the Game"* should be highly commended on the graphic style, and good English in which she wrote the tale. *"Honor Super Omnibus"* is a fit story to be in the same paper with it.

Dalhousie Gazette:—The description of a Mexican bull-fight is realistic and interesting, though brutal.

Of all good cuts those in the *Herald* from *Holyoke* are the most clever. If you haven't seen them it's time you do.

Owl:—Why give a list of papers received when you go on to criticize them as well? It stands to reason that, when you comment on a paper you have first received it.

There has so far been one December Exchange, *Bates Student,* whose article on Florence is most interesting and instructive. It is a satisfaction to note that at last you have an *Exchange* column; but why not put each criticism in a separate paragraph, one for each paper? It's far neater.

"Lasell Leaves is one of the most interesting papers with which we have ever come in contact. It keeps us well posted on the school news, and contains a well managed exchange column."—*Scroll.*

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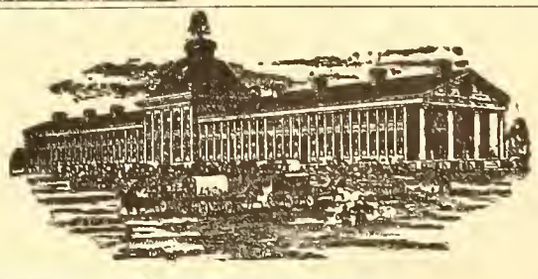
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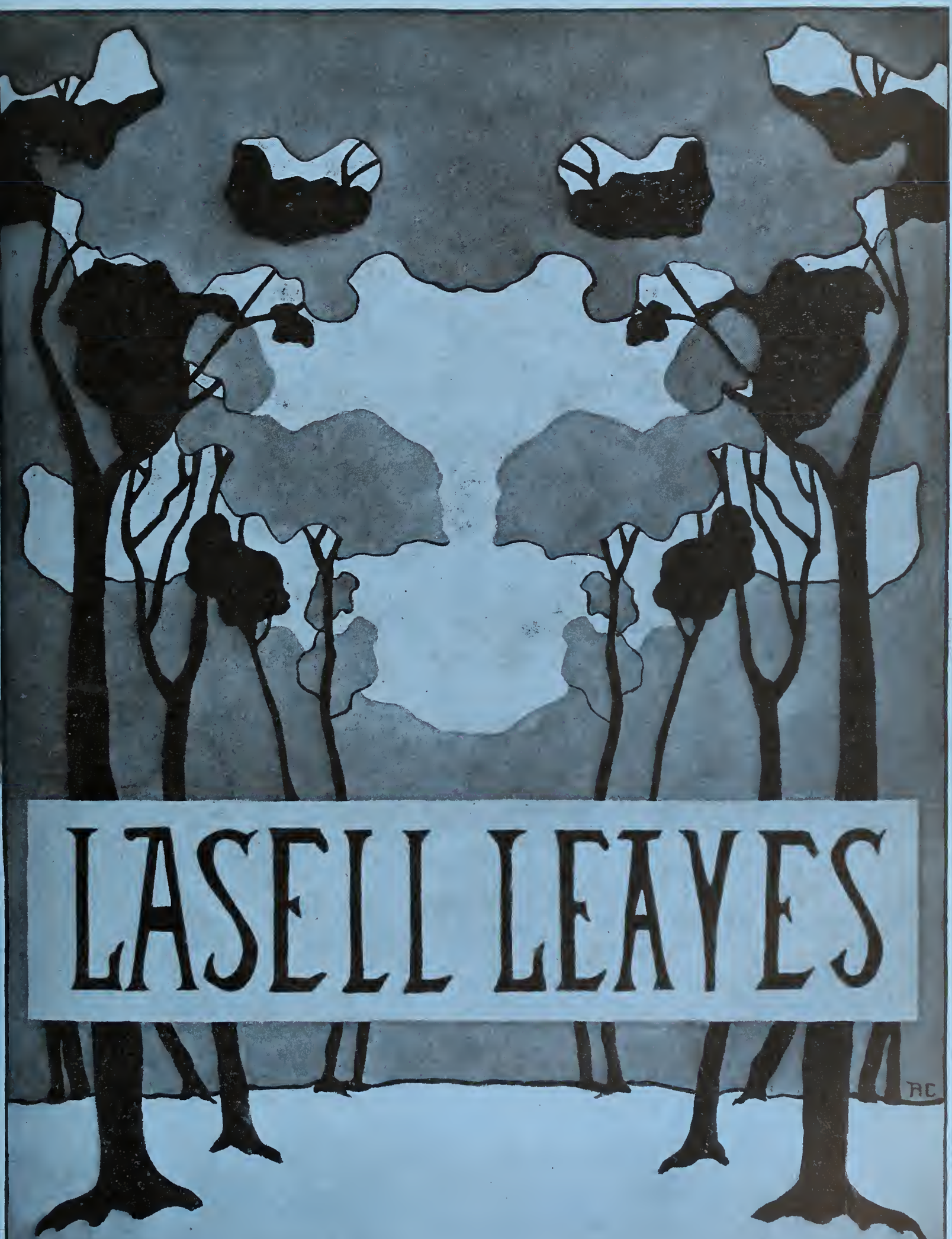
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VOL. XXXIV JANUARY, 1909 NUMBER FOUR

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

Another New Year before us! Will we make the most of it; will we take the best advantage of our opportunities, and bring as much happiness as possible into the lives of others? We have come back from our Christmas vacation with renewed purpose, and added resolution to work as we have never worked before. Let us work then! For some of us this means the last bit of school life that we shall ever have; for others it means the opening of a career away from home, and its shelter, a career which, if rightly followed will bring a glow of joy and gratification to those from whom, for the present, we are separated. But be it beginning or end, let it be a monument to our truest selves.

A cheery, bright letter, almost more than anything else, will do much toward making the sacrifice they feel in sending us away, seem less to those dear ones. How much more will it mean to them, than if the tone of the Sunday letter is one of homesickness, unhappiness or dissatisfaction. If we really do feel that way, let us endeavor to down it, to help those of our mates who feel as we do. Thus by assisting others, we shall find the truest solace, and our school year will be all the more joyous for being spent in an atmosphere of friendly love and helpfulness.

What the School Year Means to Each One of Us.

Once more we are back at Lasell to resume our studies. Many of us have had exceedingly pleasant times, but I wonder if we have thought much about those who are less fortunate than ourselves. If not, now is our opportunity, at the beginning of this new year, to do all the good we can and help those about us.

Several new girls have come into our midst since last term. Right now, we have a better chance to show the real Lasell spirit than at the beginning of the school year. Think of the old girls who came back for a few days at the beginning of school, especially to welcome and make feel at home the new girls. "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," is a proverb that we should not remember once in a while, but all the time.

Some of our number have not been able to return on account of sickness. We sincerely hope that they will soon recover, for we miss each one of our family.

Often the middle term on account of its length, seems extremely long and unpleasant to the girls. It would not be so regarded if each one of us would stop and think of the gain and try to get as much out of it as possible. Perhaps we are well enough contented with affairs as they are. If we should attempt something new, failure might result, so stay in the same old rut. That is the trouble with too many of us. We do just what we have to do, not always with a glad heart and thinking it is to our advantage, but rather in a disagreeable way and wishing school never kept. Without half trying, any number of girls can be found who would give their very soul to be able to attend school and have only a small portion of our advantages. In every school there are girls who are working their way through in order to have a higher education. If we look back a century or so we find people who craved better education but could not have it. We need not go back even that far. Perhaps our mothers and fathers once longed for the opportunities we have and so little appreciate. Even now they are sacrificing to some extent in order that we may attend school. Oh, girls! it is heart-sickening to see how some of us make light of our time and opportunities. Each term seems a barrier to the coming vacation. Perhaps a stumbling block in our path. Try to think of it as an inclined plain with some purpose at the very top and strive constantly for it. The height is not gained by a

single leap, but reached by a worthy step each day.

Many of us will not be back next year. In looking back over this school year do we want to have any upleasant remembrances? Why of course not, so let each one of us enter into everything whether it is especially pleasing or not, with our whole heart and make it a grand success, long to be remembered in after years.

Christmas Day in Vermont.

If you have never spent a Christmas in Vermont of course you can have no idea what fun it is, from the minute you peep out through the frosty window pane at the snow blanketed world in the early dawn until the black curtains of night are again drawn close to mother earth.

In the small towns and villages everyone is astir by seven o'clock, for although Christmas is a happy day, it is a very busy one, and usually there is not much sleep after five o'clock when the youngsters of the family waken one with their gay shouts of "Merry Christmas" ringing through the house, as they trudge down stairs to see what good old Santa Claus has left in their stockings during the night. After the gifts have been looked over with many exclamations of delight by each member of the family, the gong for breakfast sounds and although great excitement prevails, none can resist those delicious pancakes and pure Vermont maple syrup.

After breakfast, the children, clad warmly in toques, sweaters, and leggings, and with sprigs of bright red holly fastened to their sweaters, scamper to their favorite hill to try their new sleds—and where can one find a better coasting place than on the steep, icy slopes of the grand old hills of Vermont? Meantime the young people take a long tramp across the snowy fields to the woods on snowshoes, and bring back to the house as their trophy, the pride of the forest, a beautiful evergreen tree, which when next we see it, suggests that the fairies have exhausted their magical powers in transforming it to something so wonderful that the green old forest would never be able to recognize its child again.

By this time the relatives have begun to arrive, for in Vermont Christmas is as much a day for family reunions as is Thanksgiving, and hearty and cordial are the greetings.

We must not forget to mention the big baskets full of warm clothing and food which must be taken around to the poor and less fortunate people. This to many is the most beautiful part of the day, for few there are who do not feel amply repaid when looking into the tired and careworn faces and seeing then light up with radiant joy and peace, and brighten with gratitude, called out by these timely gifts.

At one o'clock the tempting dinner is ready, and oh, how good it looks to the hungry people gathered around the table, on each end of which is a big twenty-pound turkey ready to be sacrificed on the altar of the Christmas appetite. Such a good old fashioned dinner as it always is!—turkey, potatoes, gravy, squash, onions, cranberry sauce, cider apple sauce, celery, olives, jelly, mince pie and cheese, ice cream, fruit, nuts, raisins and coffee.

After dinner, large comfortable sleighs piled up with warm fur robes, draw up to the door for those who care to spend the remainder of the afternoon sleighing. Even the horses seem to feel the glad spirit of Christmas and speed over the smooth, icy snow at a rate that covers many miles before the short winter twilight finds you nearing the home lane again.

After the sleighing party return from the long ride, at about six o'clock, say, the big folding doors of the parlor are thrown open, and lo, there in the center of the room is the beautiful tree, lighted with many candles, festooned with garlands of popcorn, and loaded with mysterious packages. One by one these are distributed

and such "ohs" and "ohs" on every side. After the tree is stripped of its decorations, the relatives who have come from far away begin to leave and gradually the merry crowd thins out.

At about eight o'clock the young people gather at some home in the neighborhood, where for hours they engage in playing the old fashioned games, dancing and diverting themselves in various familiar ways,—spelling matches, Virginia Reel, talking contests, clothes pin races, and the like. Late in the evening refreshments are served, and the gay time continues with jests and laughter and merriment until midnight, when good nights are said and the party breaks up, all feeling that a Vermont Christmas is certainly the best of all Christmases.

The Washwoman.

The gate creaked and banged behind Mrs. Jansen. She was a large, fleshy woman, with long arms and big red hands. Her face was flat and unexpressive, and her nose broad and prominent. She wore an old coat of my mothers, and a wide brimmed flopping hat perched askew on her sleekly brushed head.

She came slowly and heavily up the walk, passed the window without glancing in, and soon we heard her in the laundry shoveling more coal into the fire and shaking down the ashes, for like most of her kind, she insisted on a red hot stove. Then she rolled up her sleeves and plunged her calloused hands into the water, the foam frothing about her elbows. She worked silently and the only sounds we heard were the splashing of the suds, and the rythmic rubbing on the wash board. She rubbed and rinsed and wrung all morning, stolidly indifferent to heat or cold. She seemed unaffected by pain, and bore it without flinching.

One day she burned her arm on the poker, and the sickening smell of scorched flesh filled the room. My mother ran for the witch-hazel and bound the hurt with the stinging liquid, but grew faint at the sight of the raw sore, and had to leave the room. But Mrs. Jansen, dumbly and stupidly heroic, insisted on keeping at work.

I admired her self control, but at the same time she irritated me in her lack of showing feeling. Her monotonous and inevitable "yes," in answer to all remarks, was a never ending source of annoyance. Yet because she was stronger, and accomplished more than any other woman we had ever hired, and she was honest, and did not gossip, we kept her. Then too, she never complained, although she was never demonstrative when my mother showed her any special kindness or favor.

My father usually came home from his office in the middle of the afternoon, but today he was late. Laying aside his hat and overcoat, he stretched himself out wearily on the couch. My mother looked up from her sewing a little anxiously,

"Tired?" she questioned.

He nodded. "A very hard day," he said. There was a tired note in his voice. My little sister drew her chair up close beside him and put her hand on his forehead.

"A hard day," he repeated and stopped. Then after a pause, he continued; "Perhaps I hadn't told you that Mrs. Jansen was one of my clients."

My mother laid her sewing on the table.

"She has been having a horrible time with her husband, who has just served his time in the penitentiary for extreme cruelty. She is afraid for her children."

My mother rose quickly and left the room. The little girl sat silently looking out at the brilliant sky and the blue hills. She turned to her father gravely.

"And what did you do?" she demanded seriously.

"It will be all right," he said, and smiled. And now he seemed less tired.

Here my mother came running downstairs, like a generous child, with her arms full of useful gifts. She cut a lovely rose and gave it with the things to Mrs. Jansen as that woman was putting on the old fashioned coat.

"Yes?" she said, and took them with an indifferenee whieh almost quenehed even my mother's ardor, then "Good-bye,"—and she trudged down the walk,—a ridiculous figure. Her hat was flooping over her tightly twisted knot of hair, her swollen hands firmly grasping her big basket. The gate creaked and banged, and she was gone.

The next morning we were in the garden cutting flowers, when my little sister found the rose where it had been thrown in the dust. It was wilted and dirty and erushed. She picked it up and flung it far into the road, that my mother might not see it.

Street Scenes in Paris.

Wake up, wake up, do you not see that bright flood of sunlight streaming into the room, and hear the street vender singing his wares down the Rue? How musieal he is, and how rhythmical are the tones of his voice, as they rise and fall on the elcar morning air. If we are to accomplish anything, though, you must hurry, or it will bc noon before we know it.

After all, it is not quite so bad as it might be, for life just seems to bc beginning to stir. It is very quiet on these streets, but we will soon be on the Rue Rivere, and there you may be sure there will be plenty to see and hear. Look at that poor old man over there on the eorner, playing a little mite of a hand organ. Is it not pitiful to think that he must earn his bread and butter that way? It is such plaintive tuneless musie that comes from that little box, it seems to throw a momentary eloud of sadness over us; but the weak little tunes are soon drowned by the rush of the eity, as we gradually draw nearer the famous Rue Rivere, and we mingle with the gay and seemingly eareless crowd. Let us watch the people for a while. How interesting they all look! There comes an old woman, with an enormous basket on her arm. She has eares and troubles, for see the deep lines on her faee; and the hair under the shawl around her head is quite gray. Her short figure is bent, and somehow she recalls to our minds the poor women of the Revolution. But do you see that soldier who is coming towards us, how different he is from the English "Tommy Atkin"! The English soldier stands as straight as an arrow, with every button in place, and not a wrinkle showing; but this soldier looks careless and somewhat slovenly. Contrast him with the policeman standing on the "island" in the middle of the street, how straight and erect he is! But look out, or you will be run over by that automobile. Did you ever see such a jam of vehieles, everyone seems to be out.

Our attention is now attracted by the gay shops of the Rue Rivere. Here is a jewelry store full of interesting artieles, fans painted or spangled, or of soft full ostrich plumes; there are powder boxes with the picture of Marie Antoinette or some other famous woman painted on them. There are endless ehains of different stones, eollars, rings, and what not to tempt our pocket book. We finally drag ourselves away from this fascinating shop, and think we will at last continue on our way. It is not so, however, for another tempting window displays its articles, and defies us to pass by. We are easily eaptured, for who could pass by a window full of beautiful gowns?

The streets are full of life now, and the people pass to and fro, laughing and chattering. We wonder where they are going, from whence they eame; whether they are all French, and what they do all day. We are all eyes; we look at the streets full of traffic; at the carriages with beautiful ladies in them; we wonder at the

Lovre, and recall its past splendor and all the people who lived there.

Finally we wend our way to the Garden of the Tuilleries, and here we see some little children with their nurses, and another skipping along by the side of a gentleman, probably his grandfather. No one seems to have a care or a trouble, and when we stop to think, we are the ones who have been in a whirl and a hurry; and so we decide there and then to sit down and take life leisurely for awhile ourselves.

True Friendships.

"There she goes."

"Who," curtly.

"Louise Markham, the very girl we were speaking of."

The speakers were Mrs. James W. Anstruthers who had come to her summer home in the small town of Baldwinsville, and her daughter Grace. The former was a large, well-built woman of forty-five. The latter, a girl of nineteen, who had just graduated from a fashionable New York boarding school, was very beautiful, a beauty which seems to be hewn from marble for its perfectness but without either the traces of deep feeling or the sympathy toward others that makes even the homely girl lovable. Her mouth had a cynical expression which added to the steel gray eyes made people afraid to offer their friendship had they wished to.

"Louise is such a sweet girl that every one loves her," continued the mother. "I do hope you will be good friends. I have invited her to dinner tomorrow evening so you may get acquainted."

At this Grace elevated her eyebrows slightly and shrugged her shoulders.

Grace was soon to see proved the statement that "everybody liked Louise," For all summer the two girls were constantly thrown together, at dinners, at teas, at dances, at the club house. And people immediately felt the difference between them. Grace was always haughty and cold while Louise was always ready to be a friend.

It so happened that a Mr. and Mrs. Dunston were going abroad in the fall and knowing both the girls well, asked them to go with them. The arrangements were made to sail the twenty-ninth of September.

On the boat it was the same. Every one was pleased with Louise and she was always surrounded by a group of friends. Even the children loved her and would often run up to her for a kiss. But Grace sat in her steamer chair and read or looked out to sea, never paying any attention to the people around her. She had told the children once when their play had carried them near her chair:

"Go away from here and don't come near me again."

All through Europe the girls met new people who admired Grace's beauty but much prefered Louise's company. When they were in London they met two gentlemen, Mr. Beers and Mr. Brown who were going to sail on the same boat as they. The younger man, Mr. Beers, was of medium height with dark hair and brown eyes, not a handsome face but one that showed love of justice. The other, a man of thirty-five or forty who had made a great deal of money and who was now looking for a wife who could show off his wealth to advantage. He had gone to Europe with the express idea of finding this person and now he was going back without his prize. Then he met Grace.

What difference could it make to him whether she was cold and distant or even haughty? He was not in search of a person to love, that was beyond him, or one to love him. His money was his bride.

On board the liner he sought her company constantly. He paid her compliments, he sent her sweets and books, he even made love to her in his own way. Grace was indeed pleased to have such a fine looking man pay so much at-

tention to her. Money was what she wanted more than the love of the man. When they landed he had gained her promise of marriage and his own selfish motive.

Meanwhile the friendship between Louise and Mr. Beers had grown to something stronger. And when they landed they were the happiest pair of lovers one would wish to see. Theirs was the true happiness.

Two girls living constantly together, but how different. One wrapped up in her beauty and selfishness, the other with a sweet, loving disposition, always thoughtful of others and not realizing that just this quality had helped to gain her friends. Thus they reaped their rewards.

The following article from the Pasadena News shows how our friend and former principal still looks out for the pleasures of others

Prof. C. C. Bragdon, the well known eduea-tor and prineipal of Lasell Seminary of Auburndale, Mass., and a prominent resident of this city will, in the near future gather together his extensive eollection of oil paintings and art pieces, which he has been a life time in collecting, and display them in the new art gallery which he is now construeting at the cost of $2,000, on the north-west corner of his handsome residenee at No. 76 North Grand avenue.

After thirty-four years in whieh he was aetively in eharge of Lasell, Prof. Bragdon has turned this popular institution for girls into younger hands, and will heneeforth live a retired life in this city. Prof. Bragdon has been a winter resident of Pasadena for a number of years, and has owned several palatial homes, as well as having invested in real estate and business property. For a number of years Prof. Bragdon has deputized his principality, in order to be with his wife, who has been in failing health. He has now retired from active life entirely, to be with his family.

Originally the collection was intended for Lasell, as an educational factor along lines of art. But beeause of the attachment to it, he is removing it to Pasadena. There are a few excellent specimens of water eolors among them, and they are praetieally all originals.



I know how glad I am to hear any news of old Lasell girls, so am taking this opportunity to tell you what little I gathered on my trip to the Middle West.

My first stop, of only a few days, was with Betty Love at Indianapolis. From there I went to Peoria, Ill., for a two weeks' stay with Grace Emerson. Such a good time as we had. While there Alice Hobbs and Betty joined us for over Sunday. The same trio spent two weeks in Indianapolis (with Betty). Our hostess had a big automobile, which she received for a Commencement gift last year, and in which we had many a delightful spin.

After leaving Peoria I went to Hamilton, Ohio, as the guest of Sophie Mayer, where we were joined by Leona Benner. Also saw Marie Howald Sohngen in Hamilton; she has such a nice home, but a nieer husband and baby. Sophie and I had several jaunts to Cincinnati, once taking lunch with Helen Rosenthal, and at another time was entertained at a matinee by Clara Huttenbauer. Also met Ruth Garver; she is studying at the College of Music in Cincinnati this year.

It did eertainly seem good to meet so many Lasellians, and each one vied with the other in seeing which eould tell the most Lasell news. We can hardly go anywhere without meeting some Lasell girl, and one might well be proud of them.

Helen Carter invited me to Chieago for a visit, and Esther Starr urged me to come to Decatur, but I was unable to aecept either in-

vitation as my time was limited, for I planned to be with my family at Christmas time.

I certainly do love the west, and met many charming people, but naturally prefer to live in the east.

I received a beautiful Christmas card from Dr. Bragdon; it was very thoughtful of him to remember me at this season.

It's almost time for you to be coming back from your long vacation. Truly, girls, I wish I were to return too. This is the first Christmas vacation I haven't returned for four years, and I can't begin to tell you how I miss it.

I hope this New Year will bring to you all great happiness and success. May it bring to Lasell and all connected with her, great prosperity, and everything else which the grand old school deserves.

Much love to you all.

CHARLOTTE PIERCE RYDER, '08.

"My dear Mr. Bragdon:—There came to 301 Lamar street only a few moments ago a beautiful cake made by little Margaret Buckner, daughter of Julia Ellen Hogg-Powell, and grand-daughter of the writer. Just see the good work of Lasell.

I am only slowly recovering from a spell of illness in the city of New York, but I felt you should know the hand-work as well as head-work of a grand-child of Lasell.

Send this to Lasell, and tell them that the father and mother of little Margaret are no prouder of her accomplishment than the grand-father, the writer, and your friend.

ALEX HOGG.

Forth Worth, Dec. 24, 9 p. m., 1908.

The New York Herald of Sunday, January 3, contained an interesting illustrated account of Connecticut's inaugural function. Prominent among those portrayed was our Mary M. Eaton, of Montowese, (here 1905-1907). After paying just tribute to her unaffected manner and intellectual gifts, mention was made of her two years spent at Lasell. Mary is evidently still "well and happy!"

We occasionally catch glimpses of Martha Baker, '98, in Boston. Wish we could see her more frequently at Lasell.

Constance Blackstock has heard from Alta McPhee, and Alta's new address is No. 260 Lee street, Oakland, California.

And still they come, those dainty little cards announcing the advent of new Lasell girls and boys, or, more properly speaking "Lasell grand-children." Two "Austin" children to the Class of '02. Austin Preble Haller on September 14, to Helen Howes Haller, at Blair, Neb. Austin Bryant Jackson Clark on January 4, to Mary Upham Clark, at Washington, D. C.

Had a very charming message from Elizabeth House McMillan, with a photograph of Elizabeth Burgess McMillan, Bessie's wee daughter.

Congratulations to the mothers of these fortunate Lasell grand-children.

Loving greetings received from Florence Rogers. We are still hoping that some day Lasell shall have her again among her girls.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Cornelia Hitchcock Eaton, '07, to Mr. Sumner I. Prindle, of Williamstown, Mass. The wedding took place January 21st, at her father's Franklyn street residence, Lee, Mass.

Miss Potter had an interesting card from our former May Queen, Shirley Castetter. She thanks her for her friendly word.

Margaret Fuller, '06, and Dorothy Caldwell made an altogether too short a visit to Lasell recently. One of Dorothy's new year resolutions is to visit Lasell often.

Loyal, loving letters and artistic postals have

been received by Miss Potter from Annie MacDonald, Etta Wolfe, Clara Mattlage, Alice, '04, and Marion Stahl, and Betty Love, '08. We rejoice in all their good times, but are glad that they still have longing at times for their Lasell home.

We wonder if the rumor about Marion is true; if so, she has our congratulations.

Martha Ladd Burton writes that her new address is 669 Potomac av., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mary Willett Blackinton's new address is 402 West Second St., Flint, Mich.

In summer, Jamie Watson Wagner called and saw Mrs. Shepherd and left her love for all the rest who remember her. Her new home is in Syracuse, N. Y. She saw Mr. Bragdon last in her home in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Ethel Lasell is now Mrs. Guy Decker, and lives at Reynolds Terrace, Orange, N. J.

President Swartwout, of '09, has been entertaining her sister, Charlotte. We have all adopted this little visitor, and hope that sometime Lasell will claim her for her very own.

Anna White Drake made a flying visit at Karandon House and Cushman Hall. Come again soon Anna, and let all of us have a chance to see you. This time her special requests were paid to Richard Austin.

Among the guests at the Christmas Vespers was Elise Scott Mackintosh, '99, and her husband. There are few "old girls" more loyal to Lasell.

Grace Ordway of Monterey, Cal., has been again bereaved by the death of her mother who on Nov. 3d, went to join her husband, who died in April last. Mrs. Ordway had not for a year been in good health, but the end was sudden, and unexpected. Grace will have full sympathy from her mates when at Lasell, where she was much beloved. Mrs. Ordway was a most lovable woman, and will be much missed in Monterey.

California Personals.

Among the Christmas gifts were four photographs of children that were very welcome. Two were of the daughter of Caraline Ebersole Martin, '85, little Edwina, at six months and fifteen, a bonnie lass if her picture tells truly. If she is as pretty as it says Caraline will have her work cut out for her when she is sixteen! A splendid photo of Carrie, who holds the baby in one, adds much to the value of it for me.

Another gives faces of Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls', '87, "Big Four!" and they are four any mother would have hard work not to be proud of. Mercy's letter (extract printed in November Leaves), told how they have bettered most of us in their knowledge of Oriental geography and ethnology, by reason of their residence in Manila. Location governs choice of acquirements. But they'll pick up Occidental facts when once they are back in "The Only Country!" With the children are Mercy, Mr. Ingalls, the dog and the cat, and they all look happy except the dog!

The third is of the serious new Asst. Principal of Lasell, whom many of you have seen and know how terrible is his frown! It's a brave picture of a daring lad!

For all four we are thankful. We shall keep them to see how those of next Christmas contrast with these!

Bess Shepherd is reading "Little Rivers," and finds it "as good as a tonic any time." Good books are always tonic, Bess!

Bertha Childs of Lawrence reports a larger music class than ever, and a busier home life Bertha couldn't be idle if she tried.

Elizabeth Creswell Wolff of Denver and Mr. Wolff called today. The call was too short! They are making a hasty trip, but seeing a good deal. Elizabeth has more pounds than when at Lasell, and they are becoming. She reports

Clara and family well, and a welcome cable from her mother at Taormina, Sicily, that she is safe.

Jessie Joy Macmillan, '82, sends a charming photo of the River path, whose beauty every Lasell girl knows (though it is taboo), and a bit of her bright verse about it which I am going to send to the LEAVES at the risk of shocking Jessie's modesty, for all good Lasellians will want a copy. She says Mrs. Snowden captured you girls so that you all now want to vote! You might make better use of your time!

Caroline M. Speare, '57, kindly remembers the ex-Principal in a note that is most welcome to his heart. The "older girls,"—will they ever know how I have prized them! In all these years they have girded my heart with strength and filled my Lasell life with joy! Not many schools have so faithful friends.

Abbie Hills Holbrook, another of the staunch class of '57, writes that she and her husband are celebrating their golden wedding year by taking almost the same trip as they had fifty years ago "when a' the world was young, lass!" Isn't it fine that they can? She was expecting to see Mrs. Fannie Sykes Davis and Mrs. Sarah Newman Bates, both of '57. Says I shall find Lieut. Leeds in Pasadena, who is a son of her sister, Caroline Hills Leeds of '61. So we touch, all the world over!

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, (I can't believe it is '03, Ida!) is going to start a Pittsburg Lasell Club. She is chiefly devoting herself just now to home-making, and is glad of every cooking lesson she had.

Bessie M. Lum, '01, (I can't believe that, either), is again at Whittier, nearby, and I shall see her soon. I guess she is glad to escape the severe cold which is just now blizzarding Minneapolis. At Long Beach (which is one of our shore resorts), she met Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, who is there for six months with husband and baby.

Carrie Gilman Rice, '94, and family, are spending the winter in Los Angeles. Her address is The Portsmouth, Hill street. She called on Sara Bond Trood, '95, who is wintering in Pasadena, corner California and Hudson streets. Mrs. Bond and the rest will also winter here, arriving early in December. Carrie's three and a half year old boy is a fine little fellow, of whom she is justly proud.

Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, will soon move into a new home at 60 South El Molino avenue. Her little "Lady Margaret" is thriving, and is as dainty and cute as any little woman could be.

Edith Blair, '97, sailed Sept. 12, for Porto Rico, where she will teach English in the government school. Good for Edith! She ought to write a letter for THE LEAVES on Life in Porto Rico.

Margie Schuberth, '96, on her way from California visited the Grand Canon, and enjoyed it hugely, as every one must enjoy the *greatest scenic thing on earth.* Those who miss that in their western wanderings are unwise. Yet many do omit it, thinking, through ignorance, that it is "too much trouble!" All travel is trouble, but this less than most. The Santa Fe railroad makes it very easy for all. There are fine hotel accommodations at the brink, and the sight of a life time. Think of a chasm a mile deep, eighteen miles across, with curiously shaped and brilliantly colored hills scattered through its enormous valley; The Yosemite and the Yellowstone could play tag in it, and hardly be noticed! Yet many who pay much money to come to California pass it by, rather than "take the trouble" where really there is no trouble! Margie writes: "One who has not seen it can form no idea of its grandeur"—and she is right.

Marie Gibert, '03, in a delightful letter, after some kindly words of the former principal, which are fully appreciated, writes: "I am

glad that Dr W. was willing to succeed you, for we all thought well of him. He has sueh a kind and gentle way, but firm, and I know the sehool will eontinue to prosper under him." She tells of her visit with Anna Andrews Barris in Lynn, her eall at Lasell, where she noticed many improvments, her trip west through the Canadian Roekies and Yellowstone Park, and expeets to visit Southern California later.

Bernadine Johnson Monaghan of Omaha was made happy by the arrival on Dec. 7 of a ten pound boy! Congratulations to mama and papa! Both mother and child were doiing well at last word.

Gertrude Gleason Shepard saw Dessie Milliken Bevans in Cuba and visited Lila Warren on her way home.

Ella Ampt Hamann, '96, reports a six months' old "Happy Hamann," (Carl H., Jr.) in her family, and he keeps Ella in such good humor that she has gained fifty pounds in weight since he came! That must make quite a woman of Ella!

She says Anna made a beautiful bride, whieh we really believe, and she likes Anna's Mr. Sunderland, which is pleasant for the family. They all took Christmas dinner with Anna. We shall look to Anna to report her success at this, her first big dinner in her own house. Ella met Ellen Sanborn Gutmann on the St. Lawrence trip, and says we would be proud of her and her rearing of her small boy, but that the suffragists wouldn't be pleased with her!

Grace Ordway writes with a note of eourage that she will eontinue her late father's business. She thinks girls are rather slaek in correspondence. If any Lasell girls visit Habel del Monte, they would do well to find Graee in Monterey.

Amye Vickery sends Christmas greetings from Redlands, California, 305 W. Olive ave. I haven't learned why Amye finds herself so far from her native Texas, but a warm welcome awaits her when we see her, which will doubtless be soon.

Nellie and Laura Chase, 02, and Lois Thomas gave me a delightful call, Dee. 30. Such faithful friends show life to be worth living. Lois is going to do something, but would not tell what it is. Nellie and Laura are doing something as told in last LEAVES. They always are doing.

It is about town that Edith Simonds will change her last name and her home in the spring. But she hasn't told me yet what the new name and home will be. "Happy New Year to all!" C. C. B.

Dear Friend:

In sending you the Greetings of the Season I want to thank you for your most gracious words of regret upon my retiring from the Prineipal's position at Lasell, and to express my sineere hope that the personal relations between us may never be less loving than now: that your life, as it unfolds, may be ever richer and fuller: that The Heavenly Father may give His angels eharge over you to keep you in all your ways.

I shall always be glad to know how you fare. I could write much more, but you will read my heart in this.

Always your friend,
C. C. Bragdon.

Herzenruhe, Pasadena, Calif., 1908.

He will have his very first Christmas tree,
And first will hang his stocking wee,
Bulging with gifts so pretty and small,
For the baby who is loved by us all.
But will he the joy of this Christmas share?
Some say he's too tiny to even eare;
But he'll smile his best this merry tide
And open his eyes so very wide,
That who could say but he understood
And wished for us, all that is good.

F. S., '09.

A Suggestion.

Pasadena, California, 75 No. Grand ave.

A goodly number of former pupils and teachers made me happy by Christmas and New Year remembrances.

To all whose addresses were given or could be recalled by me as well as to those who wrote me kind letters in June, I have sent a little card of greeting. But to many I could not respond because I have here no record of pupils giving street and number. That record is at Lasell. When the senders were graduates the catalogue gave me the desired information. But when not graduates I was helpless except by sending to Seminary for addresses. This has also happened in case of birth announcements, wedding cards.

I write this hoping that some of you will see it, and know why I do not respond as I would gladly do to your kind attention, and be sure I am not indifferent.

Also to suggest to you all that it is wise *always* to give street and number in making any communication with anybody, even when you do not expect a reply. There may be reasons for an answer which you do not think of. I remember your homes pretty well, but I cannot recall all of your streets and numbers.

To all of my 3,000 "girls," whether you remember me or not, I send my heartiest wish for a Happy and useful New Year."

Dec. 31, '08. C. C. B.

I think any girl who receives a copy of the LEAVES marked, ought at once to send her subscription for the year. One month we sent over 100 copies to girls who were mentioned and only seven of them were subscribers. Sisters, this thing ought not to be so. Sustain your paper, encourage the ones who work hard to make it interesting to you and so often send you free copies! "Who wants to live on free copies?"

THE RIVER PATH.

A path by the side of the river
That hems the skirt of the hill
Leads me on where sweet sounds and soft laughter
Float over the face of the rill.

In gay little ripples this river
Flows onward with ever a gleam
Of sunshine and flicker and shadow,
A wonderful bright little stream.

Canoes glide silently by me,
Each flaunting a different hue,
And each with its story to tell me,
With youth and fair maiden in view.

The birds gently flutter around me,
The crickets low chirp on all sides,
A launch shortly whistles near by me,
As quickly and gaily she rides.

And there on the banks in their beauty
A fringe of tall trees brown and green,
A gown in its texture so dainty
Quite fitting our dear river queen.

Above the blue sky and the sunshine,
In distance a bridge of grey stone,
Reflected in beauty and outline
Shows wonderful color and tone.

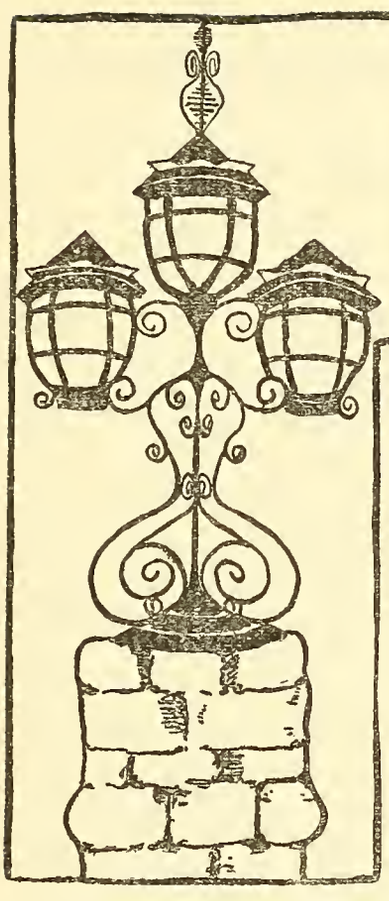
So there by the brink of the river,
I joyously drink within
Of the cheer and happiness round her
With its merry and musical din.

Then silent, I wander and wonder,
The river grows wider and deep;
My thought rises upward and yonder,
But still by the river I keep.

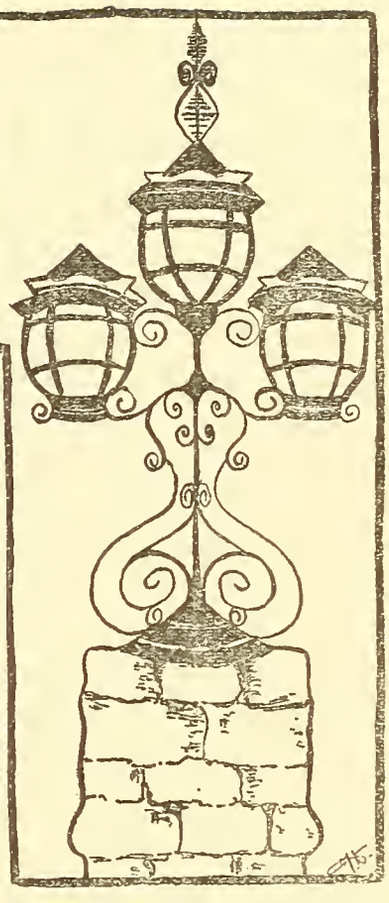
Go on then thou gay little river,
Thou ribbon of Newton's just pride.
And teach us that e'en the Good Giver
Casts gladness on every side.

J. J. M., '82.

"LASELL LEAVES.—This publication has proven to us what girls can do. Our verdict is greatly in favor of the girls. This paper shows a spirit, and management that is rare, even in papers issued by 'Coed' schools."—*New Trier Echoes.* (Oh, the condescending and patronizing tone, to say nothing of the faculty English of the above criticism!)



LOCALS



December 2.—Dr. Cooley delighted us all by his charming stereopticon lecture on Pompeii, Naples and other places of Southern Italy and Sicily, through which he gave us a very pleasant journey of an hour or so. The beautifully colored slides, also the charts and maps were very instructive, for the most of us not having realized that promised trip abroad, have very hazy ideas with regard to the geography and general appearance of many of the foreign countries.

December 3.—The school was offered two unusually good entertainments for this evening. A considerable number attended an organ recital in Newton; another party almost as large went into Boston to hear the famous Dr. Grenfell, the Labrador missionary doctor, from whose finely illustrated lecture on that too little known part of our continent, was gained a more adequate idea of Labrador scenery and people.

December 4.—Was distinguished by two very enjoyable musical events. In the afternoon Miss White's pupils gave an informal recital at Miss Moyer's studio, in Boston, and in the evening, the pupils of Professor Hills' gave an informal recital in our own chapel.

December 5.—At the regular lecture hour, Miss Potter gave us a very helpful talk on the difficult but very essential matter of social good form.

December 6.— Mr. Bradshaw addressed us at Vespers on the subject of the Kentucky mountaineers and his Sunday school work among them, the results of which seemed to us almost marvelous, as shown in the various interesting stories that he told about these people, who, regardless of the fact that their uncouth exterior does not promise much, possess qualities of sterling worth.

December 8.—The pupils of Misses White and Goodrich gave an informal and very enjoyable recital in the chapel.

December 9.—After dinner, on this day, the pupils of Miss Parkhurst adjourned to the chapel for an impromptu musical recital. Immediately following this came a grand dress rehearsal in the gymnasium, for the approaching Soirée Français.

December 10.—Everyone was charmed by our evening with Miss Holton. She spoke about children's stories, and the way to tell them. Miss Holton is as charming in the parlor, as on the platform, and we deemed it a great pleasure to meet her personally, especially as she was a member of Miss Rand's class in Smith, in fact, it is through Miss Rand that we heard her.

December 11.—For the benefit of the Dennison House in Boston, the Senior Freneh elass gave a delightful little comedy, "A la Porte," in whieh they were assisted by the girls of the Junior French classes, who sang several very amusing and quaint French peasant songs, daneing meanwhile to the melody.

Deeember 12.—On this afternoon a large party went into Boston to hear the celebrated Madame Chaminade, who rendered a delightful program of her own compositions.

Deeember 13.—The entire sehool assembled in the gymnasium for the Christmas vespers, more about whieh will be found on another page.

Deeember 14.—The pupils of the German Table entertained the sehool with a diverting little musieal Christmas play. In the centre of the gymnasium had been placed a huge wooden shoe, holding more than a bushel, into which the girls dropped pretty little paekages, destined to brighten the Christmas day for the children of the Reseue Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Call, and their little son Kenneth, were among the guests of the evening. Kenneth won the hearts of all the girls by his very audible exelamations over the pretty Christmas tree used in the play.

Later in the evening the oeeupants of Clark cottage had their annual Christmas party, voted by the fortunate ones who attended, the very best of all. (Why should it not be, when Mrs. Wagner was its prime mover?)

December 15.—When the girls came trooping down to the dining room on Tuesday evening, what a sight greeted them! Everywhere holly, flowers, bright ribbons, gay Christmas eards, piles of gifts heaped in the eentre of the table, pretty costumes and expeetant faees. When all were in plaee, awaiting only the signal to be seated, there was a hush, then, sweet, elear and beautiful came floating down from the little baleony the words of a lovely German Christmas carol, sung by a quartette of girlish voiees. Everyone listened breathless, until the last notes died away. Then eame the graee, and after that an hour of mirth and frolie, truly that of Yuletide. At all the tables pleasing little gifts were exehanged, not a one being slighted. It was an "all 'round" Christmas festival. Later in the evening the first formal pupils' recital was held in the gymnasium.

December 16.—Immediately after ehapel began the grand vaeation exodus, and by dinner time less than one-fourth of the sehool remained on the eampus, the others having fled away with box and bundle, suit case and trunk, in haek or on foot,—any way by which a train might be made.

January 7.—The sehool began to fill shortly after noon on January 6. The hearty handclasps, and bright smiles on all sides, proved that the girls were unmistakeably glad to be back onee again to exchange experiences, and talk over good times.

January 8.—The places at tables were assigned for the following term.

January 9.—Mrs. Wagner entertained the Clark cottage girls by a little party arranged in honor of the departing Christmas tree, whieh had stood staunehily by the eottage all of that time.

January 10.—At the regular hour for Sunday evening vespers, there was on this night, by the way of variety, a eamp-fire missionary vesper serviee. The whole sehool was invited to come, and to bring with them their sofa pillows.

Two of the girls spent a very delightful evening on Deeember 11th, with Mr. and Mrs. Willis. Mrs. Willis is an old Lasell girl, Frances Wood. The baby, Thayer Willis, is now six months old, and is an unusually handsome and bright little fellow.

The French Entertainment.

Chansons de France.
Chantees et Mimees Par la
Troisieme Annee
Marchande d'Oranges
Margoton va-t-a l'eau
Frere Jacques
Epousez Caroline (monologue)
Mlle. G. Taylor
La Servante Coquette
Mon Pere ma donne un Mari
Menuet
Ala Porte,
Comedie representee par la Quatrieme Annee.

This was the very interesting and delightful program offered us on the evening of December 11th. The work of the Junior classes was very creditable, the pieturesque costumes, clever tableaux, and the bright music made a pleasing combination. The reading by Miss Taylor was one of the most enjoyable numbers of the program. This part of the program closed with a graceful minuet danced by very quaint and charming young French peasants. The play by the Seniors, which followed, was a very fitting climax for the evening. In her important part, Miss Rheinstrom was excellent, so, also, was Miss Preston who looked very dashing in her black wig and moustache. The third and perhaps most striking actress in this comedy was Miss Paisely, who in the part of the bravado art-student, sauntered across the stage in a most realistic manner. A great deal of the success of this evening was due to Miss Swartwout, who proved to be a most capable stage manager.

The money realized amounted to a little over seventy dollars and was given to the Denison House College Settlement of Boston.

Christmas Vespers.

The Christmas Vespers, given by the Glee Club was a service much enjoyed by all, an impressive and beautiful entertainment it was, very creditable to all who had had a part. The program was as follows:

Service Prelude, "Priere a Notre Dame,"
Boellmann
Miss Crowe.
Processional, "Herald Angels," H. Clough-Leighter
"In Royal David's City," H. Clough-Leighter
Scripture,
Dr. Winslow.
Solo, "The Christ Child," Peter Cornelius
Miss Wheeler.
"The Blessed Virgin's Cradle Song," Bairstow
Hymn 112, "There's a Song in the Air,"
Trio, "Christmas Hymn," Aiken
Misses Chaffee, Sharp and Snyder.
Prayer,
Dr. Gordon.
"Voices of the Sky," Broome
Soprano solo, Miss Houghton.
Organ, "March of the Magi," Dubois
Miss Crowe
Solo, "Away in a Manger," E. N. Anderson
Miss Webb.
"O Little Town of Bethlehem," H. D. Sleeper
Soprano solo, Miss Chaffee.
French Carol, "Noel," Holmes
French Classes.
German Christmas Hymn, "Die Heilage Nacht,"
German Classes.
Recessional, "Joy to the World"
Postlude, "March in G," Henry Smart
Miss Crowe

It seems very fitting that some tribute of grateful appreciation be paid to those who have so many times added to our pleasure by the charm of their beautiful singing. We all listen with delight, but perhaps not so many of us as should, speak of it. We shall not soon forget the beautiful carol on Tuesday evening, December 16th, the sweet music of the Christmas vespers, and the many times when the prayer meeting services have been made more impressive by those who, having beautiful voices are glad to use them for the delight of others.

Christmas at Lasell.

With what sad hearts we saw all the girls go home for their Christmas vacation! Yet the old girls who stayed at school were sure that it would nevertheless be a "Merry Christmas" for even us unfortunate ones, who could not be at home on that day, and this proved to be the case.

Every day, every evening, brought something to do; for two nights before Christmas, we sat round the table in 70, and while we chatted, strung pop-corn, for, we felt that we would be duly repaid for our labors when we saw the tree on Christmas day.

On Christmas eve we went to the Christmas festival at the Methodist Church, on which occasion the Sunday school classes severally contributed to the entertainment, some by singing and some by recitation. The most amusing part of all was that of the Bible class; certain ladies of the church were arrayed as fairies; a wild looking Indian was none other than Mr. Spaulding, the minister; Mr. Butler, the artist, was a courtly old gentleman of the 18th century; and the big policeman was—Mr. Wagner!

The sun never shone brighter than on Christmas morning, and yet we stayed in bed until the last possible moment before dressing for breakfast. No happier girls you need wish to see than our eleven, as with Miss Potter at our head, we marched down to the dining room, singing "There's a song in the air." Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were present with us at breakfast that morning.

In a corner, near the balcony, stood the Christmas tree, in all its gay attire; our festoons of white pop-corn, over which we had had such a gay time, looked very pretty as they hung down, the many colored tapers, lit so as to show the brilliancy of the other decorations, and the red and white candy canes looking altogether too tempting to stay very long where they were hung. All round the Christmas tree were piled many curious shaped packages, containing in them some remembrance of love from friends away from us. On the screens, which divided the Christmas dining room from the regular one, were hung funny shaped stockings, just bulging out, and longing to be opened; but amongst these was a wee little pink one. and everyone could guess to whom that belonged—little Richard Austin Winslow, who helped to make it seem still more home-like for us. We could hardly eat our breakfast, for we were longing to find out all that was hidden in those oddly-shaped packages around the Christmas tree. After breakfast Master Richard Austin Winslow was presented to the assemblage, and at once became and remained, the most popular young man of the morning. We were also joined by Mr. and Mrs. Wagner and their two sons, Charlie and Sanford, and Charlie Loomis, who helped to relieve the tree of its burden. At half past one o'clock we sat down to a savory dinner of roast goose and plum pudding, with all the accessories. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ordway and Ruth, joined us at this meal. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner and Sanford, Mrs. Loomis and her two sons, Charlie and Wheeler, a friend of Laura LeDuc's, and Elizabeth Bronaugh's brother, were the other guests present. The rest of the day was spent in looking at our own gifts, and those of other people, and everybody went to bed feeling that it had truly been a very Merry Christmas.

The following Sunday night some of us were privileged to hear the cantata of The Holy Child, rendered by the choir of the Episcopal Church; were especially interested to learn that Mrs. Parker, the composer of the text, was an old Lasell girl, and that it was her son, Mr. Horatio Parker, who had written the music.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 30th of December, we enjoyed the charming hospitality of Mrs. Woodward, the mother of our Jo. And on the same evening, Mrs. Wagner had a candy pull at her home for us. Everybody who knows Mrs. Wagner, knows without being told that this was a delightful occasion; it is always delightful when Mrs. Wagner is with us, she is so bright and cheery.

Mrs. Winslow entertained us on New Year's eve, in a very novel and enjoyable way; everybody, Baby Richard included, had to sit still for two minutes while a clever Silhouette artist produced in black and white *his* or her

profile. Very good ones, indeed, they were. One is sure of a good time at Mrs. Winslow's, too, and onee more Riehard Austin was the centre of attraetion, but only for a little while, for soon he left the "gaie companye" for his eustomary evening journey to the Land of Nod.

When the elock struek twelve on New Year's eve, such a blowing of horns, sounding of gongs, and whirling alarm clocks was heard as never greeted sleepy Auburndale before; and at a quarter past twelve, a bridal procession marched into the gymnasium to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by the Duke of Lancaster. Ahead walked the flower girl, Aliee Levi, followed in order by the maid-of-honor, Irma Levi, and the bride, Dorothy Lovelace—Eleanor Laurens, on the arm of her father, Margherita Dike. Thèy were presently joined by the groom, Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald—Bess Mattison, and the best man, who was his brother, Mr. Archibald Fitzgerald—Mary Gallaher. The minister who officiated was the Rev. Mr. Charles Oregon—Elizabeth Bronaugh—and the witnesses were Miss Carrie Lovejoy—Edna Wald; and Miss Phyllis MacClinnon—Constance Blackstock.

The interspersing days were given to acknowledging the various remembrances we had received, theatre parties and Symphony concerts; and there was no day which lagged for before Christmas we were busy making and sending our little Christmas gifts to our friends. Although we were glad to give a very hearty weleome to the girls who had been away, yet we were sorry that the vacation, which had seemed so long at the beginning, was pretty short after all. C. B., '09.

At Missionary Vespers.

One of the most enjoyable vespers of the school year was the missionary "eamp fire" held in the gymnasium. The room, unlighted exeept by the grate fire which burned merrily was very eomfortable and eozy.

The subject for the evening was "Africa," the scripture reading being taken from Acts 8: 26-40. After a short talk by the president of the soeiety, we listened to a geographieal description of the country. Following this there was a short talk coneerning the obstacles a missionary has to overcome in Afriea. Among many were noted the numerous languages, there being four hundred and fifty distinet languages and many dialects; a slave trade, and a growing liquor traffic. Miss Funkhouser then told us a little about one of the greatest missionaries, Livingstone, and Miss Riker followed with an account of his meeting with Stanley. Miss Ebersole gave a very interesting sketch on the life of Mackay, another noted missionary to Africa. A prayer by Miss Packard immediately preeeeded an interesting paper by Miss Blaekstoek on a fire-walking ceremony that took place in India. A few of the well known hymns were sung, the meeting closing with the old favorite, "Now the day is over."

Deaths.

Lasell girls who were here in '02 will learn with sadness of the passing away of Marinette Ramsdell, of Manistee, Mieh. Our dear Marinette made a brave struggle for life, having been a semi-invalid for a number of years. As was said in a beautiful tribute paid to her by the Manistee *Daily News,* "Her gentleness and unselfishness made an impression on those who knew her that will never be effaced." Our tenderest sympathies are extended to the bereaved parents and the host of sorrowing friends who mourn the passing away of this Lasell girl.

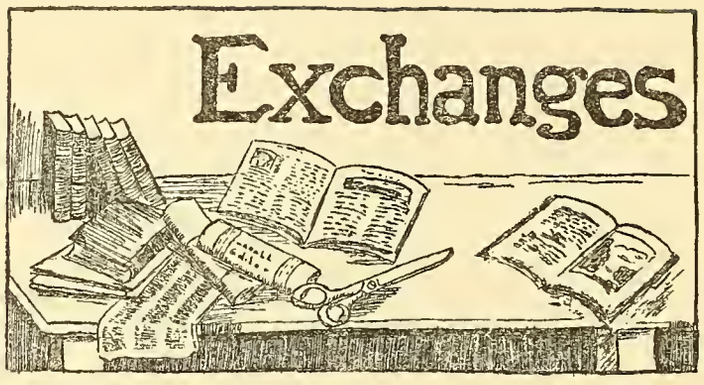
From Winnie Ewing Coffin comes the sad news of the passing away of her mother, Mrs. D. R. Ewing, at Des Moines, Iowa. In a notice sent to us a fitting tribute was paid and referenee made to the fact that Mrs. Ewing was a prominent member of the Central Church

of Christ and was beloved by every one for her stering character and Christian kindliness. Our thoughts are turning tenderly towards the bereaved daughter and family at this time.

The following callers have delighted us with their presence during the summer: Mary Haven Thirkield (and husband), Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, Louise Paisley (and mother), Lina Morgan Jones (and husband), Annie Andrews Barris, Julia Potter, '06, Nellie Quirk, '97 (and brother), Anna Conant (and sister), Irene Courtenay, Marie Wilson Beardsley, Mildred Goodall and Lela, '08, Marie Gibert, '03, Lotta Hewson, '02 (and mother), Josephine Woodward, Jamie Watson Wagner (and mother), Ethel Radcliffe Finch (and sister), Julia Hamilton, Katherine Lazenby (and sister), Marion Cole, '01, Helen Staples, Blanche Henlin Robinson, Edith Simonds, Frances Wood Willis.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—Misses Mirick, Andrews, Amen, Dudley, Kettlety, Annis, Douglass, Eldredge, Powers, Levy, Laurens, Jennings, Schnadig, Avery, Preston, Snyder, H. Hamilton, Shuttleworth, Briggs, Hale, Wadsworth, A. Merrill, Cheney, Turner, Watkins, Davis, Chapman, Nelson, Geuthing, Wheaton, Bemis, W. Taylor, Ferry, Goodall, Thom, Funkhouser, Smith, Aiken, Parsons, Bronaugh, Hall, Stryker, Crafts.

Old girls called:—Marie Barnes, '96; Martha Laurens, '07; Miriam Nelson, '05; Helen Russell, Gladys Burt, Francis Avery, Cora Danforth, '07; Edna Thurston, Charlotte Ryder, '08; Jessie Macmillan, '82; Myrna Lamson Tyng, Henrietta Schlim Carl, Marion Atwell Alton, '07; Daisy Gilbert, Josephine Holmes Perkins, '04; Florence Lane, '07; Julia Potter, '06; Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97; May Davenport, Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, '86; Madeline Smith, Rebecca Talbot, Katharine Swett, Lucy Curtis, '80; Lela Goodall, '08; Ruth Emigh, Bessie Robinson, Mae Chisholm Brown, Alice White, Dorothy Caldwell, Margaret Fuller, '06; Beulah DeForest Wright, Irene Wellington, Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57; Elise Scott Mackintosh, '99; Frances Wood Willis (and baby).



Why is it that some people are never on time? There are always some papers one or two months older than those to be corrected. When do the New Year's resolutions come into effect? Here are the November numbers, the last for that month we trust.

"The Griffiths of Craniston" in the *Raysonian* promises to be a very good story, but this paper has a wretched Exchange column.

Although you received few exchanges, *Les Collines,* by criticizing all of them you might have increased the size of that column.

One paper is exempt from the list of those who are inexcusably late, for the *Lal Bagh Chronicle* comes from India. "The Woman of George Eliot's Novels" is an excellent essay—no wonder it won the prize! We advise you to add an Exchange column, and you will be all right.

Would we could all write as well as do the contributors to the *Index,* (Oshkosh, Wis.); there's seldom any amateurish story in this model paper.

Not as good as usual, *Quill,* (Staten Island).

Tattler, (Nashua)—If your Exchange editor is an entity, why not prove it?

Though our list of December Exchanges is a long one, the rest of the papers for this month will doubtless not come until February or March.

"A Sacrifice of Souls" and a well written editorial are fine features, though the only ones in *Vail-Deane Budget* worth notice.

Academy Graduate has chosen a good way of

conducting an Exchange column—that is, from the viewpoint of a shirk.

Clever cover, *Index;* but your Exchange column is disproportionately short.

Quill, (S. I.)—Your December number is a vast improvement over the November one; but why not welcome the Yule tide by an appropriate cover?

Advance, (Salem, Mass.)—You do choose such crude cover designs, and the colors are either glaring or monotonous and dull.

A good little paper is the *Junior,* (Bethlehem, Pa.)

Red and Black, (Stevens' High School) has but one good cut—"They say;"—but some good stories.

New Trier Echoes has good stories, too; but you might both have welcomed Christmas with a new cover design.

Oak, Lily and Ivy—The above comment as to cover designs applies to you as well.

Neat cover, *Herald.* 'Tis suitable, yet not offensive.

Why mix other papers' criticisms on your paper, among your opinions of them? Your cuts are good, El Pazo *Tattler;* and the cover appropriate.

A hearty welcome to you, *Saint Andrew's College Review!* Your stories are fine, and all in all you have created a most favorable impression.

A good long Exchange column, *Newton High School Review,* and a clever cover!

"One Life or Two?" in *Red and Black,* (Reading, Pa.) is a very powerful story which every one would do well to read.

Melrose School Life.—Your cover is rather sombre. Why not liven it up?

Here's a cheerful cover. It's our bright, old friend, *Kemper Hall Kodak.* You were fortunate in hearing Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, some of whose songs are popular here.

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The addition of cuts would greatly improve the *Wheaton Bulletin.*

"Sophia" is interesting, *Crimson Tattler.* Do hurry up!

Dainty little *Thyme and Lavender* has a pretty cover.

Racquet, (Portland, Me.)—The first story is good, but your cover does not seem an original design.

Dalhousie Gazette—Why not have stories?

Dean Megaphone—You seem to have dispensed with the Joke column, please continue it—'twas too good to be dropped.

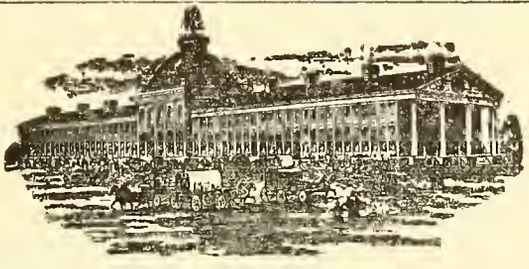
Where's your Exchange column, *Lawrence Bulletin?*

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"LASELL LEAVES.—You are always welcome. Hope you will come every month."—*Racquet.*

"The Senior Prize Essay in LASELL LEAVES, was one of the best we have found in the Exchanges. It has none of that strained schoolgirl atmosphere, which usually makes the stories in school papers so dull and uninteresting. Judging from their magazine, it seems that the girls at Lasell have a remarkable amount of school spirit."—*Kemper Hall Kodak.*

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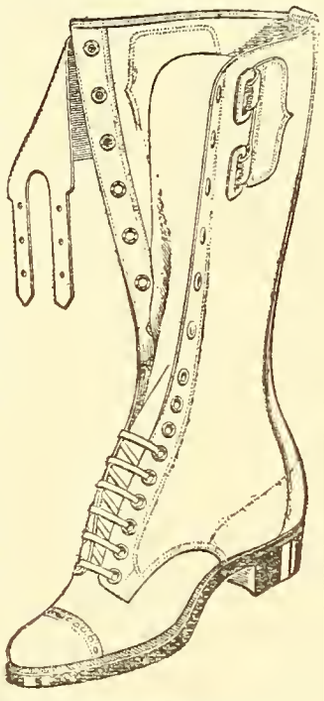


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VOL. XXXIV FEBRUARY, 1909 NUMBER FIVE

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Loyalty.

"With our hearts all so loyal to our Alma Mater dear," we sing over and over again. And how well it sounds when we all "sit up," and sing with a will, this favorite song! Perhaps there is a stranger within our gates, whom we proudly lead through the rooms and corridors of our "dear old building;" and to any insinuations that it does not quite come up to some other institution we have ever quick and ready retorts, so jealous of its good name are we.

We are most assuredly loyal, are we not? We will beyond doubt defend ourselves against any allegations to the contrary, and, yet—are we loyal? It is a very persistent question, and returns many times to our minds. We sing our songs, and defend our school; but does loyalty consist in this alone? There are many other tests of loyalty, tests that come to some of us every day. We are asked to do this or that to help out some of our organizations. We refuse. We really have no time, and some one else is so much better fitted to do it. Yes, but that 'some one' is busy, too; and so it goes. We are all busy, but since some one must find time to do that particular thing, why not you? Why don't you make it your business to support with all your might those organizations from which you derive so much good and so much pleasure? Someone else may not do what otherwise she would simply because you have not done your part; and then, where lies the blame of failure? On your shoulders.

Loyalty to one's school is not the only kind of loyalty; nay, by no means the only one to be considered. There is the loyalty to friends and associates. How many of us practice that? How many of us talk about those friends and associates behind their backs? There is a loyalty to ideas, the lack of which causes so many of us to waver, to fall by the wayside, and finally to lose sight of some of our best aspirations, our finest ideals. How much those would do in shaping our actions! But they are gone! Loyalty to country, to state, to town—these forms of loyalty are virtues which most of us may claim to have. There is, however, a loyalty to truth. What a start it gives you to have it bodly stated that in this respect most of us fall short—in- loyalty "to truth, the corner stone of all confidence of one in another." We must emphasize this: almost none of us are wholly loyal in this respect, else we should refrain from those "small deceptions" which we practice every day. Closely allied to this last-named sort of loyalty is loyalty to principle, the unswerving practice of which would be a safe-guard against falling short in these other points.

But why all this talk about loyalty? Of what avail is it? None. It is of *no* avail,—unless, indeed, in some one or other of us it to a flame that spark of nobility innate in all of us. For, after all, loyalty is the foundation upon which all organizations,—whether church, society, or state—are built, and without which all would topple and fall, exactly as without it the finest in the individual character perishes.

VERSE OR WORSE.

Why is it the folks set this way
In the car we miss,
While in the car we catch, at last
We'rejumbledinlikethis?—*Ex.*

Miss R.—"Miss E. R., who was Queen Esther?"

Miss E. R.—"Oh—er—didn't she help Daniel in the lion's den?"

Affinities.

Preston—Rheinstrom
Bartlett—Swartwout
Ward—Guething
Hazelet—Porter
Ordway—Cheney
Chaffee—Orcutt.

The Calamity of Italy.

In February 1907, it was my privilege to catch a glimpse of the region which was so recently destroyed, to whose people has gone out our sincere sympathy as a nation, together with whatever material aid it was in our power to give. To those of us who have seen that beautiful part of Sunny Italy, the shock of that disaster came with an especial awfulness.

It was early in the morning of that February day that I mentioned, when Mt. Aetna, with its snow-capped crater came into view, and as we view it then, it looked to us as only a beautiful and innocent feature of a lovely landscape, but, although it has had no recognizable share in the recent destruction, it will not improbably show before very long a baneful activity as has been prophesied by Mr. Perret, the great scientist, lately honored by the Italian Government and considered an authority on such matters.

With the help of a good field-glass we saw the pretty white villas on the Italian and Sicilian shores, relieved against the green background of their orchards of olives and oranges standing in the rear on the slopes rising behind the houses. Who could have imagined that in the course of a couple of years this beautiful city and its pretty sister towns would be a mass of ruins? With how different a feeling would we have gazed on the scene had we passed by after the recent earthquake!

Perhaps the central figure in the occurence at this place since the disaster has been that of Queen Helena of Italy. This woman who looks every inch the queen when arrayed in her jewels and court dress, gracing stately court functions, has served most gloriusly her true womanly dignity by putting on peasant garments and ministering to her people in their dark hour of need, quieting the nervous, nursing the sick, doing everything that a mother could do, she has moved among them, a veritable ministering angel. This has endeared her not only to the Italian people, but to the world at large, for we are often too apt to misjudge royalty, and to think that kings and queens are to be sought only in the brilliant circles of court, not among hospitals and in the streets of ruined cities, aiding the sick and dying. We are told that at one time soon after the calamity when a slight shock recurred in the shaken city, terrifying the patients in the hospital, the Queen raising her hand said, "Be calm, it will soon pass away." It took a woman of true courage and strength to show such presence of mind, a courage and a strength not lately acquired, but long a marked characteristic. Queen Helena has indeed been, even from her girlhood, quiet, self-possessed and courageous. She would not leave her people until she believed that she had done all that she could for their helping, and that her subjects at Rome were anxious to have her return to that city, so that they might be assured that she was herself out of danger.

"Forewarned is forearmed," says the good old proverb, fitly exemplified in the case of the old Italian gentleman who built for himself an earthquake proof house a few years ago in Messina. Today it is the only one which stands, and although he was then scorned and laughed at and although the people thought then that he was going crazy. his wisdom has been justified and too late do they now wish that they had followed his example. Probably many other houses will hereafter be built on this wise plan. It reminds one of the parable in the Bible where one man built his house on the rock, while the other chose the unstable sand.

Another interesting fact is the joining of forces by the Pope and the Mayor of Rome in the noble work of helping their destitute countrymen, a thing unheard of for years. The Vatician was opened as a hospital and the wounded and suffering have been brought thither. One hopes that this will lead eventual-

ly to a reeoneiliation between the ehureh and the eity government of Rome.

Every civilized nation has contributed admirably to the erying need of the stricken people, rendering finaneial and other aid, but, although the Italians are grateful for this, what has been done is all too little to meet the great need due to this tremendous loss of life, and of all the necessities of life among those surviving. Yet though the problem of how again to begin living at Messina is so great, and though people are everywhere asking why the Sieilians and people of Southern Italy are bent upon rebuilding where there is so mueh danger of further earthquakes and eruptions, it is not hard to see why they do this; for where your home is, where you have been born and reared, that is the plaee in which you erave most to live the rest of your life; and a man will rebuild a hundred times, if need be, in order to remain where he feels most at home. Besides this, there is also that eternal hope that in one's own life time and generation sueh an evil will not again happen.

C. B., '09.

Abraham Lincoln.

On this eoming twelfth of February, our nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lineoln. Among famous Americans, this man stands peculiarly alone. As the Father of our eountry, we give great honor and praise to Washington, but he was a gentleman born and bred, having all the advantages of a cultured and refined eolonial home, while Lincoln was born in the poorest of homes, and into nothing higher than the hard life of the frontiersman.

From round to round Lineoln gradually climbed the ladder to fame and sueeess. He was unaided; he made himself, although it was slow progress. He tells us himself that when he came of age he did not know much; still he had learned to read, write and cipher to the rule of three. This little knowledge only made him grasp for more. His life story, though familiar, is nevertheless one that will always be an inspiration to everyone who honors manliness. It is hard to realize that the awkward boy studying in the light of his pine-knot fire, was later on to become our great Abraham Lineoln. Yet it is so, and even in those early years he had already begun to devote himself to helping others. As a young man he became in a eomparatively short time well and favorably known in the frontier region of his section and when the Blaek Hawk War eame on, he was elected eaptain of a eompany, and at the end of the war returned a man of inereased prominence. Later he ran for the legislature, but was defeated. For a time he dwelt in Salem, engaged in various oeeupations, store keeping and surveying ehiefly, and finally began the study of law, entering upon its praetise in 1836, in Springfield, and almost from the beginning wining suceess. His history from that time is known to the world.

Every period of his life is of interest to us as Americans, but it is as the leader of our eountry that we love him best. Many were the drawbacks against whieh he labored. His appearanee, for example, did not suggest the man of ability, and his enemies enjoyed jeering at him beeause of his awkwardness and personal unattraetiveness; but to those who knew him, there was in the man an individuality very unusually magnetie and appealing. The expression of his faee in repose was sorrowful; yet it was also loving, and from those sad eyes his soul looked forth, clear and honest, with deep and affeetionate sympathy. Some one has rightly said, "There was a manhood in his look no murderer could kill."

The success of his life was not the result of selfish gain; Lincoln had a mission to fulfill for humanity, and this was his sole aim. He be-

lieved in freedom for all, and eventually he saw that only under that condition was peace possible. He was a true leader always, from the time when he commanded that company in the Indian campaign to the time when at Washington he led public opinion, controlled the movements of the army and navy, and held in his strong hands the lives of hundreds of thousands of men. He believed in justice, and if he could not reach it one way, he would try another. He was always gentle and affectionate, but when need was he could meet an unwelcome and unpleasant duty with the firmness of a soldier. Despising trickery and greed, he based his life on the teachings of the Christ, using the Saviour's Golden Rule as his practical creed.

Lincoln was not a great orator, but he had the power of expressing in great simplicity, yet with forcible clearness, just what he wished to convey to his hearers. In more than one instance is this shown, and especially in his famous Gettysburg speech in which he dedicated that field as a burial place for the dead soldiers. Edward Everett had spoken enthrallingly for two hours before Lincoln's time came, but Everetts' speech is unknown now to most of us, while every word of Lincoln's address is known and loved throughout America. Everett himself said subsequently to the President, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I come as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Lincoln thought his few words an utter failure, but that speech today is famous not only because Lincoln spoke it, but also because it is a flawless example of the best in literature.

It seems fitting to close this brief sketch with certain words of Lincoln's which are as keys to his character: "Let us have faith that right makes might," and the famous "With malice toward none, with charity for all;" and finally this from the Gettysburg speech,—"That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

F. S., '09.

A Visit to the Studio.

The studio looked very bright and cheerful as I entered it one day not long since. The girls at their work seemed both busy and happy and giving me a smiling greeting, kindly invited me to "make myself at home." Accordingly I walked around watching them work, and enjoying myself thoroughly. They all showed such eager interest in their work, that I longed to be one of them; but as this was impossible, I contented myself with seeing and learning as much as I could in one period.

The room was a very pleasant place in which to work. A large window allowed plenty of light to come in, and moreover, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. I could see for a great distance; out on the horizon a row of grey hills arose to meet the blue sky, and seemed to separate us from a mysterious world beyond, while nearer by the country was dotted with houses looking very small and picturesque from such a distance. The whole view was beautiful, and a very fitting one to be seen from that window. In the studio the walls were covered with oil paintings, while others half finished, were scattered about the room on easels, just as the girls had left them when they had stopped their work. Many plaster casts were standing on pedestals or hanging on the walls, supplying the girls with models for charcoal work. A few tables were standing in different parts of the room, on which were arranged groups of objects for the girls to paint or draw from; and in one corner was a screen on which were original designs for stained glass windows, several beautiful colored vases and dainty fairy-like patterns for stencil and cut leather work. On an easel I noticed a poster in water colors, showing what could be done in original work of this kind. It announced a play which was soon to take place, and the picture of a trunk standing before a door, while a man and woman disappeared around the corner

would, I knew, create much excitement and interest. Another poster, which had just been begun, was lying on a table; it promised to be no less attractive than the first mentioned. The colors had not yet been put on, but from the pencil sketch I could see that it was to be a sail boat tossed about by the waves.

The girls kept steadily at their work, stopping only occasionally to show it to Miss Milliken, their instructress, and perhaps to ask her advice. Several of them were very busy making sundry gifts,—very beautiful ones they were, too.

One of the students was sitting on a low chair by the window, working on a piece of dark green leather on which she had drawn with ink the design which she was now cutting out with a pair of scissors. The work was very tedious, but well worth the trouble, it promised to be so beautiful when finished. The holes were so close together that there was the thinnest cord of leather between them, and as I watched I felt afraid every minute lest her scissors slip and spoil the beautiful design. But deftly and patiently she went on with the work, thinking, it may be, of the one for whom she was possibly making the pretty thing.

Another girl was sitting at a table not far away doing practically the same kind of work, but on brass instead of leather. She was making a blotter cover, and needed all her strength to cut the metal. She soon had a large blister on her thumb where the scissors pressed, but still she kept bravely at her work, wishing to finish it, and others besides before a certain date, she said.

On the other side of the room another young artist was sitting alone at an easel on which was a study in oil paint, just begun. She was enveloped in a large apron, which, covering her from head to foot, gave her the appearance of being very hard at work, indeed. At the time when I first noticed her, she was busily squeezing small quantities of different colored paints from her tubes upon her palette, and mixing them together. At first it seemed that she had no object in view other than seeing what color she could make by mixing everything together; but gradually I saw that she was trying to get a certain shade of green, and gradually by mixing in now a little yellow and now a touch of blue she secured presently the right shade. Then she began working on her canvass, while I watched every stroke of her brush as the vase, a picture of which she was painting, grew under her magic touch.

Thus as I walked from one to the other, I learned much of the various "industries" of the studio, and enjoyed watching the girls at their different sorts of work. It was a real inspiration to see how interested they all were in it, and how anxious they were to do it perfectly, and to advance to something higher. But all too soon the bell rang, warning me that it was time to go; and bidding farewell to the "studio girls," I departed.

My Needle and Thread.

All was quiet in the room, when I was awakened from a peaceful doze by a tiny tinkling voice,—I felt sure it was a voice I heard, but so sleepy was I that I could not rise to investigate. Perhaps, after all, it was only a dream, I thought. This point settled in my mind, I was about to fall asleep again, when I heard a small gruff laugh, and the same voice that had awakened me said,

"Perhaps I have been idle lately, but nevertheless, I have done some good work, some pretty work, and some dainty work," and, as if amused by its own phrasing, the silvery voice continued, "and fine work, too, besides some ordinary work."

"But I am so much more important," said the gruff voice, that always seemed a half laugh, and suggested a disposition to lord it over the silvery one.

I now raised myself upon my elbow, and listened again. Where in the world could those voices have come from? Not from outside the window surely, they were too small for that; they realy seemed to be muffled. I was on the verge of resettling this point when again came the sound.

"Besides," said the tiny silvery voice, "think of all the beautiful threads that I have carried, both silk and cotton,"—here the gruff voice laughed an interruption,—but the silvery one kept on—"while you have carried only three colors of common cotton, and two of them are not really colors at all, and the one that is, is only a plain and sombre one."

"I will admit that," said the gruff one, "but remember that homely beings are just as important as pretty ones, and sometimes more so. You need not stand up there so proud and haughty; I am just as good looking as you, although a little stouter. All this evening, even though you have not spoken it, you have acted as though you felt you were of much more importance than I. Well, then, to prove it, let us hear of some of these wonderful things you have done."

"I cannot tell you," said the accused, "of the order of my work, but will tell you about as many as possible. One thing I did was to run the hem in the curtains, which is very important."

"I could have done that," interrupted the other, "the meshes are so large. Now think of something better."

"Well, at Christmas time I am indispensable. Do you remember that dainty little blue bag she gave to her room-mate one year? I made that, I remember how proud she was of the small stitches I took. That same Christmas I sewed on some ribbon holders, which were made in circular form, and it is quite difficult, I can tell you, to go around a curve and make the stitches look neat and nice. The holders had sachet powder in them, and I delighted to work on them.

Then, too, in another line of work, I have embroidered some waists. I did one that was for her mother, all in solid embroidery, and I was not ashamed of it either; another one I did in that new stitch, like the button-hole. Besides this I have inserted lace in waists and white lawn hats, and have embroidered many collars, some in white and some in bright colors. One time when I worked with very many bright and lovely colors I made sofa pillows. The "Indian" I think, was the prettiest one I did, for, besides being in brilliant colors, it had spangles and jewels.

My work is certainly interesting, even the plain part of it, if you look at it as an art; and to my way of thinking, that is the way it should be looked at. Of plain ordinary work also I have done much,—basted many seams in skirts and waists, sewed on skirt binding, mended tears and put in patches, sewed on buttons of all sizes and kinds, sewed nametapes on different articles of clothing, and hemmed table linen.

When it is the Christmas season again, I know I shall be given plenty of work to do of all kinds. I once helped make a vail-case, several ribbon holders, and have embroidered all sorts of things. I like that work better than most any other. Oh, I am going to be very industrious, and I shall do more mending than you can think of."

It was the gruff one's turn now, and he laughed again. "Well I am going to work, too, and I know where there is a whole lot of work for me, so much that it will take me all vacation. So let us both compromise and say that each of us is important and no mistake."

"Agreed," said the other.

All was quiet again, and I knew now that the voices had come from my work basket. It was my needles talking,—a short fat darning needle and a slim fine one. Since the needles

were ready for work, it rested with me when to begin. "Well," thought I, as I drowsily turned over, "I surely will do all the things that those needles expect, especially the work of the fine needle, for I have many stitches to take in my clothes before Easter comes.

A. L. C., '09.

Baby's First Valentine.

Saint Valentine's! What pleasant memories the very echo of the words brings to mind! The shop windows elaborately decorated with their many valentines, tokens of love, symbols of true friendship,—these impress even the most careless beholder with the genuine popular interest felt in this day set apart as sacred to Lord Cupid and his train.

Baby Lou had risen early, unconscious that it was jolly Saint Valentine's Day, and by half past seven was sitting in the nursery on the floor in the midst of numerous toys, scattered here and there, which she was trying to reduce to what in her small mind was the proper state of order for toys to preserve. This was her daily occupation. While she played, she carefully listened for the arrival of the postman, an event that happened daily at about this time.

"Oh, Annie, is that Paul?" she suddenly asked of her nurse. The postman, (who had long been simply 'Paul' to the youngster) and this little four-year-old girl had been the best of friends so long now that the baby could not recall just when it began. Even as she asked the question little Lou was on her way down stairs, to see for herself. Sure enough, the door bell rang loudly, and there followed immediately Paul's whistle.

"Good morning, little Miss Lou," cheerfully exclaimed Paul as the door was thrown open and he found himself facing the child. "I've got a nice surprise for you this morning. Who do you think it is who sent you this nice valentine?" Here he drew from his mail bag a delightfully large box, which he handed to the little girl as she stood with hands extended, and her sweet face radiant with joy at the pleasant surprise.

It was all over with in a minute,—Paul was gone, the door was shut, the maid had gone back into the dining room, and Baby Lou found herself holding the precious box which she looked at with an amazed expression. Her next thought was to run to mother, and off she bounded into the sewing room.

"Mother, mother, look what Paul gave me! He says its a balentine; what's that?"

Mrs. Prescott laughed, and said, "Let me see it, dear;" then taking the box out of the child's hand she quickly untied the wrappings, opened it, and then—you never heard such exclamations of pure joy as those Baby Lou uttered at that sight! She laughed, danced about, tugged at her mother's skirts, and for awhile was quite unable to calm down to admire quietly her pretty "balentine."

"Isn't it just beau'ful, mother?," she asked.

Indeed it was pretty; and it was a valentine. It consisted of five large hearts, the central one decorated with the picture of a beautiful little girl around whose head hovered several cherubs, strewing her path with large pink roses, while the other four were artistically decorated with gold scroll designs and foil of a beautiful sky blue color. Enclosed in the box was a card on which was printed: "To Baby Lou, From —— you guess who!" This Mrs. Prescott read slowly to the happy little girl.

Baby Lou had thought at first that the valentine was a gift from Paul, but her mother soon corrected her mistake, and then came the same question, over and over again—who can have sent it? The wee creature was filled with curiosity to know where the gift came from, and the remainder of the day was spent in wondering and guessing all sorts of wild guesses.

When evening came it brought Mr. Prescott, who had hardly seated himself when Baby Lou had climbed up on his knee, and with one arm around his neck, the valentine closely clutched in her chubby hand, she showed him her treasure; and, with their two heads together—indeed a pretty picture—they tried to guess the sender. Mr. Prescott carefully examined the valentine and then exclaimed, "Aha! now I know!"

"What? Oh, papa dear, please tell me!"

"Do you want to know very, very much?"

"Yes, yes,—oh, hurry, daddy dear; please?"

"Well give me a big hug and a kiss and I'll tell you," he said.

The price demanded was immediately paid and then, after a little hesitation, he said, "Here—— is the name ——— of Bob White." —"Bobby? Oh! how nice of him!" Then Baby Lou jumped off his knee and ran to tell her mother of this discovery. That very night Baby Lou wrote a note of thanks to Master Bobby White (Mrs. Prescott guiding her little hand) to thank him many times for the "beau'-ful balentine."

A. B. H., '09.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—Misses Webb, Andrews, Krentler, Powers, Douglass, Guething, Flynn, Bemis, Wells, Cudworth, Edwards, Amen, W. Taylor, Levy, Turner, Woodward, Thatcher, Kettlety, Parsons, Hamilton, Ferry, Mirick, Harvey, May.

Old girls called:—Cornelia Douglas Houser, '02; Rose Taylor, Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Mabelle Whitney, '05; Isabelle Clemens, '01; Helen Ramsdell, '00; Gertrude Watson Linscott, '99; Charlotte Strongman Chapple, Mildred Pierce, '06; Ruth Emigh, Olive Smith, Katherine Washburn, '06; Maude Simes, '06.

Teacher—"If you had five hundred dollars and multiplied it by two, what would you get?"

Class—"An automobile."—*Ex.*



One of the old girls reports news of Bessie Lum, Lillian Douglass, Christine Ryrie, Lela Goodall, Katherine Wadsworth, and Ida Mallory Lyon—yes, and Anna White Drake. "You must excuse me if any of this news is old," says she, "I had some of it in the fall, but neglected sending it, although I intended to be prompt. Procrastination is still at his old tricks."

Bessie Lum writes of having spent delightful weeks in the autumn at Long Beach, California, with her mother and brother, enjoying "the beautiful blue Pacific with its smooth sandy beach, high surf and perfect bathing." Later they were to go to Whittier, in the same state, "a Quaker town and very quiet, but the home of a number of old friends," who add greatly by their kindly sociability to the charm of the little place for Bess and her folks. They are to be there, I understand, during the winter.

At Long Beach she met one day on the beach promenade Kate Wheldon Plum, "unchanged after all these seven years, except that she had in charge a dear little girl with Kate's own blue eyes. It seemed not a month agone that I had seen Kate and Kittie Clemens skurrying around some corner bent on probable mischief."

She tells about her canoe trip, had in the fall with her oldest two brothers, one accompanied by his wife, when, starting from an Indian reservation about a hundred and sixty miles north of Duluth, they paddled down streams and lakes for a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. They had with them two Indians

to help in the cooking and portaging. She writes: "You can imagine the wilderness of the eountry when I say that in all that distanee we saw only two habitations of human beings—two shacks they were. Our way lay through a region far from railroads, and the woodman's ax had not yet destroyed its grand old pine forests. Oh, they were *royal* trees—those Norway pines, and it is a royal privilege to piteh a tent in the aisles of a forest where tent was never pitehed before. We saw several moose—great antlered fellows, unafraid, and most eurious to know just what *we* were. One eame within twenty feet of our camp at night, and another stood for five minutes in plain view in broad daylight not a hundred yards away. Deer, blaek bear, all sorts of birds and fish were plentiful. Whole families of Indians were on the move, gathering in their year's supply of wild rice. In one frail bireh eanoe that we saw there were a man, a squaw, two ehildren, three dogs, bireh bark for a tepee, probably 200 pounds of riee (five flour saeks full), and mueh "truek." Dearth of riee in Canada had brought down the Canadian Indians, and many of them had traveled hundreds of miles. The riee is knoeked into the canoe with a paddle; a squaw roasts it in a big iron kettle until the husk separates from the kernel; it is next put into a hole and pounded; and, finally, on some eonveniently windy day it is winnowed by being poured from one dish into another till only the grain remains. When rightly eleaned and cooked it is most delieious."

Bess' eanoe-loving friends will envy her this memorable trip. All will be glad to learn of her wanderings.

Lillian Douglass, busy girl, writes under date Oetober 29: "I wish that you eould see my ehrysanthemums; they are *beautiful*—red, yellow, white, pink, and variegated they are, and some of them have stems three and four feet long. The stem-length eounts for as mueh as the size of the blossom in determining the quality of these flowers. I have a friend whose ehrysanthemums have stems six feet long." She hopes to have plants next year to exhibit. This year (1908), being inexperieneed, she eut her plants baek in August instead of in July, thus losing an advantage in their subsequent development under foreing.

Besides her interest in ehrysanthemum eulture, Lillian is seeretary of the Covina Monday Club; gives one day weekly to her ehina painting; there's a sewing elub in prospeet; and a walking elub in aetual and robust existenee; and finally, she and a friend read Freneh together onee a week. What a strenuous life it is she has mapped out. Good-luek to her, say we. Perhaps 'tis her out-of-door sleeping that makes it possible for her to do so mueh. Lillian is also an expert ehauffeur and is looking forward to the possession (jointly with Mrs. Douglass) of a pony and cart besides.

Sallie Bonner spent two days with her in Oetober. She (Sallie) is still under the doctor's care.

Lela Goodall, busy at Farmington, Maine, with her eourse of normal school training, writes an exeeedingly interesting letter about her new studies and the enlarging of her horizon sinee entering upon them. Homesick at times she is for the old Lasell elass-room and elass-mates, and the old familiar puzzles they brought—"things no fellow ean find out." The study of methods, of the psychology of the ehild's mind, school organization, and the rest of it, makes the question of the sehool-room seem quite other than they were a while ago. Lela has the blood of the student in her veins, however, and will find the life of the student and the teacher, who is after all only a more advaneed student trying to help others, a very eongenial one. She is one of those who will not fail to see—does not, indeed, even now fail to see the inestimable value of and the

accompanying sacred responsibility resulting from the possession of life's precious opportunities, "advantages" we sometimes call them, yet fail to *make* them such. We hope to hear often from her.

Breezy Christine! What a pleasure is a letter from her! It was a keen insight that gave her her dear little nickname of "Happy" at Lasell. Enclosed in her letter were half a dozen beautifully clear—and clearly *beautiful* —little photos of her pretty summer home. One immediately aches to see it, and "Happy" in it, on the veranda, say speaking an illuminating word to that vigilant canine standing guard as we approach. She has had news, so she said, of Anna White Drake, Sophie Mayer, Emeline Guernsey. Becky Gowdy, Lottie Ryder (here, by the way, during the fall—or was it in early January?), Marie Eaton and Yolande Morrison, the last named being engaged, but not expecting to be married for some time yet. Lottie Ryder spent over three months in the latter part of the year visiting Sophie, Betty Love and Grace Emerson. Such a satisfying, newsy letter! Send us another!

Waggish Ida Mallory goes a-shopping now and then, relying on the uncertain mercies of a brown paper bag, and how she comes out of it with tumbled pears, fragile eggs, and butter over-sensitive to heat, you'd laugh to hear her tell in her merry, humorous way. The adventure with the pears imperilled Ida's own safety in her attempt to rescue a recreant pear from beneath the wheels of a passing carriage; and likewise endangered the dignity and perpendicularity of a stout gentleman between whose grave and placid feet rolled a second one escaped from that unreliable paper "poke," and suicidally inclined. Apropos of house-hunting Ida seriously remarks: "I am Diana now, though I hunt houses instead of deer. It is an amusing task to all save my *feet*; they lose their sense of humor after I've taken them six blocks out of the way. On Saturday I was looking for No. 572 on Ward street and started in on No. 3426. I call that discouraging. That house was a myth, I am satisfied, as the street plunged into a railroad track when hardly out of the two thousands!" When I said that Lasell girls change their names on the slightest provocation, Ida saucily retorted that though Mr. Lyon was not very corpulent, she didn't at all consider him the *slightest* provocation.

Katherine Wadsworth, missed so much at Lasell this year, tells of dancing the new year in at the Golf Club dinner-dance, and then, if you please, of rising after a "night's rest" (save the mark!) of only two and a half hours, to decorate Apache, her horse, for the flower parade. Milord Apache, under his trappings of red roses, pranced himself and his gay little mistress into the receipt of a blue ribbon. "He certainly did look proud when he took the prize." Why not? It was cause for pride. Mary also received a prize, she tells me. "The sports in the park in the afternoon" (thus Katherine) "were fine, and I forgot how tired I was in the excitement of the chariot races, and of a football game played on horseback. It was beautiful—that moving panorama of wild west riders, Roman chariotiers and flower-covered vehicles at my feet, and the blue Sierra Madres on the horizon! I galloped home at sunset, the warm breeze blowing my horse's mane, feeling that this can truly be called 'God's country.' The openness, the freedom, the continued summer appeal to me so much in this beautiful land."

Katharine is teaching in the Sunday school; trying her hand at keeping house, for the relief of her mother; and as incidental to this latter occupation, teaching an over-young cook how to concoct certain new, and no doubt delightful, dishes.

It is so pleasant to hear from the old girls that we feel like urging them to write often—yes, *oftener*.

Agnes Flaherty Middleton, '00, has been living at Coytesville, N. J., for over a year; is naturally proud of Middleton Junior, a fine boy; saw Carita Curtis in New York lately; expects to attend the New York Lasell Club luncheon in February.

Annie May Pinkham Allyn, '02, finds a Montreal winter with 20 degrees below zero delightful, and good for Marjorie, who weighed 37 pounds before she was two years old. Annie misses seeing Lasell girls, but otherwise likes Canada; has heard from Bessie Lum, '01, and Callie LeSeure, '03, who has been on the Pacific coast since August (where?), and who saw Lena Armstrong, '03, and her wee son in Bozeman; also from Woodie Kimball Adams, who announced the coming on October 28 of little Elizabeth Frances. Annie saw Fonnie Davis in August, who had been considerably damaged by being thrown from a carriage. Annie thinks the Lasell girls ought to put more personals into the Leaves. So do I. Wake up, Miss Local Editor! There are hundreds which might be had if you'd go at it earnestly!

Margie Schuberth, '96, writes that Dorothy Manning Mathews, '95, has moved to New York, on 80th street. Margie says Ella Ampt's additional 58 pounds is most becoming.

Gertrude Clarke, '97, has announced her engagement to a Boston man. So she'll be a neighbor soon.

Edith Blair, '97, can speak Spanish now.

Florence Ebersole, '02, is proving herself talented in other things besides letter-writing. We hear from a neighbor that she is expert in housework, needle work, china painting, art leather work, basket-making and arts and crafts metal work. We knew she was a clever little woman.

Helen Ebersole has just moved into a new house and is busy making a home of it, and with her three splendid children.

Marie Shellabarger Crowder, '91, 'phoned she was in Pasadena and wanted to come to the house to see me. But I was out and she was going right to Spokane, so much to my regret I missed her. Very sorry, Marie. Try again!

Etta Wolfe's letter (received Feb. 1) was written Dec. 5. This gives an idea how far Nome is when it takes nearly two months for a letter to come to California. She is well and "spending a pleasant winter." But it is still two weeks farther to some towns in Alaska that are of interest to us since we know Etta! After all climate is a comparative matter. Annie Mae finds Montreal delightful at 20 degrees below; Etta, Nome pleasant at 50 degrees below; while here in Southern California we are alarmed by the cold if the mercury falls to 30 degrees above!

Callie LeSeure, '03, and I had a good time today, Feb. 3, talking over Lasell times and girls. Callie is splendid company, looks well and I was sorry when she went. She is touring the Pacific Coast. Saw Eo Schram and her bright baby in Seattle but missed Edna Sawyer and Grace Freuler and Barbara Vail by not knowing where they were, though she was some days in the same towns. I repeat a suggestion, several times made in these columns, that Lasell girls about to travel write to Lasell naming the cities which they expect to visit and asking addresses of Lasellians there residing, in this way finding some they'd much like to see. Callie will see Joel Lapowski in El Paso, join her mother in New Orleans and go on with her to Florida for the rest of the winter.

C. C. B.

When Mrs. Shepherd was in Hartford recently, visiting Bess, ('94) she enjoyed very much meeting several of Lasell's "old girls." Sara Hayden Carleton ,'95, called and we had a good visit of Lasell in her time. When they were on the trolley going to attend a Boston Symphony, Bessie Fuller, '02 recognized us and

came and spoke some cheery words. The American Board of Congregational Ladies met in a church near, so Mrs. Shepherd enjoyed attending the meetings, and each day met Lasell girls who came to her most pleasantly, and she found each one busy as ushers or helpers and serving delightfully. Mabel Deming, Bertha Libby and Edna Strickland, '07, are putting themselves in ways of usefulness which they learned at Lasell, and these kindly courtesies will not be forgotten by Mrs. Shepherd, who hopes the whole Lasell Band may show the same gracious manner to their elderly friends.

Barbara Vail, '05, sent for a list of Lasell girls near San Francisco. She and Fannie Huddleston Graves, '60, are thinking of organizing a club for Northern California. She recently spent a day with Edna Sawyer McGill, '03, and says that Edna is still keeping house and edits the fashion page of the San Francisco Sunday Chronicle.

The Bellevue (Ohio) Gazette tells of an elaborate dinner, followed by a reception, to a party of fifteen, given on New Year's Day, when the announcement was made of the engagement of Alice Stahl, '04, to Mr. Daniel Seltzer.

Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, has been visiting Julia Potter, '06, in Chicago. Hopes to have a peep at Master Richard soon.

Olive Smith (here '99-'00) called recently. Since here she was graduated from Emerson College of Oratory, in Boston, has travelled through the West, and in June will be graduated from Boston University as a full-fledged doctor.

Marie Gibert, '03, is taking up kindergarten work. She saw Edith Ebersole, '03, recently at the University looking "well and happy."

Special thanks to Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, for her interesting letter full of news. Under her leadership the Lasell girls of Iowa and Nebraska are planning to organize a Lasell Club. She entertained Lotta Hewson, '02, at the holiday season.

Carlena Metcalf Cushing, daughter of Carlos Dyer Cushing, oldest son of the second principal of Lasell, and of our Ella Richardson Cushing, who graduated in '73, was married at Santa Ana, California, to Mr. Charles Shoemaker Morris, on December 24th, 1908. Cordial congratulations to this Lasell grand-daughter.

Ella Ebeling's engagement to Mr. John Wolfsberger, a Columbia man, has been announced.

Ethel Gallagher, '01, was married in October to Anna Rouse's, '01, brother. Anna was maid of honor. (The school would be glad to know her new name and address).

Four days after arriving in Mexico, Margaret Henderson Soule, '05, moved to Asientos, for the plague has come to the natives of Tepezala. She is still living in Asientos.

"Bob" Clark, '05, wrote in November that she expected to see Irma John and other Texas girls this winter, and then go on to Mexico in February.

Nell Jones Yoemans, '05, met Margaret Hodgins in Marinette, Wis., lately.

Clara Mattlage, '06, has been visiting Shirley Castetter in Blair, Neb.

Adele Woodworth (here '02-'04) is married and living in Columbus, O. (Please send Lasell your new name and address, Adele).

Mary Willett Blackinton, '05, met Louise Whitney in Florence and they travelled together through Holland.

Laura Weaver, '05, has been travelling through the West since July. She is now in Albuquerque, N. M., for the winter.

Katherine White Wolfe, '00, in a message to our Principal,—"Our Elizabeth was one year old September 21st, so you see I shall be able to remember your boy's birthday very easily, since there is only a day's difference. In about sixteen years you shall have Elizabeth. She is a most brilliant youngster now, but no doubt Lasell would be good for her."

Helen Haskell Shay, (here '02-'03) is still in Colorado Springs and writes Anna Andrews Barris, "How I envy you being so close to old Lasell that you can run over often. There are only three or four of the old girls that I know anything about. Callie LeSeure is in Portland for the winter visiting Helen Danforth Baker and her baby boy (the husband does not count in Helen's eyes). Reita Wolferman Luchs has just moved to Philadelphia where she discovered Elizabeth Whitley, who is married, but I do not know her name." (The name is "Pechin," Helen).

Our Preceptress met Ada Wells Burnham, '05, recently in Boston. Ada was enthusiastic over her twin sons. Promised to come to Lasell for the Mid-Winter Reunion.

Maie Straight Adams, '06, is proud of her little daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

Miss Potter had a very enthusiastic message from Laura Simons. We are amused and delighted at that open confession,—"When you used to bring me out of Fan B's closet in the middle of the night, you did not think that I would be doing the same thing by other children in about 4 years." The next sentence is,—"But I really enjoy my work." We are glad that that last sentence does not have reference only to her police service, for word comes to us from other sources that Laura is a credit to her Lasell training and is doing excellent work in more ways than one.

Among the new names to be added to the list of those who have contributed to the Scholarship are the following:—Grace Hardy, '04; Ruth Marston, '06; Martha Baker, '98; Cora Danforth, '07; Rebecca Shepherd, '94; Bess Judson, '07; Fern Dixon, '07; Edith Anthony, '06; Lucy Gray Wilson, '06; Mildred Pierce, '06 and Jennie Arnold Felt, '93.

A pleasant message came to Miss Potter over the telephone recently from the mother of our Mary Dodge, reporting "Mary a successful teacher in one of our well-known high schools, and declaring that her experience here was among the most precious and valuable of her life." Among the Lasell girls who attended her graduation from Mt. Holyoke College were Eva Robertson, Fanny McKenzie, Mabel Deming and Mabel Fredricks.

Helen F. Carter, '06, sailed January 6th for Germany. She expects to spend the winter there with her fiance's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Carter will join them in March and together they will travel until September.

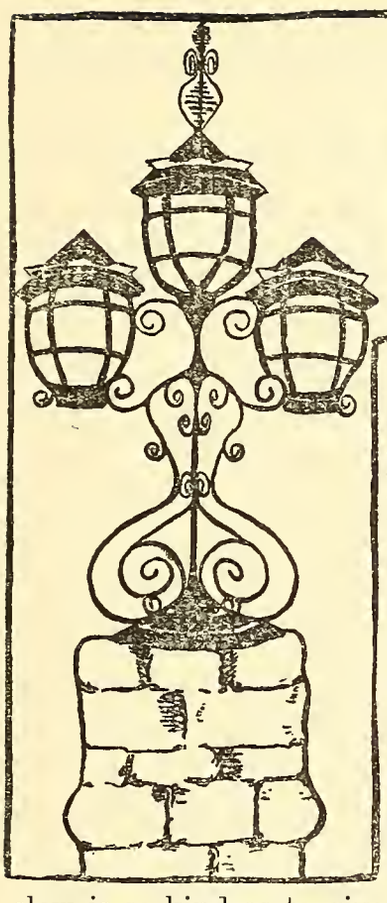
Marie Andrews, '06, is children's librarian in Parkersburg library, has to pick out proper stories for the children, tell them stories once a week and apparently enjoys it very much.

Frances Bragdon, '05, is taking a course in French and one in Spanish at the North Western University, teaches a Sunday school class, spends one afternoon a week at the University settlement, does some Y. W. C. A. work and "various sorts of necessary puttering around the house."

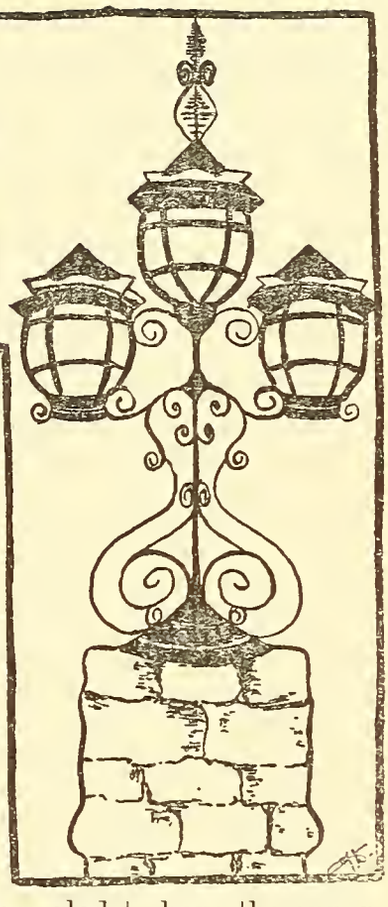
Deaths.

The sad tidings have been received of the sudden passing away on January 14th of Mr. John G. Serviss, father of our Florence (at Lasell in '05-'08). Sincere sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate and her bereaved family. For many years Mr. Serviss was Superintendent of Schools in his home city. The Amsterdam Recorder pays a beautiful tribute to this distinguished citizen, closing the editoral with these significant words, "His memory will long endure as that of a man who was faithful, who lived worthily and was useful to his kind."

Why does the economics class
Work every shining hour—
Why they all the deserts do make
Then have the pan to scour.



LOCALS



On Jan. 14 Miss Margaret C. Bolles, daughter of the distinguished lecturer, Prof. Bolles of Tufts College, charmed us by her lecture on Egypt. The stereopticon pictures of street and country life near Cairo were delightful, as were her descriptions of some of the costumes that have lived there for many centuries.

Jan. 16. In these days of clubs, societies and various other assemblies, it is almost essential that one knows something of parliamentary forms. For this reason Dr. Winslow is so kind as to give us an opportunity to drill in the difficult art. On this morning we listened to a talk on a few of the rudiments.

At the regular lecture hour Miss Potter gave us an instructive talk on social good form in the life of the home.

Jan. 17. At Vespers we received a very inspirational message from Dr. Phinney, pastor of the Methodist church in Newton Centre.

Jan. 18. On this evening the school enjoyed its first sleigh ride. Further particulars may be found on another page.

Jan. 19. A large body of the students attended the lecture at the Congregational church, given by Mr. Horace Fletcher, whose theories on the proper habits of eating make him one of the most talked of men in this part of the country.

Jan. 20. Those of us who heard Mr. Dunham's organ recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, reported a very enjoyable time.

Jan. 21. Several, who had been especially interested in the article by Annie S. Peck in Harper's Monthly, were glad to have the opportunity to hear her lecture. The fact that mountain climbing is becoming increasingly popular among women makes such an account interesting to our girls.

Jan. 23. On this afternoon came the delight of the Geraldine Farrar recital in Boston.

The Clark Cottage girls were the fortunate recipients of an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to a "sugaring off" party. Regardless of the fact that many noteworthy rivals had preceded them in this sweet diversion, if appetite be the test, the girls vindicated their claim to be considered the most appreciative of all those who enjoyed this pleasure.

Jan. 24. President Warren of Boston University delivered a very impressive and helpful lecture at Vespers on "The Guest Who Proved to be the Master of the Feast."

Jan. 25. The women of Auburndale, feeling that several rules governing this township should be altered, that a tax should be levied on all bachelors of a certain age, that the size of

hats should be restricted, and other sundry changes should be made, called a town meeting, which was well attended. Miss Dillingham was very clever in her part of the lady who tries to be on both sides of the question at the same time, and who hesitates to speak for fear of hurting some one's feelings, and Mrs. Loomis, our only other school representative, held the position of Town Clerk with great dignity.

Jan. 26. Dr. Gordon led prayer meeting on this evening. His talk was inspiration to all that heard him.

Jan. 29. The girls of Clark Cottage passed a pleasant evening coasting. As the weather has been ideal, this has been one of the most popular sports of the winter and we have been given many opportunities to enjoy it.

Jan. 30. At the regular lecture hour we listened to an interesting talk by Miss Josephine Casey of Chicago, who is here in Boston to form a Women's Trade Union League. We rarely have occasion to receive such information at first hand and for this opportunity we are indebted to Mrs. Loomis.

A long anticipated event took place in the evening, when the Seniors entertained the Juniors at a distinctly unique and original party.

Jan. 31. The subject chosen by Dr. Peloubet for Vespers was an unusual and exceedingly interesting one, "If Christ Should Visit the Earth To-day." Three books were used, each of which expressed the opinions of the three different authors on this subject. The first believed that Christ would see only the evil in the world; the second, that He would see both the good and the bad; the third author believed that He would see the good, perhaps being conscious of the bad, but paying no attention to it. We should live our every-day lives in such a way that no one of us could be afraid to have Him come.

Feb. 2 and 3. On both evenings small parties attended the evangelistic services held by Dr. Chapman and Dr. Alexander in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Feb. 4. Dr. Francis Clark entertained us with an interesting descriptive lecture on Panama and the Republics of South America. The chapel was well filled, for many outside visitors enjoyed with us this rare opportunity of hearing about our sister continent.

Feb. 6. The Paderewski recital proved a great delight to those who attended.

Feb. 7. At Vespers we listened to a very beneficial talk on the origin and meaning of the word "Christian," by Rev. C. E. Spaulding of the Methodist church.

Feb. 8. Mrs. Matteson, wife of the Episcopal minister, was the charming hostess at a delightful tea on this afternoon.

A number attended the Chapman evangelistic meeting.

Words Fitly Spoken.

Too often does custom dull the edge of what else would pierce and penetrate and leave us with mind aroused, and sensibilities a-quiver. The usual Sunday evening talk in the chapel, just because it is "the usual Sunday evening talk," seems sometimes to leave us unstirred and inert, though precious truths may have been uttered. Not so the words we listened to on the evening of January 24, from the convincing lips of the Rev. Dr. William F. Warren, a short time ago the honored and beloved President of Boston University, from whose arduous duties he has now withdrawn. Dr. Warren's message on the attitude which Americans should take towards the stranger within our gates, the immigrants, namely, was one of the most deeply earnest, most convincingly reasoned, and most thoughtfully received addresses that have ever been given here. That his words came warm from his heart, deeply stirred by the greatness of the debt that America owes to

those who have voluntarily chosen to be reckoned among her sons, and deeply indignant at the short-sighted prejudice that leads too many to treat them with scorn or other unkindness, no one who heard him could have any doubt.

His audience, chiefly the young students of the seminary, girls coming from almost every state in the Union, and even from so far away as India, Armenia and Mexico, listened with keenest interest while he showed them the three cogent reasons why no disrespect, no unkindness of any sort, should ever be shown to our immigrants as such: the good that they can do to America; the good that America can do to them; and finally, (and the Christian heart most convincingly of all) the Lord's own teaching that whoso shows kindness or unkindness to the stranger, shows the same to Himself. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," or "took me not in," again and again Dr. Warren quoted with solemn and impressive emphasis.

One is tempted to name again those distinguished "aliens" to whom America stands so deeply indebted for such rich and splendid services, and those whom she has helped to greater power and efficiency; and to tell what great things they did, that those who have forgotten may remember, and those who never knew may learn—William Nash, Paul Revere, Gottlieb Grautner, Garibaldi, the illustrious founder of Bowdoin College, Peter Faneuil—these are only a few of them; time would fail to complete the list. Very keenly he made his audience feel the shameful ignorance and littleness of soul, the shameful injustice of those who would heap opprobrium upon these foreign-born brothers of ours eagerly crowding through our gates, or would in any respect deny them the equal chance, the vivifying freedom, the enlargement of life they come seeking.

If to feel that one has secured serious and honest and sympathetic consideration for so weighty a question as this among those to whom such great questions are comparatively seldom so stirringly presented as to make a veritable appeal, one that will work results, be any gratifying compensation for the effort put forth, then such reward we believe that Dr. Warren unquestionably won that evening by his splendid appeal to the sense of right, of deep and sacred moral obligation, and to the warm human sympathies of our girls.

M. P. W.

"Sugaring" Off.

What a disappointed set of teachers it was to whom came on Monday (January 18, to be very exact) the news that on Tuesday evening there would be no faculty meeting! Only those who know with what eager and joyous anticipation this, the chief diversion of a teacher's week, is looked forward to, can rightly appreciate that sinking of the heart that follows the announcement, "No meeting this week." It is the one time in the seven days when uncounted pairs of young eyes are not looking on in solemn judgment, when a slip is not a fatality; when, as the egg shell coffee cups circulate about, imparting cheer without disgraceful inebriation, cherished jokes and sundry treasures of opinion may safely be brought out and exploited; and when the teacher may rejoice in the thought that for this one evening she may keep her light on "till ten o'clock"—magic hour!—or perhaps even till eleven, or that other hour when spirits walk abroad.

But on this especial occasion the zero feeling quickly gave way to a warm and comfortable glow of roseate expectation, when to the benumbing first statement was immediately added the exhilarating one, "The teachers are invited to spend the evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow." With such a host and hostess (not to mention a certain round-faced, rosy-cheeked young "Hostage to Fortune, who makes his abiding-place for the present that inviting

Winslow home, whieh apparently exists for his sole use and benefit), a delightful evening was assured, an evening so eharming that even the pleasures of faeulty meeting looked pale in comparison.

It was pleasant to have, besides the teachers and their eordial host and hostess, genial Dr. Bates and his wife present, also; and no time was lost in setting the proverbial "ball of conversation" rolling. How the tongues wagged, and with what merriment, broken by oeeasional lueid intervals of seriousness. Fleteherism was bandied about, back and forth among that party! I wonder whether the distinguished man's ears did not apprise him that evening that he was being thus exhaustively diseussed. The exaet relation between super-thorough mastieation and regular exercise in the open air; the alluring idea of having always just what your well-behaved, perfeetly groomed appetite may demand, and at just the time it demands it; what a medley of hours and dishes a week's schedule of meals in a Fletcherizing family oı eight, say, would present; and the adjustment of the latter to the requirements of the present eondition of the Domestie Serviee Question—these were but a few of the points of interest which Mr. Fleteher, had he been there at the time, would have had a preeious opportunity to enlighten for the eompany.

After awhile there was a popular movement towards the dining room, where several tables, eaeh adorned with a central ornament of a eapaeious bowl filled with snow, the top of whieh was artistically deeorated with arabesque designs in maple syrup, while suggestive forks lay at eaeh place, making explanation superfluous. This, then, was a sugaring off. The party disposed themselves about the tables, and the waxy sweet was uneeremoniously transferred from its bed of eoolness to eosier quarters, the running fire of question and answer, remark, retort, and repartee eontinuing unabated, till Fletcherism had been well salted down, and a large quantity of syrup made away with.

Presently a door opened, and Mrs. Winslow, who had slipped out for a minute, reappeared with Mi-lord Baby, wrapped in his pink blanket, and all alert to discover for himself what 'twas all about. An immediate hubbub! an alarming onslaught of admiring femininity, designed to elieit some expression of preferenee from the young philosopher, who merely looked, and looked—and looked. Pretty soon, ensconeed in his little perambulator, he devoted his eooing attentions to his plush kitten, and gave up, what all wise men gave up long ago, the Woman Question. Knowing little Riehard! But you'll not down.

Too soon the hours sped away, and brought the break-up of our sugaring off party; and finally when the last argument had been argued, the last bon mot delivered, the last arabesque readily dislodged and eaten, Baby Riehard elaimed by the Hushaby Lady (even in your dreams the Woman Question, Little One), and the farewells said, there filed down the snow-bordered slope from the hospitable home of "the Winslows" a happy and eontented faculty, hardly so mueh as thinking of the lost delight of their faeulty meeting because they'd had so pleasant a time at their faculty sugaring off party.

L'ABEILLE.

A SLEIGH RIDE AT LASELL.

Listen, ye people, and hear me tell
Of a winter frolic at Old Lasell.
It was January, year nineteen-nine,
The girls were in trim, the weather fine,
The snow had fallen for fully a day,
And with joy they heard Dr. Winslow say:
"A sleighing party for Monday night,
At eight of the clock, if the weather's right."
The mercury dropped and the north wind blew,
But to Lasell girls this was nothing new.
So, not to be daunted, they all prepared—
Oh, if you had seen them, you'd surely have stared!
Two coats, three sweaters, six veils apiece,
Rubbers, leggins, and furs, will the list never cease?

Gloves, shawls, caps, blankets, and all the rest.
Suffice to say they were warmely dressed.
The sleighs arrived at the appointed time,
And e'er it had stopped, in it the lassies had climbed.
The bells jingled gayly, the horns blew shrill,
"Alma Mater" re-echoed o'er dale and hill,
The faculty cheered off the four loads of fun,
The driver's whip cracked, and—the ride had begun.
Miles and miles o'er the crisp snow the horses swift ran,
With the maidens packed tight like sardines in a can.
The gentle moon rose, heard their voices ring loud,
Looked astonished, and straightway retired 'neath a cloud.
At last they reached Wellesley and slowed down a bit,
Gave Ho-e-la blithely, which made a great hit,
Then returned to dear Auburndale, whence they had come,
In the merriest of moods, for who, pray, could be glum?
It was dreadfully late—shades of nine-thirty bell!
When the sleighs made a halt, and out scrambled and fell
The "young ladies" (this dignified term a girl hears
Day and night, at all seasons, throughout her school years.)
Up the porch, through the front door, and all sniffed the air,
For an odor of worlds to be conquered was there.
Down stairs to the dining room, where oyster stew
And pickles were waiting, Lasell's daughters flew.
This school, says Tradition, and Tradition is right,
Is famed above all for the grand appetite
Each pupil possesses. The record is high,
For in contests at eating the girls do or die.
But previous records were counted as naught,
Each one was broken with hardly a thought.
Dr. Winslow was called in to gaze and admire;
When Miss Nutt saw the sight, she thought she'd expire.
This greatest of pleasures eventually ended,
And finally bed-ward their tired feet wended.
But when there's a mention of sleighing or sleighs—
The Wellesley trip's lauded with heartiest praise.

M. B. Sp.

The Senior-Junior Party.

At 7.30 the Juniors gathered in the gymnasium, which was so transformed by greenery and cozy corners as to be scarcely recognizable. Here they were greeted by the Senior President, Miss Swartwout, and the patronesses, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Caldwell and Miss Dolly. After a few moments spent in conversation they were requested to take seats directly in front of the stage. The curtains parted and Miss Ann Tique, cleverly impersonated by Miss Ebersole, stepped forward, introducing herself as an agent advertising for a publishing firm, and she said that she would like to show

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us a few samples of its work. Then followed in rapid succession a series of tableaux, splendidly rendered by the Seniors. These were:

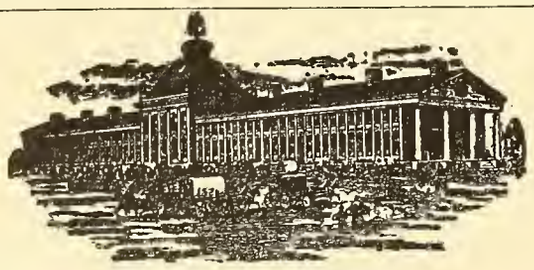
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4. A Series: "Memoirs of a Senior"—"Grinding," "Late, 7.35 A. M.," "Reading the Privileges."
5. Illustration for an Article on Woman Suffrage.
6. Continued Story — "The Billion Dollar Necklace," four pictures.
7. Advertisements— Peter's Chocolate, Etiquette Lectures, Lasell Studio, Sign Painter.

In conclusion the Seniors sang their class song, a song to the Juniors, and gave a new yell.

After this delightful program, the girls danced, and refreshments were served. The gathering broke up after Dr. Winslow took the pictures of all present, and as they left all were agreed that they had enjoyed a very pleasant evening, and that the Seniors were, indeed, very charming and entertaining hostesses.

C. W., '10

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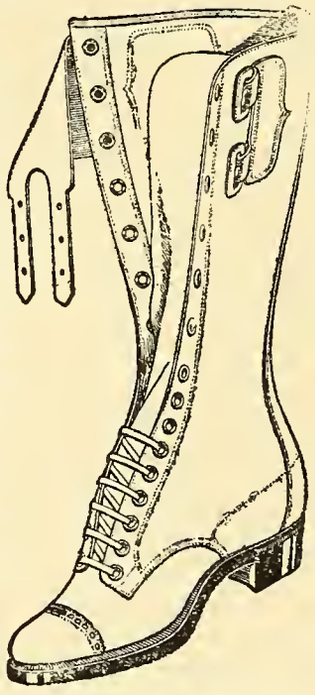


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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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The Beauties of Spring

Keep your eyes open, girls, and see the beauties of nature. This is just the time of year to make studies of the birds, trees and out-of-door life. Profit by the interesting lecture you heard and look for curves of beauty and force in everything you see. If the daily walk has been a drudge rather than a pleasure to you, in the past months, change the idea at once. Look for beauty in everything, and when you are out of doors make yourself acquainted with nature. The dear little birds who are already arriving from the sunny southland, bring tidings of joy. How provoked we are at times when our morning slumber is disturbed by their sweet singing. But, girls, you miss the best part of the day when you arise late in the morning. Just try getting up about five or six o'clock, a few mornings, and go out for a long walk, and I wager everyone of you will enjoy the day more than you ever thought you could. It is not necessary to go way off to some lonely spot in order to enjoy the out-of-doors, but drink in the glories of nature, when, and wherever you get a chance.

Some of the spring months are more fascinating than windy March or rainy April, but why do you suppose we have the different seasons of the year if not to show their particular beauty, contrasted with one another.

Those of you who have read Browning's "Pippa Passes," remember "Pippa" the little peasant girl working in the silk mills, who had but one holiday during the year, and how she was overjoyed at the thought of spending the whole day out-of-doors, enjoying nature and not wasting a moment of her time. Perhaps the song which she sings as she strolls over the hills and through the valleys would impress the reader more than the words of the writer.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

And last, but not least, remember, girls, "It's great to be alive."

Have you ever stopped to consider what a vital part it is that Beauty plays in our lives, and that it is just as much our duty to cultivate it, as to make ourselves examples of goodness? That is, I know, an astounding question with which to confront you, on a sudden, but if you stop just a moment, and reflect upon it, the truth of it will come home to you with a blinding flash of insight. It is after all beauty to which we may trace even the very foundation of goodness.

It is not those who have been surrounded by sordidness, neglect and immorality all their lives, that make themselves beacon lights of goodness; it is not those who are submitted to degrading influence, but those who have pleasand surroundings, beautiful objects to look at, well-cared for environment, and good moral influence who lift up their heads and say, "Follow me!" But by beautiful surroundings and moral influence, one must not immediately imagine the result of money and of culture. The man who lives a free, untrammeled life in the woods, face to face with nature, may feel his soul sing and throb into a hymn of praise, which proclaim that he has found the goal. Therefore by reasoning from this man can we not see what pitiful chances the man who lives his life in the slums of a city, where not only beautiful surroundings, but beautiful people are denied him, what meagre chances I say, this man has to make good in the end?

We know the ennobling influence of settlement workers among these people, men and women, who give of their beautiful souls, that they may shine forth and light the way for

those long accustomed to the dark. We know the wonderful effect that the daily glimpse of a graceful statue, the daily walk in a strip of public park may have upon those of our brethren less fortunate than we, and we must understand that we perhaps were put into this world to help them to realize their latent ideals, in the process of realizing our own.

And now I say to you, "Do where you may, and can, and will!"

Saint Patrick

Saint Patrick's Day in Ireland is one of the legal holidays, but here, in some places, it is celebrated only by parades, and every one who wishes to show their loyalty to Saint Patrick, wears a bit of green or a piece of shamrock, the national flower. Some appropriate phrases for this day are, "Erin Go Bragh" and, "The Top of the Morning to You." The old, but interesting legend of this saint is as follows:

"This patron of Ireland, was born according to most authorities near the site of Kilpatrick, at the mouth of the Clyde, in Scotland, in 372, and died at Doron, Ulster, probably in 464. At the age of sixteen he was carried captive to Ireland by a band of marauders, but made his escape after six months, and reached Scotland. He was carried off a second time, and again escaping, he resolved to become a missionary to the Irish, was ordained in Scotland, and after a long preparation was consecrated bishop. Having previously, according to some accounts, visited Gaul, and perhaps Italy, he passed over to his chosen field of labor about 432, and preached the gospel with such extraordinary effect that, although not absolutely the first to introduce Christianity into that country he has always received the credit of its general conversion. He baptized the kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the king of Conaught, with the greater part of their subjects, and before his death, had converted almost the whole island to the faith, Saint Bernard testifies that he fixed his metropolitan see at Armagh, and it appears that he appointed several other bishops, with whom he held councils to settle the discipline of the church, which he had planted. In his old age he wrote his "Confession," the authenticity of which, however, is doubted. It may be found in Sir James Ware's edition of the works of Saint Patrick. The Roman Catholic church keeps his festival on the seventeenth of March. A popular legend ascribes to him the banishment of all venomous creatures from the island by means of his crosier or staff, which is mentioned as being kept with great veneration at Dublin in 1360."

One of America's Jewels.

A multitude of people have won fame in many different countries and times, but there are only a few whom we have raised to the pedestal of faultless honor and esteem, and before whose deeds we humbly bow, vainly endeavoring to make our lives comparable in some slight degree to theirs. Numbered among these truly great is Washington. Well we know that heroes are little appreciated, sometimes even looked upon with foolish contempt by their neighbors, or other contemporaries; yet how powerful and forceful must be the character that can quietly and unobtrusively come more and more, as the centuries go by to impress and to influence for good the lives of many others. Little children just beginning to read and write, when listening to the story of Washington's life, feel in their own small measure the gentle tenderness of the man, whom they afterwards learn to love and try to imitate. Old gray-haired men feel the tingle of patriotism in their veins at the very mention of his name, and doubtless often fall to dreaming of the various ways in which their lives have been strengthened and enriched by the knowl-

edge of the life and character of the possessor of the firmly-set mouth and decided chin that attract us in the portraits of Washington.

Although many authors deny that George Washington was an unusual or precocious child is it possible for us to rest content in the belief that such a great leader of men would not have shown in his childhood, in some decided way, his genius for leadership? In spite of the fact that we have outgrown the cherry tree myths, I am sure we all cling, though perhaps unconsciously to the belief in his splendid basal traits of uncompromising straight forwardness, and of determined adherence to the right, regardless of consequences. During the winter at Valley Forge his true metal was tempered by hardship and trial of the severest sort. In the present day and age we have come to look upon Washington, the successful warrior and statesman as a genuine hero, one to be honored and respected, and to be accepted as God's gift to a people in peril; but we do not often enough go farther back, and think just how we might have felt had we been as seriously and cruelly misunderstood and grossly mistreated by those very people whom we were doing everything in our power to help, to release from the hateful bondage to a trans-Atlantic power. When we remember how dishcartened and dejected we become in even trivial misunderstandings of our good intentions, we must perforce learn a most salutary lesson from this great man, who was broad-minded enough to overlook the dark glances and multitudinous intrigues of a whole army; and who, seeing clearly what path was marked out for him, walked manfully on in it till the goal was gained and the victory of Yorktown achieved?

Many anecdotes are related illustrative of the President's habits of punctuality. When he assigned the noon hour for meeting Congress, it was usually noticed that he was just crossing the threshold as the clock struck twelve. When guests were invited to dinner, five minutes only was allowed for differences in watches, after which the meal was served regardless, whether all the expected guests had or had not yet arrived.

During his entire life Washington disapproved very greatly of the system of slave-holding, and early in life recorded a resolve never to acquire by purchase another slave, unless circumstances compelled. After his death his wife, learning from his will that the only hindrance to the immediate emancipation of the slaves was her right of dowry, relinquished that right, and the slaves were at once set free. Even in the glory and fame of his later years Washington had many temptations which only a very far-sighted and patriotic man could have overcome so readily. After the war the ill-cared-for and mistreated army tried to persuade him to leave the colonies, travel into the forests of Kentucky, and there set up a kingdom with himself as the head. He replied to the proposal with bitter scorn, and asked for an explanation of any previous act or deed of his, that would have lead anyone to the opinion that he would for a minute countenance such an outrageous act of disloyalty.

Up to the last day of his life he maintained his mental faculties unimpaired, and upon the realization of his approaching death, executed his affairs with the same determination and tact, which he had always shown in health. How wonderful was the character of this man! His dying words accurately voice the world's opinion of his life,—"It is well." B. R., '09.

Good Saint Peter turned around, "Blockade at the gate."
"What's the trouble?" rang the cry,
And quick the good saint made reply,
"Pretty maiden can't get by in hat of 1908.—*Ex.*

The Country Store.

"Is it the store as ye' re a-wantin', ma'm? Wal, it's whar this fenee ends an' them men's a'sittin. Yas'm, ye kin git anything thar from eastor-oil ter calieo." And with that the old woman pulled her wide-brimmed farmer's hat farther over her eyes with a thin and sunbrowned hand, shouldered again her saek of potatoes and resumed her journey along the dusty road.

I was left to find the store by myself, but it was not hard to identify after her deseription, for among the groups of little frame buildings, there was one with a row of men and boys lined up on ehairs tilted against the side of the house, as though it were their partienlar duty to support the wall.

As I entered, there was a general shuffle among another set of men, seated on barrels and stareh-boxes around the riekety but hospitable stove, and "howdys" gretted one. The slight disturbanee oeeasioned by the entranee of the new sehool teaeher over, they lazily stuek their old eorn-eob pipes baek into their mouths, and were soon intent listening to a yarn about a miraeulous hen that one of them possessed. The short, grizzly, near-sighted little old man who was waiting upon me, was oeeupied in stieking his nose into boxes of all kinds, to find what I had asked for, and unnotieed by these poor but sensitive people, I eould look around the store as elosely as I desired.

It did, as the old woman had told me, earry everything imaginable needed to supply the wants of the village folk. What a variety, and what quantities of artieles were erowded into these small quarters! Near the door were fifty or so pigeon-holes eovered with wire, and forming the post offiee. On the eounter next to this was a display of bright-eolored, but very grimy eandies, probably from the last Christmas supply, perhaps even from that of two Christmases ago—but nevertheless the objeets of many a longing look from the bare-footed sehool boys. Then eame dry goods, in numberless rolls of every deseription, from large and flaring printed patterns to dark and sombre woolens. The latter was at present forming an ideal bed for a very skinny and serawney yellow-striped eat that lay there in perfeet oblivion of the worries of this earth. At the baek of the store were hardware, tools, rat-traps and groeeries. Barrels of nails and saeks of vegetables stood side by side, utterly disregarding any elass distinetion. On the other side of the room were notions, books, fishing supplies, and hats. Countless rows of dingy boxes lined the wall, and over the eounters were hung on a eord mittens, neekties, large handkerehiefs, and gaudy jewelry.

The whole atmosphere of the plaee was primitive, but peaeeful—the rendezvous of the sehool boys and gathering plaee of the old men. Here were always good listeners, and good yarn-tellers. I was uneonseiously beeoming interested in Pete Millan's wife's hen myself, when my little old store-keeper surprised me with the artiele I had eome to purehase. It was with reluetanee that I left this faseinating plaee, and stepped between the fishing worms arrrayed upon the poreh by a proud and sunburned little fellow, to retraee my steps down the long fenee-bordered road. F. E., '09.

Mountain Scenery in California.

Those of us who live in the far west have one never failing souree of pleasure, and that is our mountains. They are to us a eonstant inspiration; we love to watch them, they have so many different moods, and we learn many a life lesson from them. They are so eonstant, so steadfast in their resistenee to the storms of time. When we are away from them the horizon seems empty without their familiar shapes rising around us, like a proteeting wall. To live where one ean see them though only at

a distance, is a joy not to lightly esteemed; but to live among them, to climb their steep, rugged sides and find yourself on the summit of a giant ridge, with the surrounding country unrolled like a beautiful tapestry at your feet, this is one of the most satisfying of pleasures for mind and soul.

This past summer we spent two months among these towering peaks; in a beautiful valley, five thousand feet above the rest of the surrounding world. This valley used to be the favorite camping ground of the La folla Indians, who named it Strawberry Valley, for in those days the meadows there were covered, in their season, with juicy strawberries. Now there is among these meadows only a camp where mountain lovers come for an outing.

One day father and I started early in the morning to climb Tanquitz Peak. The trail commenced at the bottom, of the valley, and followed along a ridge to a point about six hundred feet below the summit, and here it zigzagged across the bare face of Tanquitz. In starting we had to pass through a fern patch where we could barely see over the tops of the tall, graceful brakes. After passing through these the trail commenced to rise, and then began a long, steady climb. On both sides of us rose pine, spruce and cedar trees fifty and sixty feet high, some of them black and charred from forest fires, others twisted and torn from wind storms that had descended upon them season after season; at intervals we came upon one taller than the rest marked with a strange spiral path, some two inches wide, starting from its top and ending at its foot, showing where lightening had blazed its scorching trail down the whole length of the noble tree, leaving a deep, disfiguring scar. After we had climbed about an hour we began to get glimpses of the valley we had left. We had climbed steadily and as steadily risen, and on coming around to the face of the mountain we had been climbing, we found ourselves directly above our camp. We could see very plainly, and could distinctly hear the people talking far below us. Soon after leaving this point we began to find huge boulders jutting from the face of the mountain; often we would have to cross a sheet of solid rock when just a two foot trail blasted out of it was all the traveler had to walk on,—rock wall on one side and two hundred feet of sheer precipice on the other.

At twelve o'clock we stood on the top of Tanquitz. From here we could see on one side the ocean sixty miles away, and on the other the desert, a hundred miles distant. When you get up as high as eight thousand feet and take a downward look, the mist rising from the earth softens the outline of everything, and they assume the most exquisite shades of purple, gold and crimson I have ever seen. From this peak we descended the other side of the mountain into a beautiful green valley. These valleys give enchanting surprises, when as one goes tramping through our mountains, one comes upon them so unexpectedly. Through the bottom of this valley ran a cool crystal stream, now babbling over stones, now rushing swiftly downward in a mniniature cataract. In these mountain dales one often sees a small herd of deer, which add a touch of life to the still beauty of the forest.

Such wondrously beautiful scenery as you find all through our splendid mountain ranges! Can you wonder that we love them so, and find it hard to leave them? Father and I got back to camp that evening at six, after one of the most glorious days I ever spent in the mountains.

C. W. A., '09.

THE PREP'S LAMENT.

I thought I knew I knew it all;
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Why Go Canoeing?

There are so many pleasures which may be derived from a neighboring stream or lake large and deep enough to float a boat that people living near such waters are indeed fortunate. Canoeing is considered by many to be the most enjoyable of water sports: a canoe is managed with less trouble than a row boat, the paddling is smoother than rowing, and the guiding more easily done.

The best place for canoeing is a river. What could be more delightful than to be one of a canoe party of ten or twelve starting out two in each canoe with a twenty-five mile trip ahead of them down a river banked with the fresh green foliage of early summer! There are sure to be places where the current is swift, a circumstance which furnishes much excitement for the time being. Often an unsuspected rock upsets the canoe and the whilom occupants find themselves up to their waists in water. But they are soon all right again, and if the sun is out they are very shortly once more dry and comfortable. Those who do not care for long trips find pleasure in starting out late in the afternoon, with a light supper, which they eat in some quiet spot along the river bank, coming home afterwards by moonlight.

One important feature about canoeing is that the exercise one gets is very beneficial. It strengthens almost all the muscles of the body —those of the forearm, the back, the waist and limbs. It also strengthens the lungs and leads to the practice of deeper breathing. Wise, indeed, is the man who realizing these facts, buys a canoe for his daughter, although she may think only of the pleasurable side of the fun.

One of the best places in which to study nature is, again, a canoe. Somehow it is a fact that the scenery seems to appeal more strongly to the sense of beauty when one is drifting along on the smooth water, than when one strolls along on land. It is hard to tell which is the most pleasing time of the year for canoeing. At first thought one would, perhaps, say spring, when all the trees are putting out their tender, faintly yellowish green leaves. One would have to go far to see a more beautiful sight than a New England hillside, rising gently from the water's edge, and bearing on it's green breast a group of apple trees in full bloom. Here the canoer rests his paddle long enough to draw a deep breath, and to say to himself, "It is good to be alive in a world like this." But, again, there are the beautiful Indian summer days when the leaves have changed their summer emerald, some for brighter, gayer hues, others for more sombre ones. As the lazy boatman drifts along he sees on a marshy bit of shore a group of maples flaunting their bright banners of red and gold; just around the curve are several oaks, an artistic delight, with their dark richly colored masses of foliage. The beauty of sunrise or sunset is redoubled by being mirrored in placid water, the reflection of their skyey glory as it irradiates the clustered trees upon the banks, is wonderful. Here you see reproduced not only the marvel of magnificent color, but also, the winning grace of form, curves, bold and delicate, sturdy stem, and spreading branch.

But for real excitement there is nothing to compare with riding the waves of a lake on a windy day, when sailing and launching are out of the question, one dons an oil skin and, paddling out some distance, lets his canoe come in shore on the crests of the waves. It is rather difficult to tell which way the wave is going to turn the canoe, and the excitement comes when another wave overtakes it and fills it with water, or completely upsets it before the owner can again get control.

Where schools are situated near a river canoeing is not unfrequently urged upon the pupils by their instructors. This is true in our own case. To encourage the girls here to indulge in

the sport there are spring races in which rival crews contend for honors. The practice is excel lent for both boys and girls. If it must be admitted that there is a spirit of rivalry between two racing crews it must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that there is also much enthusiasm and that good, honest, effective work is done. It is true in this as in other cases that the more one puts into accomplishing a thing the more one gets out of it; so that canoeing with a definite aim in view is more beneficial than paddling at random up and down a river.

L. F., '09.

In a Sewing Class.

Our sewing class last year consisted of twelve girls reprecenting not only a number of different states of the union, but also Japan and Canada—representing, too, not alone different states and countries, but also diffcrent kinds of sewing as to quality, We met in the practice kitchen of Lasell Seminary on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, at four o'clock for an hour and twenty minutes of instruetion and praetice. The course lasted for four wecks, which may seem very short, but during which time we learned the fundamental principles of plain sewing, under the very able direction of an excellent teacher. Our chief aim was not only to acquire these principles, but to do our work neatly, quickly, and well, and to do it in the most scientific way. I will tell you about some of the models we copied there.

Our first model was intended to teach us the running stitch, and the different kinds of basting. We were given an oblong piece of unbleached linen on which, a quarter of an inch from the short side and three-eights from the longer one, we made a row of running stitches, using red thread. The knot must be on the wrong side, for in permanent sewing it should not be seen; and to fasten the thread securely, two little stitches were taken directly on the line of sewing, a quarter of an inch from the edge. The next row done was in the even basting, quarter inch stitches, used where firmness is needed. To finish all basting firmly, yet so that it may still be easily pulled out, take two small stitches above the line of sewing. The seeond line of basting illustrated the uneven basting-stitch, having alternate half-inch and eighth-inch stitches, and used both for long seams, and for a guiding line for permanent stitching. The third kind is that used for basting a lining to the outer goods, and in this case to prevent slipping, two eighth-inch stitches are followed by an inch stitch. The last is the tailors basting, quicker to do than the others, and consisting of the eighth-inch stitch, on a slant, followed by an inch stitch which slants up on a line where the needle was first put in. The first three bastings are all three-eights of an inch apart, but the last one is half an inch from the other edge, and therefore our finished model is very symmetrical.

Our second model taught us to make use of the even basting, to hold securely together two pieces of lawn, and also, as to serve as a guide for a line of permanent stitching, the first half of back-stitching, and the last half, of half back-stitching. The edges were over-cast, to do which evenly, the needle should always be pointed towards the left shoulder; the knot was hidden between the two folds, and to fasten the thread securely at the end two little stitches were taken on top of each other on the wrong side, and only through one thickness of the seam.

It is always a pleasure to get past the stage of basting and over-easting—at least, for me—and we welcomed our third model, which taught us to over-hand a seam and two selvage edges. To start the over-handing of the seam, we took a stitch in the edge next to us, leaving the end of the thread extending out a lit-

tle, and then made four or five stitches holding this bit of thread along the seam for security. Half way along the seam the thread was broken, half of the last stitch pulled out, and a new start was made in the same way as the first one. To make a neat and secure finish we turned our model around and took four or five stitches exactly on top of the stitches already placed there. Both the seam and selvage were basted in the even basting stitch, and the latter was over-handed with very fine white thread,—the former being similiarly done in red to show the start, join, and finish more plainly—very little of the material being taken up, so that no ridge should be noticeable when the work was pressed out. Along with this model we began the work of making button holes—it is needless to add that we were a long time making them. for they must be very exactly done on the practice-slips before we can be trusted to make them for a finished model. To have success with a button hole, great care must be taken in each stage of it: first, it must be cut along a thread; then for firmness it is either over-cast or a thread is run down the long way of the slit where the edge of the button-hole comes; we must work from right to left, and start from the lower inside right-hand corner. To make the pearling even we pulled the thread down, then up after it was thrown over the needle; at the left corner we took five stitches to get around, and instead of pulling the thread down and then up, we pulled it down and back to make the pearling come more on top, thus forming a little semi-circle for the convenience of the button; at the other end, instead of working around it, we made a bar and button holed over it.

Another model taught us the French fell and French seam. In the former we basted, then half-back stitched a three-eighths of an inch seam, then cut off part of one edge, folded the other edge exactly over it, and over-handed it. The fell is used for very fine garments, as it is flat and not so bulky as an ordinary seam. The French seam is like any other seam, except that it is double, that is, a seam is made first on the right side, and then on the wrong, so that the raw edges are inside the last seam. Each lesson was more fascinating than the last one, and we looked forward with great anticipation to the models which included gathering; the putting-on of bands, hemstitching, initial embroidery for table linen, and many other things. If you want my advice, girls, you should all take sewing.

A. M. C., '09.

The Story of a Tail.

Next to mince pie, Jack loved Mike better than anythink in the world. At the first moment of his freedom from school bondage he would run joyfully back to the stables and plead for a story, "a good one, Mike, about Injuns"—and Mike was usually willing enough to comply with the request.

But today, it was different. Jack had pleaded and coaxed and threatened in vain. For once, Mike stood firm. Jack was in the stable, perched on Quicksilver's stall, watching Mike complete the mysteries of a horse's toilet, the currying of the satiny coat, the polishing of the hoofs, and the combing of the silvery tail. As no story was forthcoming, Jack began to ask questions.

"Why don't a horse have toes?" queried he.

"Because he was allus goin' whar he wasn't wanted and a fairy changed his hoofses, so he can only go where others want him to," answered Mike, laconically.

Jack was impressed.

At this point Quicksilver neighed.

"Why can't he talk?" asked Jack.

"Because he was allus askin' questions, like

some boys, so his voice was took away so his friends could have some rest."

At this Jack became uncomfortable but he resolved not to acknowledge defeat without one more effort. "Mike," he said, seriously, "is a horse's tail just for shooing flies?"

A few moments of strained silence followed this question; then Mike replied, "No indeed, child, why, didn't you know that that's where all the snakes come from?"

"Why, no, Mike," said Jack and his eyes grew as big as saucers.

"Why, sure, you can try it yourself," Mike said, with genuine interest and went on to initiate Jack into the mystery of snake-making.

"Are they as big as circus ones," asked Jack.

"Try and see." And Mike would say no more.

After the man had gone on an errand, Jack crept into the stable. His cheeks were flushed and his heart beat fast with excitement for it was no small thing to possess the secret of creation. He began to search for some of the horse's hairs; on the floor, on the side of the stall, but he couldn't find even the sign of one:—Mike had swept too thoroughly for that. Jack began to feel discouraged. "I guess I'll have to give it up," he thought, disconsolately, "But if I do Mike will think I am afraid," and he renewed his search, with increased efforts.

"I am just a wee bit scared," he confided, to whom it might concern, and then it was that his eye fell on Quicksilver, himself, calmly munching corn in his stall.

"Why didn't I think of Quicksilver before?" wondered Jack. "He won't mind having me pull them out, he must be used to it," he assured himself, and he seized the horse's tail gingerly. But Jack's courage took just that moment to play truant, and his hand shook provokingly, "I guess I'd rather get the water first," he decided; so he ran to the pump and filled a large wooden tub standing near it.

"Quicksilver doesn't look as if he minds," thought Jack, as he selected four long black hairs for pulling. Then a thought struck him. "Why, black ones will turn into those awful circus kinds or maybe to rattlers"—and in terror he loosed his grasp, trembling at the thought of the possible dangers from his soon-to-be-evolved snakes. Feeling that hesitation would be fatal, he siezed some white hairs and jerked. But at this stage, Quicksilver took a hand, or foot, in the game, and poor Jack went spinning into the tub of water. After he recovered from his surprise he began to enjoy his ducking, until he glanced at his hand. He still clutched a bunch of Quicksilver's hair, black and white and at the thought of the consequences of wetting them, he cried aloud. As he gazed at the hair he was sure it was moving—yes, it was turning into——

Jack scrambled over the side of the tub and fell in a heap. His cries brought the family and the repentant Mike to the stables and an explanation took place.

When the indignant family and crest-fallen Jack had taken their departure, Mike looked around sheepishly, "I guess imagination ain't my strong point," he murmured, "and in the future I'll stick to things I know something about—Injuns and sech."

Prof. N. Waring Barnes, head of the department of rhetoric and English composition in DePauw University, finds eloquent testimony that the graded and high schools are deficient in teaching the fundamental rules in spelling, in the number of misspelled words in the essays handed to him by the university students. One day recently he tabulated the misspelled words on the blackboard of his class-room. One freshman declared that he came to "colligc" to learn, while another said that he "hert" himself while running to the "dormatory" in haste. Another, in writing a short story, told

how one showed his "appreehiation" for another's kindness, while still another pointed out the dangers of "eragularity" in eating. "Altogeather," said another, the outeome of the reeent political "campane" was not satisfaetory to DePauw students, beeause Watson, "who is a DePauw alumnibus, was defeated." It was the opinion of one that more would "voate" for Watson when he ran for "Govenor," because he was one of the strongest men on the "tickit." Of course, Taft was the man to be "Presadent," but this partieular freshman thought Cannon to be a very poor man to be "Speeker" of the House. One declared that the campaign was a very hot one, and that most every night "drum crops" were used in getting a crowd of "peaple" together. According to another, much "inthousiasm" was displayed and many "speaches" were delivered by the "Demacrats" before the "eleetshun" day.

The following have been favored with ealls from members of their families: Misses Nelson, Kettlety, Sharp, Levy, Mirick, Douglass, Hall, Averill, Andrews, Annis, Webb, Puchta, Van Dorn, Russell, Marshall, A. Merrill.

Former pupils called: Leslie White, '05, Clara MeLane, '02, Beatrice Whitney.

A grave digger dug a grave for a man named Button, and sent his bill in thus—"One Button hole—$10.00."—*Ex.*

The hen—"You are the personification of laziness."

The ealf—"Well, Henrietta, you see I'm the original veal loaf."—*Ex.*

If a pound of sugar is worth 6 cents, how mueh is Butterworth?—*Ex.*

Jim, (showing a photo of himself on a donkey—"Do you think this a good likeness of me?"

Jack—"Rather, but who's that on your back?"—*Ex.*



A dainty card announees the arrival of Horace Warren Allyn on January 31st, son of Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn, '02.

Among the new books in the school library is "The Continent of Opportunity" by Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the Christian Endeavor Society. A gift of the author to Lasell, whieh we gratefully accept.

A cordial friendly note from Louise W. Brown of 218 W. Gilman street, Madison, Wis., in which she deelares "I often think of Lasell and all eonnected with it. The memory of happy years spent with you will live forever." Thank you, Louise, we do not forget you and shall keep a warm plaee in our heart for the oecupant of your "best room in the building No. 72."

Few graduates of Lasell send back sueh friendly and newsy letters as those reeeived from Lucy Gray Wilson, '06. She is enjoying her college life in the University of Illinois, but does not forget Lasell. Speaks of friendly meetings with Ina Harber, '06, and Edith Harber, '05, Mary Masters, '07, Bess Judson, '07, Betty Love, '08, Franees Bragdon, '05, Imo Blakestad, Mildred Johnston, '06, Helen E. Carter, '07, Clara Mattlage, '06, Helen Sebring, Bess Louise and May Florence Thielens and Emma Bone. Tells that Ella Tenney (here in '02, '03) is to be married soon to Mr. Irwin Fuller of Peoria, Ill. Of Irene Sauter Sanford's, '06, visit to Julia Potter, '06, and of an expected visit from Florenee Stark to Helen Carter. Of Callie LeSeure's, '03, enthusiastic

description of her stay with Helen Danforth Baker and her "darling boy." Of Blanche Harber's meeting with Fan Brookfield Butler and Bess Beno. Of Ada Wood Peterson neighboring with Mildred Johnston in Chicago. And of many Illinois Lasell people in friendly touch with Edna Matthews Condit. Lucy is keeping in touch with Lasell girls in her neighborhood. She is kind enough to congratulate the LEAVES on its appearance and closes by declaring that she has heard from many sources that Richard Austin Winslow is the sweetest baby that ever lived. You are right, Lucy, and if you have any doubts come and *taste* for yourself.

Among other good works, Lucy seems to be busy in inducing certain Illinois girls to make Lasell their school home. A very practical and convincing sign of loyalty.

Gertrude Taggart, '97, is one of the "old girls" who is sending a representative, and Callie LeSeure, '03, hopes to be represented by a new girl from Illinois.

Rosa Best of Malden is spending the winter in Southern California, with her sister and brother.

Minnie Kiesel of Ogden has registered on the Bragdon phone, and I am hoping to see her. She is expecting to go to Europe in May, and half promises to call at Lasell on her way.

Helen Johnson Kelley (she came to Lasell from Burton, Washington) lives now at 900 Beacon street, Los Angeles, where her husband is Commandant in the Urban Academy which is for boys and girls. Both have military drill. They wear the prettiest uniform I have seen anywhere. Col. Kelley is strong in school work. Helen is the proud mother of a five year old boy and a three year old girl. I met Emilie Kothe Collins, '00 on the street today and had a little chat. She is in love with Southern California, though she has not seen it at its best. Called on Carrie Gilman Rice, '94, at the Portsmouth, L. A. She mothers a native born Californian boy eight weeks old.

Louise Whitney Weaver reports that she has lived at 1044 Grand View street, Los Angeles for three years and thinks she told me of the change. Probably she did and I did not get it down, though I try to be careful in such matters. Her mother is with her this winter and Luella Dadmun Brooks, '74, is to visit her this week.

I want to thank somebody for the Christmas cover of the LEAVES. I think it very good. I wonder who designed it?

C. C. B.

A friendly letter from Eo Schram Boole, of 402 10th Ave. North, Seattle, Wash. This note of information was prefaced with a graceful apology for a long silence. We wish she would visit Lasell and bring with her that twenty months old son.

Edith Ebersole, '03, writes that Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Warren Allyn have a fine, big son, Horace Warren, born on the 31st of January. Annie Mae is doing splendidly, and "small sister Marjorie is tickled to pieces." As for Edith herself, she is having a gay winter and flies every minute. But she is as enthusiastic about Lasell as ever, and was so glad to hear all about the reunion.

I intended sending you an account of our reunion before this, but have been very busy lately, so I trust that this will reach you in time:

The Lasell Club of New York held its sixteenth annual meeting at the Plaza Hotel, on Saturday, Feb. 6th. Mrs. W. B. Day, the president, assisted by Mrs. Irving D. Kip, Miss Harris and Miss Merz, received the guests. The luncheon was served at one o'clock in the east rooms of the hotel, the guests being seated at small round tables.

Before leaving the dining room Mrs. Day

read letters from Professor Bragdon and Miss Potter, who expressed their regrets at not being present. It was a great pleasure, though, to have with us two other representatives of Lasell, Miss Packard and Miss Richmond, who brought us very welcome messages from our school.

A business meeting was then held in the reception hall, after which included the election of new officers as follows: Edith Harris, president, Mrs. Wm. P. Couch, vice president, and Miss Cora Danforth secretary and treasurer. Other business was then attended to, after which the guests enjoyed a social hour. The following were present: Lillian M. Packard, '83, Blanche Richmond, '09, Carol Maude Case, '99, president of the Connecticut Valley Club, Katharine Jenckes, '04, Elizabeth Towle Waters, Cora Danforth, Mrs. James J. Sheppard (Rena F. Masters), Mabel Case Viot, '94, Mrs. W. B. Day (Anna Burr), Elsa Merz, Mrs. Edwin Carpenter (Cornelia Cushing), Grace Huntington, '89, Mrs. Claude Walker (Harriette S. Ward, '01), Maudie Stone, '88, Mrs. Perry White (Sara Lawrence), Mrs. Julio Gadsden (Laura Place), Sara Soule, '03, Mrs. I. D. Kip (Edith Howe, '97), Mrs. H. Mather, Mrs. George Foote (Eva Ferris), Cornelia de Groff, Margaret Tompkins, Blanche Gardner, '00, Mrs. E. A. McCoy (Ada Cadmus, '98) Sarah Strong, '06, Laura Simons, Mrs. L. C. Kleinhaus (Helen Wiedenmayer), Elinor K. Chamberlayne, Annie S. Young, '97, Louise Morrell, '08, Ethel West, Gertrude Bragdon, '08, Grace A. Foster, Mrs. Robert Johnston (Anna Tompkins), Mrs. N. L. Wilson, (Susan Griggs) Hazel North, Edith Harris, Mrs. W. A. Root (Mabel Hamlin), Mrs. I. S. Dillingham (Nora Burroughs, '97), Mrs. W. F. Etherington (Grace Garland), Bertha Inglis, Mrs. Wm. W. Robinson (Bertha Blanche Henlin), Mrs. G. Walker, Mrs. R. G. Ludwig (Tryphena Urich), Mrs. Alfred C. Fones (Elizabeth Harwood, '89), Annie Gwinnell, '88, Alice Fuller, Mrs. Edward P. Call (Mary Marshall), Lucile Zeller, '04, Mrs. Wm. P. Couch (Susan Hallock).

Trusting this will be a satisfactory account, and with love to Lasell.

Very sincerely,
Elsa C. Merz, Sec.

New York, Feb. 24, 1909.

Marriages.

Gertrude A. Clark, '97, to Mr. James E. Rayner on Wednesday, February 17, at Northampton, Mass. At home after April 1st, Riverbank Court, Cambridge.

Edna M. Hancock to Mr. Leonidas Beck on Wednesday, February 24th, at 1621 North 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

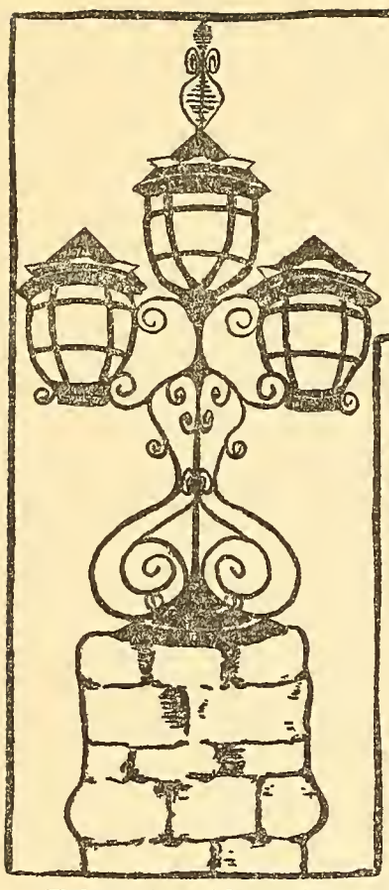
Deaths

A very tender and beautiful tribute is received from one of the Oakland, (Cal.) papers to Grace Freuler Baker, of Lasell in 1906. This former school-mate endeared herself to our circle during her stay with us. We extend heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved husband and parents.

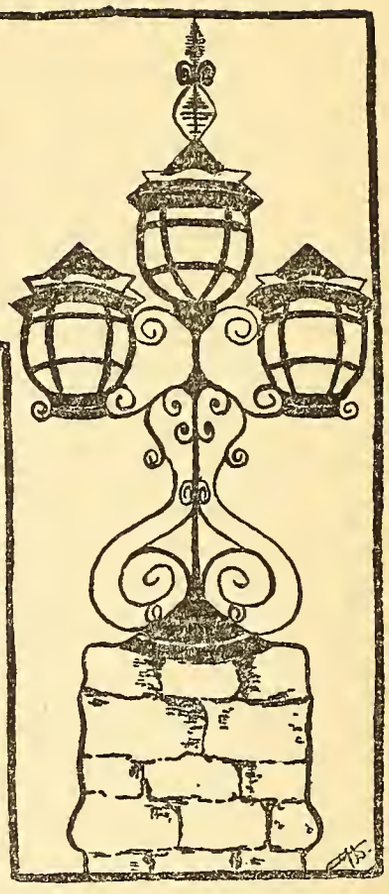
The Oakland (California) Enquirer, of February 22d, contains a most tragic account of the passing away of Carmen Percy (here in '05, '06), who was drowned in Bolinas Bay. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the family of our former schoolmate.

THE AGE OF THE MICROBE.

People just now are living in a state of almost morbid apprehension concerning what they should eat and drink. There have been the paleolithic age and the red sandstone age. The present age would come to be known as the bacillus, microbe and tubercle age.—*Lord Rabblesdale in House of Lords.*



LOCALS



Feb. 11. As many of our students were unable to attend the Revival Meetings, held in Boston, Dr. Winslow procured the services of two men taking part in this wonderful work, and we were delighted to hear them at the chapel service on this Thursday.

Feb. 12. Dr. Gordon took charge of Chapel and gave us a very helpful talk on a few phases of the life of Lincoln.

Feb. 13. In preparation for the "Day of Prayer," a prayer service was held in the parlors at nine o'clock.

Feb. 14. All enjoyed and were benefited by the "Day of Prayer" during which special services were held.

Feb. 18. On this evening we enjoyed a piano recital by Alvah Glover Salmon, of Boston, whose skilful interpretations of Russian compositions were delightful.

Feb. 20. At the regular lecture hour, Mr. Allen, an eminent lawyer of Newton, gave the first of a series of law lectures.

Feb. 20. On this same afternoon, the Eames musical in Boston was enjoyed by many of our girls.

Feb. 21. Dr. Winslow gave us a very interesting talk, at Vespers, on the work of Dr. Grenfell, in Labrador.

Feb. 22. In accordance with an old custom of Lasell, the girls appeared this evening as stately dames of the time of Washington.

Feb. 24. Immediately after dinner we carried sofa pillows to the dimly-lighted gymnasium, where Miss Curtiss gave us a delightful organ recital.

Feb. 25. We all enjoyed the recital given on this evening by Julia ter Kuile. The violinist, who assisted, made a charming addition to the highly pleasing and extremely well rendered program.

Feb. 27. In this second law lecture "Deeds" were discussed.

Feb. 28. Dr. Fisher was the speaker at Vespers, his helpful address was filled with material for thought, being based on the first verse of the first book of Psalms, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of the sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful!"

March 1. In the morning a few girls enjoyed horse-back riding. Later in the day a party visited the Art Museum of Boston.

March 2. The prayer meeting was led by Miss Packard, who made it one of preparation for those revival meetings that are soon to be held here in Auburndale.

March 4. One of the most pleasant evenings of our school year was spent with Henry Turn-

er Bailey, whose lecture on "A Few Phases of Nature," afforded us great pleasure and taught us many things concerning plant life in general.

March 6. The third law lecture dealt with a few essentials in the make up of "a Deed."

In the evening the Seniors were the charming hostesses at an "at home" for the Sophomore class.

March 7. At Vespers, Professor Amos Wells gave us a helpful and instructive talk, his subject being taken from Luke 9:20.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

Five thirty o'clock—the dinner gong rang
And quickly from seeming nowhere there sprang
A number of little old ladies, all gray,
Wearing gowns of an early and far distant day.
"Are they ghosts? Are they real? Just why are they here
And where did our Lasell girls all disappear?"
But sweet strains of music came borne on the air
And the dames to the dining-hall straight did repair.
When they came up again there were lights in the gym.
And a grand entertainment about to begin:
The curtrains were drawn, and forth tripped Mistress Jo
To announce the first part of a fine picture show.
'Twas all we could ask for, first came "Queen Louise,"
Next the "Countess Potoka," a nun after these,
And others as good as the first, but this time
They cannot be mentioned because they won't rhyme.
What wailing at "Laseo by the Rio Grande,"
And joy when Petrucio won fairest Kate's hand!
The applause grew in volume, mid laughter most hearty,
When Miss Chaffee recited "The Wigg's Theatre party."
But the lights came on soon, there was talking again,
And the evening's fun ended with dancing till ten;
Then the ladies departed, all wishing, I fear,
That Washington's birthday would come twice a year.

Mid-Winter Reunion

The Midwinter Reunion under the auspices of the Lasell Alumni Association met at Karandon House on Feb. 15, and after a brief business meeting the President, Mrs. Merriam, introduced Mrs. Margaret Deland, who favored the company by a reading of one of her own works. At the conclusion of the program, an informal reception was held, during which time three of the present Lasell girls, the Misses Ebersole, Swartwout and Wadsworth, furnished music on stringed instruments, while others passed the refreshments of coffee, sandwiches, frappe, cakes and candies among the guests. During the afternoon Master Richard was brought to welcome the company, and favored them by running his tongue out at them, but feel offended at his seeming inhospitality, and left many praises behind them. Many of the guests favored the girls of Karandon by visits to their various rooms, so that the girls felt that their labors of the morning had not been in vain. We should be glad to have these visitors call on us again in the near future.

M. W., '09.

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Prof. Joseph A. Hills, Martha E. Stone, '56, Flora Drew Sampson, '57, Caroline Spear, '57, Caroline Hills Leeds, '61, Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67, Evelyn P. Warren, '70, Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, Lillie R. Potter, '80, Jessie Macmillan, '82, Lillian M. Packard, '83, Nellie Packard Draper, '84, Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85, Lizzie Burnham Low, '87, Mary P. Witherbee, '92, Nellie M. Richards, '93, Helen Morris Clark, '95, Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, Alice Clark Dodge, '96, Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97, Alice Jenekes, '99, Elise Scott Mackintosh, '99, Helen Rishell, '99, Mabelle Whitney, '03, Josephine Holmes Perkins, '04, Helen A. Darling, '05, Miriam H. Nelson, '05, Agnes Wylie, '05, Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, Dorothea Turner, '06, Marion Atwell Alton, '07, Florence M. Lane, '07, Leona M. Benner, '08, Agnes E. Bullard, '08, Anna Andrews Barris, Clementina Butler, Eva Chandler, Bessie Roper Conant, Miss Alice A. Cutting, Louise G. Dietrick, Frances B. Dillingham, Elsie Fengar, Luey Johnson Fiske, Vivian Fowler, Carre Fuller, Emily H. Genn, Carrie Baleh Harvey, Harriet Sawyer Holden, Ida Stebbins Jarvis, LaVerne Reynolds Johnson, Sarah

Perkins Johnson, Edith Kimball, Pauline Lane Maxfield, Marion Fessenden Miller, Bertha Manchester Perkins, Susie Marsh Perkins, Emma Wall Pinkham, Anna Johnson Plummer, Alice Taylor Potter, Florence Rogers, Mary K. Wales Smith, Harriet Bachelor Spooner, Cora Stone, Rose Taylor, Minnie Ransom Wagner, Hattie Wetsel, Miss Statira P. Caldwell, Miss Annie Payson Call, Miss Frances K. Dolley, Fraulein Desdamona Heinrich, Mlle. Jennie LeRoyer, Mrs. Miriam N. Loomis, Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Miss Mary L. Nutt, Miss Nellie M. Warner.

Among those who expected, but were unable to attend on account of the storm were: Martha Baker, '98, Martha Atwood Baker, Lucy D. Harvey, Blanche Busell Hoffman, Ruth Talcott.

Regrets and cordial messages were received from the following: Rose Heywood Brown, '54, Mary Murdoek Billings, '56, Harriet Rice Carpenter, '56, Fanny Gray Merrick, '56, Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57, Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57, Anna Reed Wilkinson, '58, Mary A. Parkhurst, '61, Irene G. Sanford, '79, Bess Shepherd, '94, Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96, Gertrude Clark Rayner, '97, Emma F. Cleaves, '99, Elsie Reynolds, '00, Ethlyn Barber Brown, '01, Edith Dustin, '01, Bessie Y. Fuller, '02, Mabel H. Goodwin, '02, Clara B. McLean, '02, Agnes Drake, '03, Edith Anthony Carlow, '06, Helen F. Carter, '06, C. Mildred Peirce, '06, Maude B. Simes, '06, Fern Dixon, '07, Etta Handy, '07, Mary J. Richardson, '07, Lela Goodall, '08, Corinne Barbour, Rosalie Bennett, Lois Blaisdell, Gladness Blethen, Susie Garfield Blodgett, Lizzie Benyon Bourne, Ada Langley Briggs, Minnie A. Bullard, Maud W. Clark, Mary Childs Clement, Susan Hallock Couch, Ethel V. Crosby, Bessie H. Dana, Elizabeth Sweet Darling, Mabel Deming, Ruth E. Evans, Frances Thomas Fiske, Sue I. Gallup, Alice Goodell, Lida Peck Green, Myra Sweet Hall, Amelia C. Harris, Evie L. Harris, Annie Phillips Hastings, Alcine Hotchkiss, Carrie B. Lane, Cora Penniman McFarland, Fanny S. MacKenzie, Mrs. E. L. D. Mowry, Irene P. Norman, Margaret Noyes Otis, Sadie C. Peckham, Elizabeth Peirce, Eleanor Percy, Emma E. Porter, Grace Purtill, Mary E. Putram, Gertrude Reynolds, Eva C. Robertson, Bessie Robinson, Minnie T. Sawyer, Anna Bartlett Shepard, Lois Soule Smith, Florence Stark, Ethel Anderson Stewart, Myra Steward, Stella Smith Strong, Genevra Strong, Julia C. Tarbox, Edna L. Thurston, Edith Tilton, Delia Tripp, Alice G. White, Beatrice Whitney, Lillian Gould Wilson, Etta Colby Wolfe, Miss Kate L. Adams, Miss Mildred B. Ames, Miss Evelyn Bates, Miss Augusta Ely, Miss Alice R. Hall, Miss Kate M. Plummer, Fraulein Hermine Stuven, Miss Lois E. Williams.

In response to the kind invitation of the Lasell Club of New York, Blanche Richmond, '09, and I were guests at the mid-winter reunion. The gracious hospitality we can never forget. We left Lasell on Friday, February 5. On that evening we dined at the Astor House with Mr. and Mrs. Day (Nina Burr), and Elizabeth Towle Watters. Later Annie Gwinnell called on us at The Plaza, Saturday was the day of the luncheon. Blanche went to Mrs. Day's at Newark, N. J., for over Sunday, and took dinner with Louise Morrell in Passaic. They kindly excused me that I might visit friends in Yonkers, but Sunday afternoon I spent with Mrs. Ingham ("Polly" Stebbins) at the parsonage in Irvington. Monday we lunched with Edith Harris, her mother and Blanche Gardner at a cozy Tea Room. Can you read between the lines the stories that were told over the tea cups, that recalled many delightful experiences of the old school days?

The reunion itself was the event of our vacation. More than fifty of our girls were present, and they evidently had come to enjoy the hours and make others enjoy them. Businesslike in their business meeting, and in all the necessary arrangements—whole hearted in their cordiality, modest in the accounts of their busy lives, loyal as ever to Dr. Bragdon and the past; equally loyal to Dr. Winslow and the present, they won our hearts. Home was the popular topic—their own homes—how we should love to see them all in them, surrounded by the boys and girls, Lasell grandchildren. Lasell makes no mistake in its emphasis on preparation for home life. We brought back as prizes ten new subscriptions to the LEAVES.

For all those who made this trip possible, we are grateful.

Lillian M. Packard.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.—*Menander.*

Senior Entertainment

Saturday evening March 6, the Seniors entertained the Sophomores at Karandon House. The request on the invitations that we come dressed to represent songs prepared us for the novel and enjoyable evening which followed. After receiving a hearty welcome, cards were distributed on which were written the words "Nineteen Eleven," out of which we were to construct as many words as possible. In about ten minutes, our hostesses thinking that our brains had been sufficiently taxed, in that particular direction, passed around a number of illustrated advertisements, asking us to supply the names which previously had been cut off. While the guessing was in progress, such exclamations as, "Oh, where have I seen that before," and "Oh I know that as well as I do my own name," were heard. The advertisements exhausted, our memories were sorely put to task in a rather unique fashion. Ordinary objects sueh as a collar button, a pen point, and a spool of thread, each tied up in a small crimson bag, were passed around in rapid succession. After having felt them we tried to remember what each one was, and wrote it down. The next number on the program caused endless mirth. The mere sight of the name "Senior Noses," could hardly fail to make any one laugh. Each Senior put her nose through a hole which had been cut in the center of a large piece of red cambric. This looked so comical that we almost forgot to write down the names of the respective owners. By this time the space on our cards was filled, and it was necessary to pass papers on which we were to write the names of the songs represented by the different girls, all of which were so cleverly contrived that we had no little trouble in guessing the correct names. Our papers were then gathered up, and we were left ready to receive the pleasant surprise which followed.

Two boxes of daffodils were then passed around, one to the Seniors and the other to the Sophomores, and by means of corresponding numbers, which were wrapped around the stems of the flowers, each Sophomore found herself with one of her hostesses for a supper partner. Everything was served most daintily, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The prizes, one of which, a most artistic brass candlestick, was won by Helen Thurkeil, and the other a stunning Lasell shield, won by Mildred Sneider, were then distributed.

We were next honored by a visit from a most distinguished gentleman, Master Richard Austin Winslow, and despite the lateness of the hour he was in a very cheerful humor. After his departure we gathered around the piano and sang Lasell songs. Taking advantage of a silence which followed we sang a song written to our sister classmates. A little yelling was indulged in, and then we bade our dear Seniors good night. I am sure this will be long remembered by every Sophomore present, as one of the most enjoyable evenings spent at Lasell.

Day of Prayer

On Sunday, the fourteenth of February, we were brought into a closer touch with the Student World than perhaps on any other day of our school year thus far. This was the day, generally set apart by schools and colleges, for prayer. At Lasell the services of the day began with the morning watch at eight o'clock, a voluntary service, and therefore the more enjoyed by those who attended. It had the happy effect of putting one into the right attitude and spirit for the services which were to follow, and was a help and a fresh inspiration to right living and right thinking.

In the afternoon we felt ourselves very fortunate, indeed, to have Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, of the Mt. Vernon Congregational church, Boston, to address us. On the text, "Jesus was

led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," he based a very plain and practical remarks to us as students. We should learn, he said, to resist persistently temptation in our every day school life; to study diligently, and not to let our lessons conquer us, nor to allow interference, in the form of temptation, of any kind while we were doing our rightful work, whether it were studying or another task.

In the evening there was an informal Christian Endeavor service, at which Mrs. Francis E. Clark was the speaker. The sum of her address was to the effect that we ought to stand up for our religion in whatever circumstances we might be placed, and to try and do only those things which we think Christ would approve. She related many interesting incidents concerning the Cleveland league, "What would Jesus do?" Her text was, "Study to show thyself approved unto God," and everyone who heard her will probably always remember II. Timothy 2:15, and how inspiring a motto it is for one to follow!

Most helpful to the girls in their observation of Day of Prayer, were the revival meetings, lately held so successfully by Mr. Alexander and Dr. Chapman in Boston. To those of us who heard these men, the day was of especial blessing, for we had previously been brought into closer touch and sympathy with our religion and fellowmen by their talks. Our processional for the afternoon service was "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus" to the inspiring tune which Mr. Alexander taught us to sing it. We will not soon forget Mr. Harkness' playing, which added so much to the meetings; his compositions are ones which will last, and when we think of this man who has given up his life to this kind of work and written so many beautiful tunes which will be sung all over the world for years to come, it seems that we, too, might do something for the service of mankind. Mrs. Clarke's text was the very one that Mr. Alexander had taken for his life motto a few years ago, and which doubtless a great many persons are endeavoring to follow.

To every one who entered into the spirit of the services of the day, they were a welcome help to better living, to that turning over of a new leaf, that we so often endeavor honestly to do. It was like a New Year to some of us, in the fact that a great many new resolutions, plans for a better, more satisfying life in the days to come, were made. C. B. '09.

The Memorial to Miss Carpenter

Edited at the request of Dr. Bragdon by her cousin, Mr. Henry A. Starks, is completed.

It is a work of love, composed of appreciative words of this noble life made by many of her friends. A short sketch of her life is followed by worthy tributes from Dr. Bragdon and other fellow-teachers and friends, parts of two of her own letters to Lasell clubs, messages from pupils, and memories of her last days written by Dr. Bragdon, Dr. Peloubet, Miss Nutt and Miss Witherbee. The book closes with an account of the funeral services held in the school chapel, giving a partial report of Dr. Parkhurst's address and the closing prayer.

As this memorial is a collection of personal expressions of love and appreciation, written, for the most part, with no thought of their being published in this form, it is an eminently fitting monument to the beauty of Miss Carpenter's life, and the love and esteem in which she was held by all who knew her.

There are some copies at the Seminary to be had for $1.00 each.

I, as one of you, beg you to join the Consumer's League, which we are going to start here at Lasell. It is a thing that has been long needed here, and it is your duty to help

along this splendid work. If you do not know about the work the league is doing, make it a point to study the conditions under which some of the clothes you wear are made, and you will find that you will be glad to do anything to better those conditions. The only way you can be sure the clothes you buy are made under sanitary conditions, is to buy goods bearing the League label, no other labels are authentic. When you join this league you need make no promises to buy their goods, you can do as you please about that, all that is asked is that you state that you are in sympathy with this splendid movement. The membership is a dollar, but four people can take out a membership, thus making it cost only twenty-five cents.

C. W. A., '09.

"The LASELL LEAVES has not been as good lately as we have seen it. Would it be impossible to get a new cover design?"—TALLOW DIP.

"We were very glad to welcome the LASELL LEAVES. The *Items from California* certainly did interest us, and the stories are very good."—VOX PUELLARUM.

The Exchange Editor would be pleased to have any criticisms from her schoolmates concerning the Exchanges—whether the present form is an improvement over the old, or whether they have new papers to recommend or any comments whatever to give.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Miss Jane Brownlee recently spoke to 1,500 teachers in Cincinnati and to 600 in Columbus, Ohio, on the ethical training of children. For several months she has been kept busy addressing teachers' institutions, and it seems significant that many programs at such meetings have recently dealt almost exclusively with character building in the schools.—*New York Sun.*

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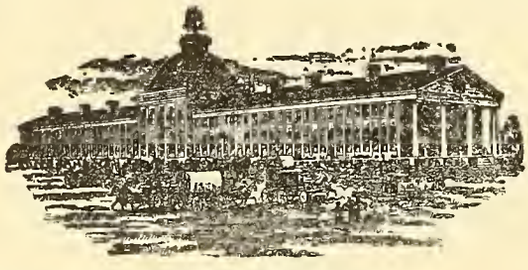
Be very sure that the girl who thinks it too much trouble to acknowledge a kindness, or who is neglectful of small attentions will have cause to repent her ungratefulness. When she begins to wonder why her invitations fall off, let her look here for the reason.

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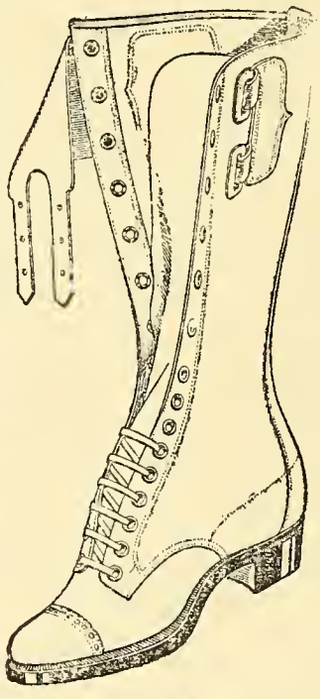


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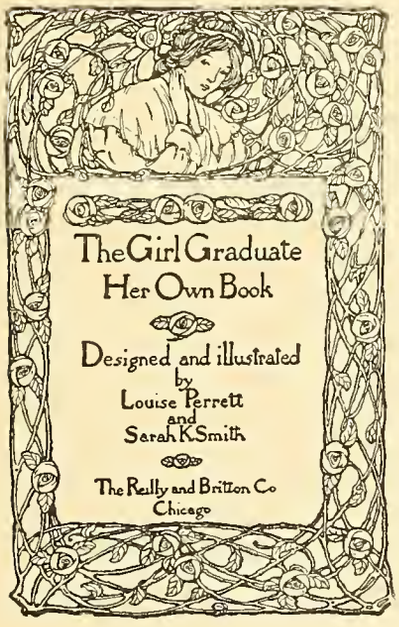




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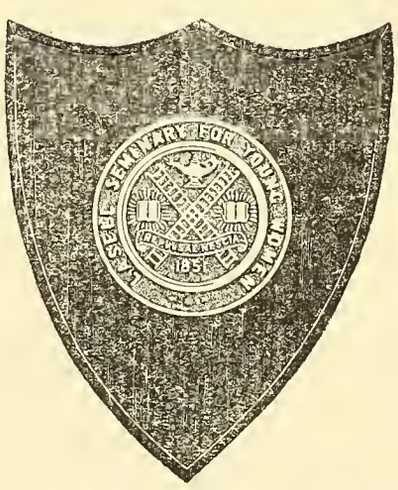
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Crowds and Their Ways.

The 19th of April, 1775, witnessed the thrilling ride of Paul Revere; the 19th of April, 1909, the exciting but less momentous "Marathon Race." Some of us who saw the contestants in this race pass through Auburndale that day, wondered whether the game were worth the candle; Paul Revere, at least, had no doubt of the value of the game *he* was engaged in. The sultry heat of the day of this '09 race, the length of the course, the exhaustion of the runners—was it sensible under such conditions? Does such a race pay?

But it was of the crowds I was going to speak. After the manner of people who want very much to see some spectacle, they gathered on this day also away ahead of time, and their long uncomfortable wait made them impatient and restless and tired, so that there was perhaps more rudeness than might otherwise have been noticeable. Query: Is it worth while to waste so much time for so little reward, and at the cost of kindliness? These crowding, pushing folk might just as well—much better indeed—have kept themselves to the sidewalks and such other space as did not encroach on the road along which the runners were to pass, and thus leave that free and unobstructed, and incidentally give the police a pleasant hour or so, instead of a strenuous one. Again, the annoyance of ill-tempered jeering and gibing, and the foolishly sarcastic remarks audibly made as one or another pathetically weary runner went by, were a vexation to all courteous people, and must have seemed such to the runner in question. Such cheap and silly smartness is beneath contempt. Once more, are the autos to be supreme in America? Surely others have some small claim to consideration. Yet these vehicles inconvenienced many, hurt some, seriously threatened others, had to be restrained, as if it were *only the police* that kept them from further outrage. It was like an "auto show" for numbers, along that roadside. How do we behave in a crowd? It may well be taken as a measure of our right to be considered as gentlefolk.

A great deal has been written and said about the miracle of the little seed, and naturally enough, for who can point to a greater miracle of the present time? There is a chance for just such a miracle, the miracle of a little seed, to take place in our midst today, if we will each one of us help it on. The seed was first dropped by one of our exchanges, "Thyme and Lavender," where it said, "Why not season your LEAVES with more personal hits?" That criticism was clean-cut, and to the point. Why not, girls? A school paper is supposed to be an expression of the life and thoughts of the school, is it not? Yet, when we read editorials, excellent though they be, and interesting articles on various other subjects, who would ever think that we laugh and make merry, here, much the same as other girls do? Does a day go by that you do not hear some witty remark or good, personal joke? I think not, yet nothing of them creeps into the LEAVES.

It has often been said that "the pen is mightier than the sword." It is also true that it is used by those who dare not use the sword. If we should introduce "personal hits" let us, while guarding against all unkindness, pass on any good, available witticism of this sort to our Editor, provided, of course, it is something that will make the victim laugh as well as others.

Let us plant this little seed of suggestion in our minds; the LEAVES may profit by it later.

A curious fact about diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets, or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature.

Judge Lindsay's Talk.

It is said that the child was the great discovery of the nineteenth century, but the work of developing the child was left to the twentieth century. Among the most concerned in the latter work, Judge Ben Lindsay holds a prominent position. He has done more to turn boys to the right, and to interest us in so-called "bad" boys than any other American, and his juvenile court has begun a movement, which promises to be widespread. Although most of us had a general idea of his work, few of us knew much about him personally, so we were glad to hear him speak to us at Lasell on Wednesday, April fourteenth, 1909. Those particular young people among whom the Judge's work lies are not "just naturally bad." Crime is largely a matter of strength and weakness, and of environment. He reminded us that we, who have the advantages of home, education and friends, are a minority; and, furthermore, that of the unfortunate majority, who lack these, many more boys than girls were brought before him for trial. He once asked a little girl why this was true. Resolved not to be outdone by boys, she retorted, "That ain't nuthin.' One bad girl's wuss'n twenty bad kids."

Some of these boys are in the grasp of the "go-fiend," or "moving about fever." They are regular little tramps or "bums." He told of one youngster who used periodically to disappear on these "bumming expeditions." One time on a vacation of this sort, he read in a newspaper about a boy of a nearby town who had been kidnapped. A bright idea came to him, and he reported at police headquarters as the missing boy. He answered the description and succeeded in deceiving the police, and was about to be sent to his supposed parents, when his trick was discovered. The Judge found him a few hours later in the "lock-up." "Judge," said the youthful tramp," dey spoilt de best bum I ever planned." He had supposed that his identity would not be detected until he had reached the home of the kidnapped boy, when he would have had a free ride on the train. He told the Judge a strange story about having lived for the last week in a piano box in a bad part of the city, and took the Judge along to prove that he had told the ruth. Sure enough, there was the box, and from it sprang a mangy dog who showed by his affectionate demonstrations, that he and the boy were old friends.

Then there was the boy with the horse stealing mania. This seemed to be nothing less than a disease. The boy saw an empty carriage, jumped in and rode off. He didn't know why he did it, nor care where he went. He had done the thing many times before; his punishment had not cured him.

The old system of dealing with child criminals fought the child, rather than the crime. A book on the Old Bailey of London, written in 1833, gives many examples of inhuman treatment of such wrong doers. Children were sentenced to be hanged for the most trivial offences, and the minimum penalty for what we call petit larceny, was a life sentence of imprisonment. It is the revulsion of popular feeling that has made possible the passage of such laws as that of Colorado, in April, 1899, and that of Illinois in June of the same year. These laws state that a child cannot be charged with crime, but is rather commended to the state for help, sympathy, protection, and education. This is the most radical reform *ever* made in law.

The statement that the child belongs first to the State, was startling to most of us, but it is not unreasonable as it seems at first glance. It is for the protection and best good of the child that this should be so; the State recognizes that in the welfare of the child lies its own future welfare. As a means of discharging this responsibility, the State establishes schools, play

grounds, day nurseries and churches. The Sunday-school is a splendid place for a boy of this sort, but it is hard to put him there. He is apt to agree with the view of the youngster who grumblingly said that he put in a penny and got nothing out of it.

There is much misery among children, which might be averted by the State. For instance, thirty-two thousand children are each year made orphans, as a result of accidents in coal mines alone. If the State would do its duty, it must force employers to provide safety appliances for their employees, thus protecting these helpless victims of circumstance.

We, too often think of bad children, as being bad because they are the children of foreigners, but their bad habits and criminal actions are the result not of their parentage in itself, but of their environment. If we would make these little children into good citizens, we should surround them with good influences,—we should improve their neighborhoods by establishing trade schools, churches, and boys' clubs. The jail and criminal court cannot do this for the child, for under their system an average of seventy-five per cent. are returned to be tried for further offences, while under this modern system only ten per cent. return.

One evening a police officer telephoned the Judge that a boy who had just received sentence to the reform school, was "having fits" over at the prison, and they couldn't "close him up." So the Judge went to the cell where this little 12-year old then was, to talk the matter over with him. He explained how if he let a boy who stole out of jail, people would say he was a pretty poor sort of judge, and then they would take his job from him. Here the small criminal interrupted with a promise never to steal again, for he didn't want his friend to "lose his job." He was given a chance, and the boy's word was good, and the Judge hasn't yet lost his job.

The first time that the Judge put a boy on his honor, and sent him alone to the reform school, the police had a bet on, that the boy would run away. But the Judge told him about the stake, and the youngster reassured him, "I'll help ye fool de cops, I'll stick by ye, Jedge." So he walked sturdily and alone through the big grey gates of the school at Golden, and won a great victory for the Judge, his good friend.

It is in this quality of being a friend, of winning the hearts and confidence of boys that this great man's power lies. He was the first to give the child a "square deal" before the law, and to realize that it is safe to make an appeal to the child's conscience and honor. That he will have in the future even greater success than he has had in the past no one who knows what a good fight he has made for the erring, misguided boy can doubt.

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WHAT IT DOES.

"Speaking of poetry, does the modern school make us think?"

"Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary—that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"He may win the race."

"Yes; he's short legged, but long winded."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An August Picnic.

At about three o'clock one beautiful August afternoon eight of us packed ourselves, our picnic baskets and boxes into a large touring car and started,—whither we had not planned, but took one pretty road then another as we came to them. We enjoyed the beautiful scenery as we ran now over a hill, and now through a valley, coming sooner than seemed possible with Philadelphia so near, into beautiful fresh country, where at the sound of the horn and the sight of the car the cows grazing in the fields or placidly wending their way homeward, were startled into headlong flight, and even the heavy, old farm horses kicked up their heels, and with a toss of their heads went, some galloping, some trotting, off to a safer distance to watch us go by. Once we came to a place where the road was torn up so that it was impassable, but an old woman, with a very sweet face, called to us that if we would take down a bar of the fence and run straight across the field, we would come to another road. One of the boys got out and took down the bar for us, so that the cut across was easily made, though we could have imagined with great ease that we were on a rough sea in a little boat, for it was decidedly rugged running. Just as the sun began to go down, we came to a road that ran along about a quarter of a mile back from the silvery Brandywine, noted for its beauty. It appealed to us as an attractive place to eat our lunch, and running up to the old farm-house, where the folk were already eating their supper, we asked permission to go into the pasture, which lay between the road and the stream. Once more we took down the bars of a fence, being very careful to replace them firmly after entering, for we saw a large herd of lovely cows grazing a little farther upstream, and also a few horses and sheep wandering around near them. About half way we had to leave the machine, on account of a trench which could not be crossed except on foot, and here, stepping out we ran with everything eatable, lugging parcels in our arms, or swinging baskets almost to upsetting, to the very edge of the water, where we soon had things spread out, and ourselves ready to enjoy them. Suddenly we heard a bugle call, and looking across and up the stream, we saw, just out of the woods, a little log house built on piles over the water, and sitting around a rough table on the hanging porch five healthy looking boys of nineteen or twenty, ready to eat the camp supper that had been cooked over a fire on the shore from which a thin film of smoke was still rising. It was a beautiful picture, and between all the "goodies" and fun, we could not help exclaiming at the lovely landscape around us,—the sunset tints reflected on the quietly winding stream, and the little cabin to which the darker woods served as a fine background; while on our side of the water was the open field, where were only the few trees near where we were, and the cattle, some coming slowly nearer, some going down to the stream to drink.

After we had finished eating, and had put the boxes and papers into one big basket, we wandered around, some up stream and some down. Two of us met the campers coming down stream in their canoes, and were much amused at the little jokes and stories they told us about their fun in camp; and then as the dark drew on we went back to our former place, where as we all sat on the bank with our feet hanging over almost into the water, we told funny and weird experiences, and sang, Father and Mother seeming to enjoy it all as much as we younger ones.

A little after nine we once again got into the machine and started for home, but as we did not want to traverse again the bad road by which we had come, we took a much longer route, so that before we were at all near home the big moon came up, bright and clear, casting silvery lights and shadows, and making exquisitely complete the conclusion of a very enjoyable picnic.

H. P. M.

Easter Vacation.

Easter vacation began at noon of April 2d. We, who were to remain, saw the other girls leaving joyously, all pitying us. But they did not know what was in store for us, nor did we, then. The last one had gone, and we were alone. A touch of home crept in. Quiet reigned. At dinner there were only twenty girls, and the dining-room seemed strange. We did not, at first, know what to do. Of course, we made out our list of what good things we should like to eat, strawberries and ice cream holding first place. Then we had a surprise: we might keep our lights on until eleven o'clock. Imagine! Next morning every one was at breakfast, and our first vacation day began.

The weather was perfect, and canoeing and tennis were popular pastimes. We even played baseball, much to the amusement of outsiders, for we fussed and laughed more than we played.

Wednesday at dinner, Miss Potter announced that there would be a candy pull in the kitchen that night, and at half past seven every girl was there. But it was fudge that we made, so that we could not very well "pull" it. "Patience," too, we made; and as it did not harden properly, we made toast and ate the candy with this accompaniment.

On Thursday night we were invited to Mrs. Winslow's. When we arrived, Baby Richard proved to be the center of attraction for awhile, but he was presently taken away, and for consolation, we were given certain queer looking packages. Great was our surprise when we found these to contain hats. Hats! Big, little, frames covered, frames uncovered, representatives of every year for who knows how far back. Even this year's hat was there in the shape of the paper cover of a flower pot. More green looking packages, and the trimming was brought to light. When our hats were trimmed, for each of us had to trim one, we had to pass in review before the judges, Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow and Amy Brannan. Mrs. Switzer was awarded first prize, a silver Lasell spoon, and Edna Wald, the second prize, a silver Lasell pin. The rest of the party all noticed the bad taste of the judges themselves, although we must confess that their hats were works of art. One remarkable feature of Edna Wald's hat was that a blue rose grew from the end of a black plume.

After refreshments were served, a big bag of peanuts was brought in, and every table given a pile of them. The game was to jab them with hat pins. The girls that jabbed the most in the fewest seconds had to sit at a big table, when they would be watched and there try. Eleanor Warner won the contest, receiving a Lasell stick pin.

Our artists then contributed to the program of the evening, and the party was broken up after Dr. Winslow had sung us a beautiful good-night song. To us it was one of the jolliest of parties.

Friday brought both the rain and the Washington party; on Saturday the girls were invited to Julia Hamilton's; on Easter Sunday at dinner we were given bewitching pictures of Baby Richard, and on Monday the girls returned bringing reports of their good times. We compared notes, and we who stayed at Lasell, still maintain that we had the best vacation and the most fun of all.

R. L. B., '10.

THE DISTINCTION.

School Teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot?

Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country.

School Teacher—And what is a politician?

Johnny—A man that tries to have his country benefit him.—*Judge.*

Reason is not measured by size or height, but by principle.—*Epictetus.*

The Orphean Concert.

At last arrived the long looked-for event, the Orphean concert. And who was not anxious to hear it after so often catching litle snatches of the coming music, while passing through the gym on practice days. Perhaps it would be well at this point to state of whom the club consists. Forty of the girls having the best voices, are selected at the first of the year, and placed under the careful training of Mr. Dunham, a well known organist of Boston, who prepares our Forty Immortals to do delightful chorus work for the big concert, usually given at the end of each term. The club is always assisted by two soloists, and this year, it was fortunate in securing Mrs. Blanch Kilduff, and Miss Florence Jepperson, both well known in Boston musical circles. Mrs. Kilduff's voice is one of beautiful quality, high and clear, and Miss Jepperson's deep contralto, greatly charmed all who heard her.

The gym, where the concert was given, was on that occasion resplendent in the beautiful rose-garden decorations, allowed to remain after the Junior party, of the week before. Could there be a prettier picture as one entered the gym that evening?—The stage full of daintily gowned young girls,all full of the excitement of the occasion, and all eager to know the excellent result of their weeks of hard work, and faithful practice. The audience began to assemble early, not the school girls alone, but numerous guests and others from outside, so that by the time appointed for beginning, the gym was filled to overflowing.

The first part of the program consisted of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," and although the chorus in this work is difficult, it was remarkably well done by the club. The solos of Mrs. Kilduff and Miss Jepperson were especially fine, and the final chorus "Amen," held the audience in breathless silence, until the last note died away, when a burst of applause denoted the satisfaction of the hearers.

After a short intermission during which a buzz of conversation filled the room, the second part began. This consisted of a cantata, "The Singers from the Sea," by "Behrend," and was a decided change from the preceding number, being light and airy, and showing the work of the chorus to fine advantage. Nor could any but appreciative remarks be made of the solos. In the last chorus, "Homeward Returning," the voices of the singers showed increased life and animation, due, perhaps, to the thought suggested by the song—Easter vacation.

After the concert a few minutes of pleasant chat followed in the parlors. It was one of our best Lasell concerts. F. B. N.

A Trip to Washington.

We were a party of fifteen Lasell girls, jauntily attired in our new spring headgear and carefully pressed suits, who met our chaperone, Miss Dolley, at the Auburndale station at quarter after four on Friday afternoon, the first day of our Easter vacation. With the enchantments of Washington, our capitol city, in prospect, we boarded the local for Boston, and then after a hearty meal in the South station dining-room, installed ourselves in the excursion train bound for Fall River, at which point we transferred to the "Commonwealth," the large new steamer sailing daily for New York. The night was ideal; and after a thorough investigation of the boat, we sat on deck enjoying the fresh salt air and listening to the churning of the water until nine-thirty had long ago passed by. Driven to our staterooms by drowsiness, we snatched a few hours of sleep, waking at the early hour of five, in time to see the lofty statue of Liberty as we entered New York Harbor. Tall buildings loomed up before us, and one higher than all of the rest particularly attracted our attention. It was the wonderful Singer building, 48 stories in height.

An hour later we were whirling by rail to Philadelphia, where we arrived shortly after eleven. A guide took us to the Rittenhouse, one of the best hotels in Philadelphia, and here we lunched by ourselves in a small alcove off the prettily decorated dining-room. Charmed and refreshed by our surroundings, as well as by the repast, we were in a mood for anything, even the threatening clouds in the sky. The "Seeing Philadelphia" automobile which was at the door when we came up from the dining-room, carried us to all of the points of interest of the city, and gave us an idea of the way in which Philadelphia was built around the five squares which Penn laid out at the four corners and the center of the city. Broad street, twenty miles long and the widest street in the city, seemed to us a decided contrast to the rest of the narrow thoroughfares, which were bordered closely on each side by quaint brick and stone residences or stores. Many of the former had small leaded windows under which were window boxes of prim old-fashioned shrubs, trimmed in regular blocks. At Independence Hall the car halted and we went inside and saw the Revolutionary relics, of which the glorious old Liberty Bell with its hardly legible inscriptions and its large crack down one side, was of the most interest. While here a thunder shower suddenly came upon us, causing a delay, as none of us were willing to have our spring bonnets christened so early in the season. As soon as it had cleared off sufficiently, we made a dash for the station, noticing many attractive places on the way.

The final ride of a few hours, through a beautiful rolling country, brought us, tired and hungry, into Washington, a little after seven on Saturday evening. A decrepit motor car, subject to fits and jerks, conveyed us to the Hotel Arlington, and during the short drive we received our first impression of Washington, a city of mysterious constructions confronting one at every turn, a city of long, wide streets, vexed by no overhead wires or ugly telephone poles, a city even at night time, cleanly to whiteness. All that can be said of any modern, first-class hotel, and more too, could be applied to the Hotel Arlington. Our rooms were large and airy, and the meals, served to us at one long table, were excellent, although of course they could not compare with those cooked by our own youthful Household Ecnomists.

As usual, on the next morning the gong rang at seven, but its din was not so penetrating, not so alarming as the one that wakes us at Lasell. Dressed and breakfasted, we reached the Unitarian church in time to see, over the heads of the crowd, resident Taft of the smiling face march in. On account of the lateness of our arrival, however, most of us were unable to secure even standing room, and were compelled to seek other places. Six of us succeeded in hearing the Rev. Cotton Smith at St. John's Episcopal church, the old, aristocratic church of the city, where many of our presidents have worshipped, while the rest of the party spent their time in other ways. After the service was over, and we had caught another glimpse of our Chief Executive walking home from church, we met at the hotel and discussed the plans for the remainder of the day, which included a visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery, a drive to Arlington, the home of Gen. Lee at the time of the Civil war, and last, an exploration of the Congressional library.

During the course of the morning, one of our number had been carried off by a senator friend, so that it was only fourteen strong, under Miss Dolley's careful eye, that we passed between the guardian lions bordering the white marble steps and entered for the first time into one of Washington's many, enormous white wonders, the Corcoran Art Gallery. After passing through the several rooms, a feeling of admiration suddenly brought us to a standstill

before the pouting lips and unwillingly clasped hands of a little child, Guarnerio's "Forced Prayer" in marble, before the wistful eyes of the perfectly modeled figure of the Hiram Powers' Greek Slave by Vincenzo Velas, and before Renouf's life-like character painting, "The Helping Hand."

At three we found four carriages waiting for us before the entrance, one of which Mr. and Mrs. Taft had graced on Inauguration day. The ride to Arlington was too pretty to be portrayed in words. We rolled across the bridge over the Potomac into Virginia, and wound our way upward to the bluffs of Arlington, which overlook the whole city of Washington, passing through Fort Myer, an important army post, and through the Arlington cemetery, where hundreds upon hundreds of rows of Civil war soldiers lay under small white slabs, many of which were unmarked. At the unoccupied Lee house we stopped and investigated those rooms open to inspection, registering in the well-worn book. Coming back to the hotel we drove for nearly a mile through a typical Virginian negro settlement, very entertaining to those of us who had never been South.

The evening spent at the library of Congress was one we shall never forget, for each new room made us marvel the more. Once in the huge entrance pavilion, our eyes were caught by the compass inlaid in the center of the marble floor. This hall as well as all the other rooms is richly decorated with magnificent paintings, and inlaid pictures all bearing upon the subjects of learning and literature. As we passed into the comfortably furnished reading rooms of the representatives and senators, our attention was directed through a window to a large room where countless shelves upon shelves of books scemed fairly to melt into one another, and we were told that these were but a small part of the enormous circulation of the library. But that "Periodical Reading Room!" In it each girl quickly pounced upon her own particular home newspaper, fresh or stale as might be, and was immediately lost even to Miss Dolley's pleadings. Eyes finally unglued from those dear home proceedings, we ended the evening's circuit by a glance at the city of Washington in minature, under glass, as it is now, and as it hopes to be in years to come.

Bright and early the next morning our campaign began again. At the State War and Navy building, the first in line for the day, a guide escorted us through all the different departments. From the reception rooms of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, wherein upon the walls hung the pictures of all the former secretaries he marshalled us down corridors, along which were lined in glass cases the complete models of many of our war ships, to the State Library, within the walls of which are preserved under bolt and bar the original first draft of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Constitution, as well as the great seal of the United States, and many other valuables not all of which we were able to see.

Leaving here, a walk of a block or two, brought us to the Bureau of Engraving, where the government bonds, paper currency and stamps of the United States are made. Here we were only allowed to see the gold and silver certificates being made, counted and done up in uniform packages; but this was enough, for the sight of those hard-working people, persistently stamping, stamping, stamping, or counting, counting, counting under the dim yellowish light, and amid the disagreeable poisonous odor of the horrible green dye, gave us a greater realization of the true value of our treasured bills than we had ever had before.

Through the kindness of Senator Carter, a friend of one of the girls, we were to be admitted to the Senate Chamber during its session that afternoon, so we were obliged to hasten our steps towards the Capitol as soon as we had

left the Bureau of Engraving. Here again a conductor drew our attention to the notable paintings, the sculptured portraits, the statuary, and the intricate friezes in the rotunda, and in the labyrinth of corridors and rooms leading from this, all of which portrayed great men and great events in the history of our development. In the whispering gallery where the Whigs and the Tories of old were said to have heard one another's whispered conversations, although seated sixty-five feet apart, we were jammed tightly into a circle at one side of the room, and to our surprise heard distinctly the voice of our guide, who, talking in a low tone, stood back turned towards us, sixty-five feet away on the opposite side of the appartment. Sharply at the appointed time we lined up before Senator Carter's office, from which we were admitted to the Senate chamber. Here we were doomed to meet disappointment, for amid the confusion and inattention of the Senators during the procedure of the meeting and the continual coming and going of visitors, our preconceived visions of that austere, well-ordered body vanished in a second. The business before the meeting was of only minor importance, as it was the day of the Senate's adjournment, but the invocation given by one whom we all love, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, it was worth much to us to hear.

Lunch, at which the usual indispensables, beginning with oysters and ending with ice cream, were not disposed of until rather later than usual, was a slight relaxation for our weary bones before the expected jolts of the afternoon in another sight seeing car, which looped us around the loops of Dupont and other society circles, where we were awe struck when we were told in stentorian tones that here was a section so rich that every bird had a bill, and every litle blade of grass a green-back, but that nevertheless the people had to go out of town in summer to get a little change. Whirled from here into the poorer districts, we had a chance to see Washington in yet another aspect. Having turned off the fashionable speedway along the river, on account of our lumbering conveyance, we headed for the Soldiers' Home, beautifully situated on a hill, where even the old veterans eyed us in astonishment and emitted good-natured chuckles, as they directed the driver to Rock Creek Cemetery, the home of the beautifully wrought bronze statue, "Peace of God," a masterpiece of our noted American artist, St. Gaudens.

Landing before the hotel portal some time later, we went to our rooms and dressed before dinner for the theater that evening. Seated at the back of the pretty little Belasco Theater before the curtain rose upon Mr. John Mason and Miss Julia Hay in "The Witching Hour," we enjoyed a glimpse of the portly dames in their resplendent gowns as they paced down the aisles, accompanied by their notable husbands. At the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," we all rose in salute to President Taft, his wife, and youngest son, who appeared in one of the boxes opposite that of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth and her husband, who had entered a short time previous. The play, which we all enjoyed immensely led to some lively discussion among us at breakfast the next morning as to mental telepathy, the sentiment that had given strength to the play.

Tuesday, though some of our detachment were rather weary and footsore, the attractions of the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum were too great to keep them at home, and together we marvelled at the wonders displayed by them both. In the first the collection of birds and insects was a revelation to us, not only showing us how many and varied were the different species, but also educating our eyes in color combinations as nature handles them, for the beautiful harmony of colors that usually clash painfully, seen in some of these tropical

birds and butterflies, would have put even a French modiste to shame. An hour at the National Museum took us back to the time of Cliff dwellers, and brought us down the ages again with a clearer idea of the ways in which people have lived and dressed themselves up to the present date; it showed us also many things both great and small, in the animal kingdom which inhabited the earth hundreds of years ago.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped at the Treasury where after watching them stamping, counting, and cutting apart the bills sent from the Bureau of Engraving, we were taken into the cash room and shown the enormous fire and burglar proof safes containing billions of dollars, many millions of which are daily paid out.

At two-thirty that afternoon, Miss Dolley presented our pass at the White House gates, and with the onrushing throng we were pushed and jostled and crowded in the heat of one of Washington's summery, spring days, until we finally reached the cooling shade of the porte-cochere, and from here were admitted in line into the long corridor leading to the reception room. Inch by inch we gained noticing as we proceeded, the decorations along the walls, and at last gaining the huge receiving room, where we soon enough were looking into the face of our president, hearing his pleasant word of greeting, and feeling his hearty hand-shake, a reward well worth all of our former discomfort. In want of refreshments and in hope of seeing some interesting personages, we went from the White House to the Tea Cup Inn, a tea-room much frequented by Washington celebrities, where we enjoyed the most delicious of ice cream and cake, which reminded us of "What Mother used to make." However, all the looked-for occupants must have been amusing themselves elsewhere on this particular afternoon, for only three or four innocent looking-women dropped in while we were there.

Next morning we could hardly realize that we had only one more short day's stay before us, but this proved to be an eventful one, starting out with a call from two Lasell girls. One of them, Miss Hughes, whose father is a representative, kindly gave us an introductory note which secured for us his services. After we had spent the early morning to our own liking, some going up the Washington monument by elevator to command the wonderful view of Washington and its surrounding country, others revisiting the Congressional Library and venturing in addition into the Post Office, we again, for the last time, entered our Capitol and sought out Mr. Hughes, who proved to be a very efficient guide as well as representative. He took us into the Supreme Court, where the gray haired judges sat conversing, and into the House of Representatives, which was much like the Senate, although perhaps a little noisier, introduced us to the Speaker, Mr. Cannon of Illinois, and further showed us about the building. Finally he took us through the convenient subway from the Capitol to the representatives' office building, where we were shown a model office, large, light and airy. To Mr. Hughes we owe much, for had our escort been any other than one so influential, we should have missed three of the most educational experiences of our trip.

Perhaps the trip to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, showed us more natural beauty than any other. The windy steamer ride of an hour or so down the Potomac, though it did not improve our already rather dishevelled appearance, brought before our eyes some of the loveliest scenery that we had ever viewed. The venerable mansion of Mt. Vernon over looking the river, its long lines relieved against the background of budding trees, rested peacefully on a rolling green lawn, and brought to our minds visions of colonial days. Nor within its ample walls was it any the less fascinat-

ing, for the spacious rooms with their deep fireplaces and quaint furnishings, made us in spirit maids of '76. Washington's tomb, on a hillside over grown with Southern ivy, and overshadowed by swaying trees, seemed to us a fit retreat and resting-place for one so deserving. On our return we stopped off at Alexandria, where we sat in the pew at Christ Church which Washington had occupied a century and more ago.

Casting reluctant glances out of the car window we caught our last glimpse of the white spires and towers of Washington disappearing from view as we sped out of the city bound on our schoolward way. The trip back was uneventful except for the short stop at Philadelphia, where we witnessed the making of coins at the new United States mint. A day and a night of travelling, and we again trod on Massachusetts soil, and at eleven o'clock of Friday morning, the train paused at Auburndale to let off a crowd of tired but happy girls, hats very much awry and suits very much wrinkled.

We shall never forget this trip, we girls who have each brought home with us, buried deep in our heart, three souvenirs, a "crush," a "strike," and an ardent love affair. Perhaps you would like to know what they are: Our "crush," the capitol city, has not yet ceased to fire us with enthusiasm; our "strike," the diet that we prefer, ice cream, has had its day; but our love for the dearest and most considerate of chaperones, will never cease to warm our hearts.

GLADYS LAWTON.

A St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

As I was standing at the window in my room at Lasell about seven o'clock last Wednesday morning, looking out at the beautiful blue sky and morning sunlight, I saw about twenty girls come out of the building, dressed in simple white gowns with bright Irish green kerchiefs about their shoulders and bands of the same material around their skirts about five inches from the bottom. Very quaintly pretty they looked, with the bright morning sunlight on their faces, and I listened closely to the gay little Irish song which they were singing, hoping to catch, if possible, the unfamiliar words. I recognized the band as our Sophomores, and knew that they were out thus early to remind us that Saint Patrick's Day had come. Two by two, they marched over to the Senior quarters, in Karandon, across the road, singing all the way. There they stopped to cheer for the Seniors, for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and for wee baby Richard. Then back they tripped to Cushman Hall, singing the same song, and stopping in front long enough to cheer for Miss Potter, preliminary to marching on around the entire building. At the rear they serenaded the Juniors, and cheered for them. We girls, who were not of the troop, applauded from our windows, and then watched them come into the building.

The celebration, we then thought, was all over; but when we went down to breakfast, we found that each Senior had been favored with two souvenirs, one a tiny white clay pipe, tied with a green bow of baby-ribbon, and the other a miniature stovepipe hat of pasteboard covered with bright green crepe paper, with a band and bow of the same shade of ribbon around the crown, which we soon discovered was filled with delicious green and white candies (we wondered if Miss Potter had been consulted about that). Each of the Sophomores wore a similar pipe pinned on the front of her waist, an odd little decoration that looked quite fascinating, and made the rest of us wish for the time being that we too, were either Sophomores or Seniors. Most of the Sophomores wore their appropriate decorations the rest of the day, so that we had firmly impressed upon our minds just who were members of that enterprising class.

That day we attended our classes as usual,

of eourse, but with lighter, merrier hearts, beeause, after all, it is just those little unexpected breaks in the regular routine that add spice and flavor to life at Lasell; and, although to outsiders they seem unimportant, they are not so eonsidered by the girls, but remain, long after their oeeurrenee, bright little spots in memory.

A. E. C.

The following have been favored with ealls from members of their families: Misses Hall, Averill, Balch, Ballard, Farmer, Eldredge, Crafts, Flynn, Crowe, Andrews, Warner, Nelson, Chaffee, Powers, Chapman, Switzer, Laurens.

Old girls ealled: Edna Thurston, Graee Purtill, Miriam Nelson, '05, Edna Cooke Tarlton, Marion Atwell Alton, '07, Harriet Sawyer Holden, Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97, Leona Benner, '08, Lela Goodall, '08, Emma Fernald Broek, Laura and Bessie Comstock.

Marriages.

Florence H. Disman, '07, to Mr. Myron A. Loewen, on Wednesday, the 17th of Mareh, at Salida, Colo. At home after the 17th of April, 3711 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

Mabel E. June to Mr. Harry R. Wood on Wednesday, March the 10th, at Buffalo, Wyoming. At home after April the 15th, at Sheridan, Wyoming.

Marceline Freeman to Mr. Chester L. Jones on Tuesday, April sixth, at Kansas City, Mo.

Leah Gans to Mr. Julian G. Blass on Tuesday, the 30th of Mareh, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

A SISTER TO HIM?

Mistress—I had no idea, Anna, that you had a brother who is an offieer.

Maid—He only beeame so a little while 'sinee.

Mistress—Whieh—officer or brother?—*Fligende Blatter.*



Mrs. Murphy and daughter, mother and sister of our Julia Murphy, '95, from Portsmouth, O., are in Pasadena. Julia died in '06. Strange that none of us heard of her going away! Mr. Murphy died last year, and Mrs. M. and daughter now live in Chicago.

Annah Wilson of Hudson, N. Y., is reported in the eity, but has not yet reported herself to me.

Florence Disman, '07, has not taken quite the two years I allowed her to get married. She beeame Mrs. M. A. Loewen on March 17, and like a good girl (as she always was) ealled before a week had gone, with Mr. L. to show him to me. Alas! I was away. I called at their hotel twice the next day but they were out! So all I saw of Florence was her voiee over the 'phone! Too bad! ! They were here so short a time! At home in Kansas City, 3711 Wyandotte street, after April 17. A decided acquisition to our splendid Kansas City, Lasell company. He must be a pretty good man to be worthy of Florence!

Clifford Warnoek of Urbana, O., and Elizabeth Warnock Vandenbark, '94, with father, mother and sister, are among Pasadena's esteemed gnests this winter. We have called back and forth, but so far have not met our two of the family.

Mary J. Wilson at Lasell, from Roek Island, has reported herself as at 1007 Eldon avenue, in Los Angeles, was out when I ealled.

Dessie Millikin Bevans, '92, has just phoned

from L. A. that she with all the family, is on her way to San Francisco, Dr. Bevans having been ordered to the Praesidio from Cuba. I suppose it is now his turn to have a term in the north.

Virginia Wyckoff, '94, writes a good letter in which she shows her continued loyalty to Lasell. Though she says less than I could wish about herself, what she is doing to fill life, etc. She writes appreciatingly and lovingly about dear Miss Carpenter. How that noble woman lives in the love of all her girls! Virginia hears from Sara Bond Trood, '95.

Passing up California street I met Laura Weaver, '05!! We had but a moment for the car conductor wouldn't wait for us to chat! I suppose she passed on North, as I did not see her again, as I hoped to do. Her cheeks were just as rosy, and her general look gave no warrant for thinking she came for health!

Marriott Degen yielded to the dreadful but welcome temptation, and went to visit Annie MacDonald in Mexico. On an outlandish picture postal she writes "We are having such a good time!" And I believe it! Annie Mac Allyn, '02, sends an unusual picture of an "Ice Shove" at Montreal. That's the English of it! In American it is Ice Pack. Take your choice. It is a good deal of a shove, and worth photographing. Annie's address is changed to 26 Holton avenue, Westmount, P. Q. But where is that? The postmark is Toronto. Then she'll see Josephine Bogart, '98, who lives at 15 Queen's Park.

Mrs. Flint, mother of our Cora, Edith, Jennie and Jessie, splendid girls, and Mrs. Stafford, their sister and mother of our Marion, visited Pasadena in a Raymond party, and we did have a good time together. They reported all prosperous at home. We hope to see them again on their return from the North. Lestra Hibberd Saxton, '96, is visiting Alice Ball Groesbeck, who lives in San Diego. They mobiled to L. A. for a few days' stay, and delighted us by a call. They look as if life agreed with them. I scolded Alice for not letting me know she had come to San Diego to live, and she stood it well. Didn't we talk over everybody!

One of the most delightful and useful men in the church here, I find to be an uncle of our Flora Taft of Kansas City. He says Flora is now Mrs. Mason L. Dean. Grace Coon has 'phoned. She is Mrs. Palmer now, a widow with a son of nine years.

Mildred Johnston's, '06, line of acknowledgement, contains some interesting general news. "Louise Grunewald gave a luncheon for Hetty Harbine and Frances Bragdon, '05, Ida Jones, '05, Marjorie Blackman, Pearl Bates and Helen Carter, '07, were also there. Hazel Carey Adams, '05, was expected, but her small daughter Virginia kept her at home. Pearl Bates is to be married soon. Florence Stark has been visiting in the West, and spent several days with Helen Carter, '07. We had another glorious small sized reunion one afternoon, and if the three poor girls who weren't Lasell girls, if they survived their state of wonder and speechlessness, and still continue to think there are other girls and schools besides Lasell—well, it wasn't our fault. Mary Masters, '07, was visiting Edna Mathews Condit at the time, and so we heard all about Marion Stahl's wedding, at which she was bridesmaid. Mary and Bess Judson, '07, are to be bridesmaids at Helen Scbring's wedding. Lucy Wilson, '06, spent a few days with Frances Bragdon a short time ago, and last week Bess House McMillan was in Chicago. Ada Wood Peterson has been living in Chicago this winter, as are also Edna Mathews Condit, and the "Thielen twins." May Florine has been having great success teaching kindergarten, and Bessie Louise is a senior at the Chicago University. The University, by the way, has been very well represented by Lasell this year, as there were six there at one

time,—Helen Carter, '07, Bess Thielens, Florence Kipper, Anita Wilson, May Florine Thielens and myself." Mildred expects to come East soon and to pay a visit to Lasell.

Harriette Ward Walker, '01, in her acknowledgment of the picture said, "I expect to hang it in Alice's room, where she will become so familiar with it that when her time comes to go to Lasell, the original will be the first thing she recognizes there."

Betty Love, '08, is "awaiting the arrival of May, and the day when Grace and I leave for Auburndale."

Katherine McCoy, '01, writes that "Claire Hammond has announced her engagement to Mr. L. S. Partridge, of Phelps, N. Y., and expects to be married in June. Bessie Lum's, '01, people have decided to make Whittier, Cal., their future home."

Grace E. Rowe, '05, writes "each one of our class is looking forward to our 1910 reunion."

Ella M. Hazelton, '04, has just returned from abroad. She took part of the cruise of the "Moltke" and stopped at Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar, where she took a trip to Tangiers, Malaya, Algiers, Genoa and Naples.

Edith Ebersole, '03, says "Frances sends me kodak pictures of Richard once in a while—*to be looked at and returned.*"

Bessie Y. Fuller, '02, and Bertha Warren, are to spend the summer abroad. They plan to visit Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine country, Holland, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris and England.

Katharine Jenckes, '04, has been visiting Mabel Sayles, and speaks of Adele Woodworth Lindenberg being very happy taking care of her small son, born January 21st.

Annie Mac Pinkham Allyn, '02, expects to come to Auburndale this summer—to make the acquaintance of little Richard and have him meet her Marjorie and Horace Warren.

Fanny Thatcher Sibley, '06, writes in acknowledgment of the Bouguereau picture "it took me back to the parlour. I remember well of staring hard at it, trying to get an inspiration to utter a French sentence when at the French receptions, but all in vain."

Lucy Gray Wilson, '06, has been visiting Ina Harber, '06, Mary Masters, '07, was there, too, so "we had a good Lasell chat."

Edith Bailey, '00, is busy with the preliminaries of starting an establishment of her own this spring.

Bessie Hayward, '96, is teaching in Everett, and hopes to visit Lasell soon. She will be cordially welcome.

Lasell will be glad to welcome Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, who hopes to make us a visit before many months.

Sara Hayden Carlton, '95, is to move during the summer to Chicago, where her husband has accepted the librarianship of the Newberry library.

Frances Thomas Fiske is to move from Hartford to Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Her husband has accepted a position in New York City.

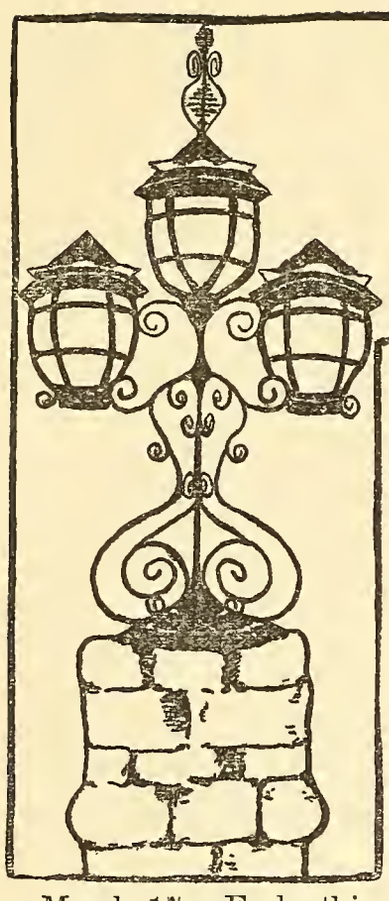
Bertha Hayden King, '03, sees Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03, every week at a music club, and has had a two weeks' visit from Florence Smith.

Frances Bragdon, '05, is in Egypt, Mass., visiting Mildred Peirce, '06, at her summer home.

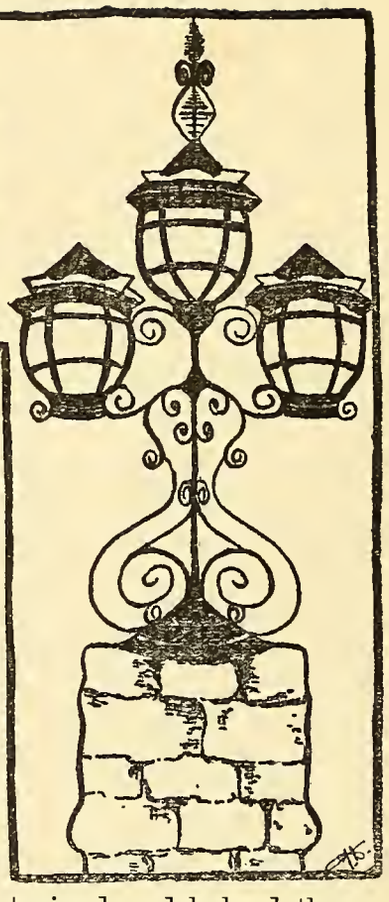
A very long and appreciative article appeared in the Indianapolis News criticising favorably the paintings of Winifred Brady Adams (here in 1889). Lasell might justly be proud of such a gifted daughter, and hopes the time will come when her name will be placed alongside of her predecessor, Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, '56, whose beautiful paintings have brought such fame to herself and incidentally her Alma Mater.

Miss P. (showing A B how to find a logarithm in Trigonometry)—What did you do with your sandwich?

A B.—Well, after I made my sandwich, I did not know what to do with it.



LOCALS



On Mareh 11. The Park Male Quartette of Boston gave us a very enjoyable entertainment in the gymnasium.

Mareh 13. At the regular lecture hour Miss Potter gave us an interesting talk on "Manners and Good Form."

In the evening another mueh expeeted event took plaee, when the Juniors entertained the Seniors at a faney flower party.

Mareh 14. At Vespers we listened to a very instruetive talk by Prof. Warren of Boston University.

Mareh 17. Early this morning we were all serenaded by the Sophomore elass, prettily dressed in the "wearing o' the green," who were singing songs in honor of the day.

In the evening, the Orphean Club gave its reeital. Many friends and guests enjoyed this delightful eoneert with us.

Mareh 19. We shall expeet to see many beautiful new Easter hats this year, as the millinery elasses began today under the direetion of Miss Freneh.

Mareh 20. At the leeture hour, Mrs. Loomis gave an interesting leeture on the Consumer's League and its purposes.

On this afternoon, Baby Diek gave his first party to which the Seniors were invited. A very pleasant hour was spent with this eharming little host.

In the evening the Dramatie Club gave the play, "King Rene's Daughter" by Hendriek Hertz, assisted by Miss Leona Benner, reader. Many of our friends enjoyed this delightful entertainment, and much praise is due Mrs. Martin, who so faithfully trained and helped them.

Mareh 21. At Vespers, Signorita Mareial of Wellesley College, gave us a soul-thrilling instruetive talk on, "Spain and the Education of its Women."

Mareh 22. Great exeitement and happiness was shown in ehapel this morning, when the announeement was made that Lasell would have a new dormitory, the house on the eorner of Maple street and Woodland Road.

In the afternoon a party ehaperoned by Mr. Wagner, visited the battleships at the Navy Yard. A very pleasant trip was reported.

Mareh 23. In the evening, A Freneh Reeeption was given by the Junior Class. A very pleasing entertainment was provided.

Mareh 24. A fine reeital was given by Professor Hill's pupils this evening.

Mareh 25. A most interesting leeture was given on "Children in Literature" by our Miss Dillingham. At the elose of the leeture, she read two of her own writings, whieh were greatly appreeiated by her audienee.

March 26. A party chaperoned by Miss Warner, attended the Harvard and Yale Debate this evening.

March 27. What a surprise met us this morning, when we on going to the dining-room, heard the Seniors' Song rising to meet our ears and then saw on entering the room, the Seniors arrayed in cap and gown standing at their own table.

At chapel, this morning, our officers for our School City Government were elected: Mayor, Mary Wythe; councilmen, Alley, Ebersole, Goodall, Hazelet and Lumbard. The campaign was quite a heated one, and great excitement reigned as to the returns of the election.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Loomis began a series of lectures. Her subject for today was, "Home Sanitation." It was very interesting and instructive as well.

March 28. At Vespers, Dr. J. Stocking of Newtonville, gave us a most earnest and inspiring talk on the text, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." 1 Cor. 15:10.

March 29. This evening a party chaperoned by Miss Chandler, attended the play, "The Servant in the House."

March 30. A fine musical rehearsal was given in the gymnasium this evening.

March 31. A small party attended the Grand Opera.

April 1. The first meeting of the Consumer's League at Lasell was held this morning. The following officers were elected: President: Mary Lumbard; vice-president, Mary Gallaher; secretary and treasurer, Jennie Stanton.

What an inspiring and helpful talk Dr. Gordon gave us at chapel. Let us too strive to "keep the sky in our landscape."

For a few moments after dinner, all the girls went out to the Crow's Nest and sang school songs.

April 2. Girls began going away for the Easter vacation.

Sixteen girls, with Miss Dolley as chaperone, started today for Washington.

April 12. Girls began coming back from the holidays.

April 14. At chapel, Judge Ben. Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, gave us a most instructive and interesting talk on "The Children of the Court."

A party of fourteen girls, with Miss Potter heard Rev. Mr. Quayle render the play Hamlet at Tremont Temple, Boston, this evening.

April 17. Mr. Allen gave us our fourth law lecture on "Wills and Relative Rights" this afternoon.

April 18. The Vesper service was held in the gymnasium, conducted by the Missionary Society. After this service, the Glee Club and a number of the girls attended the Congregational church, where Mr. Z. T. Yui spoke in a very interesting talk on "China and its Needs."

The Recent Election.

The most exciting and interesting school event of last month was the election of a Mayor and four Counellmen of our Lasell Student Organization. There were seven candidates for Mayor, and thiry-seven for Councilmen, but at the primary polls the choice narrowed to two candidates for Mayor, and eight for Counellmen. There was much enthusiasm shown in the campaign, for each of the girls was supported by a strong following, and few were "on the fence." The contest was very close, and the following were elected at the final polls:

Mayor, Mary Wythe. Councilmen, Charlotte Alley, Frances Ebersole, Mildred Goodall, Martha Hazelet.

At a special election Mary Lumbard was elected as fifth councilman.

Now that we have chosen our officers, we must give them our hearty support, and sincere good wishes, confident that they will do

their best for our school; and thus, we shall profit by this experienee in self government, and prove ourselves worthy of the privileges granted us.

Few sehools retain a loving interest of their old girls as does Lasell. This was evineed in a reeent note of inquiry for a eatalogue reeeived from Sarah Walker Morrison, (here in '54-'58).

And still they eome. A little daughter Muriel Cushing to Blanche Goll Cushing. And Katherine White Wolfe, '00, at the same time is rejoieing over the arrival of a little son, Albert Blakeslee Wolfe. Hattie Rutledge Murphy, too, is now a mother, and Lasell would like very mueh to take a peep at her dear daughter.

Lasell has a new self-appointed engineer in the personage of wee John Kirby, son of "Pat" and "Maria." A most welcome little Pilgrim.

The sending of the copy of the Bouguereau pieture has provoked many eordial and loving expressions on the part of the reeipients, for which Lasell is duly grateful.

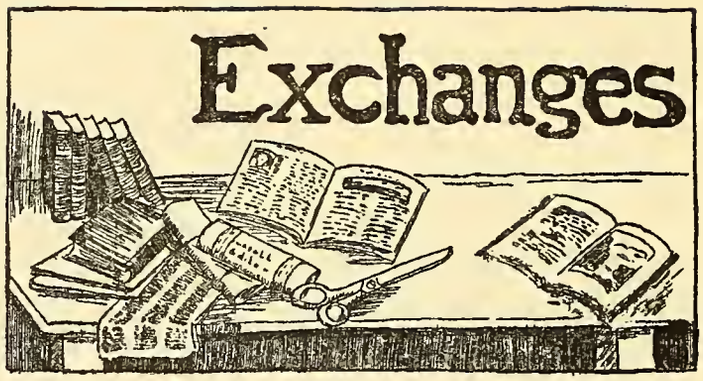
Passed Away.

We are informed of the passing away of Aliee Mae Nims, at Lasell, '05-'06, of Turner's Falls, Mass., March 31, 1909.

Lasell extends her sincerest sympathy to Sophie Mason Dumas, '83, in the loss of her mother.

Belle Fitzgerald Kerr, '81, is passing through a bereavement in the loss of her husband. A most touehing obituary appears in the Alabama Christian. Our sympathy is extended to this sorrowing Lasell girl.

At last we have received an interesting notiee of the marriage of Ethel Gallagher, '01, daughter of the President of Maryland College at Lutherville, Md., to Mr. Beekman O. Rouse of Rochester, N. Y. The happy event oeeurred Oetober 14th, and the bride and groom have been at home for some time in Rochester.



The LEAVES gladly aeknowledges the following magazines for March and April, and we beg your indulgenee if, in some eases, it is rather late. "The Megaphone," "Oak, Lily and Ivy," "Wheaton Bulletin," "The Quill," "The Herald," "Courier," "The Tattler," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Lal Bagle Chroniele," "The Seroll," "Les Collins," "Raequet," "Thyme and Lavender," "S. H. S. Review," "Red and Blaek," "Review," "Sehool Life," "Saint Andrew's College Review," "Aeademy Graduate," "A. H. S. Item," "Mirror," "Bates Student," "Polytechnie," "Quarterly Tatler," "Philomath."

"Amsterdam High Sehool Item," your somber cover belies your contents. We are glad to know that the LEAVES was reeeived, but what about it, and some of the others?

Why do the "Index," "New Trier Eehoes," "Tatler," "Item," and "Iris" stamp "Please Exehange" on their covers? You are all on our list. Haven't you reeeived the LEAVES?

Teacher (to new pupil). "What's your name?"

New Pupil.—"T-t-tommy T-t-tinker."

Teaeher.—"And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?"

New Pupil.—"N-n-no, m-m-ma'am, o-o-only when I talk.—Ex.

Too bad "Philomath" that your pages were repeated. They were so good we didn't mind, though.

We owe the deepest apologies to the following magazines because their requests to "Please Ex-

change" were not earlier couplied with. "The Liberty College Student," "The Crimson Tatler," "Superlative," "Messenger," "Raysonian," "Academian," "Commerce Caravel."

"The Item" is full of interesting and original articles. "The Pink Silk Gown," and the heading "Notes" are especially good.

"Thyme and Lavender" says, "Why not season your LEAVES with more personal hits?"

No criticism could be more justly made, nor is there one that it would be wiser to follow.

To the many papers which have remarked our lack of an Exchange column in our last issue, we wish to say that we were most unfortunately without an Exchange editor during that time.

"The Quarterly Tatler" is good in form and subject matter. We are glad to make its acquaintance.

"Wheaton Bulletin" your comment on Exchange columns is only too true. Would that more papers might see it!

We look in vain through the "Courier" for an Exchange Column.

We heartily accord with the suggestions made in the preface to the Exchanges of the March "School Life."

We fail to find the name of the LEAVES in the Exchange list of the "Dalhousie." Why this omission?

The "Lal Bagle Chronicle" brings with it a breath of the Orient, and is most welcome.

We'd like very much to be "acknowledged," if not "individually," "Newton High School Review."

We know "Mirror," that advertisements are very profitable, but must they begin on the front cover and almost drown the other matter?

A table of contents would be a welcome addition to the "Herald."

To an otherwise up-to-date and interesting paper we would suggest the addition of a "table of contents," St. Andrew's College Review. It is difficult to find our way about.

Just arrived as we go to press: "Kemper Hall Kodak," "Index," "Owl" (M. H. S.), "Mayville College Monthly," "Tattler," "Quill", "Advance," "Kalends." The last named is a stranger whom we are very glad to welcome.

The "Megaphone" would be all right if it acknowledged its Exchanges.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Elsie Florence Hodgman, daughter of Mary Adams Hodgman, (here in 1879-80), to Ensign Robert Carlisle Griffin, of the U. S. N., at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The old girls and teachers will be interested to learn of the engagement of Louise Luquiens to Mr. Charles Sheldon Judd of Honolulu, Hawaii. Our congratulations to both parties.

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the personage of wee John Kirby, son of "Pat" and "Maria." A most welcome little Pilgrim.

The sending of the copy of the Bouguereau picture has provoked many cordial and loving expressions on the part of the recipients, for which Lasell is duly grateful.

Passed Away.

We are informed of the passing away of Alice Mae Nims, at Lasell, '05-'06, of Turner's Falls, Mass., March 31, 1909.

Lasell extends her sincerest sympathy to Sophie Mason Dumas, '83, in the loss of her mother.

Belle Fitzgerald Kerr, '81, is passing through a bereavement in the loss of her husband. A most touching obituary appears in the Alabama Christian. Our sympathy is extended to this sorrowing Lasell girl.

At last we have received an interesting notice of the marriage of Ethel Gallagher, '01, daughter of the President of Maryland College at Lutherville, Md., to Mr. Beekman O. Rouse of Rochester, N. Y. The happy event occurred October 14th, and the bride and groom have been at home for some time in Rochester.



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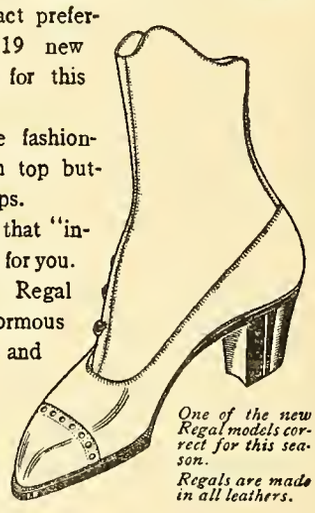
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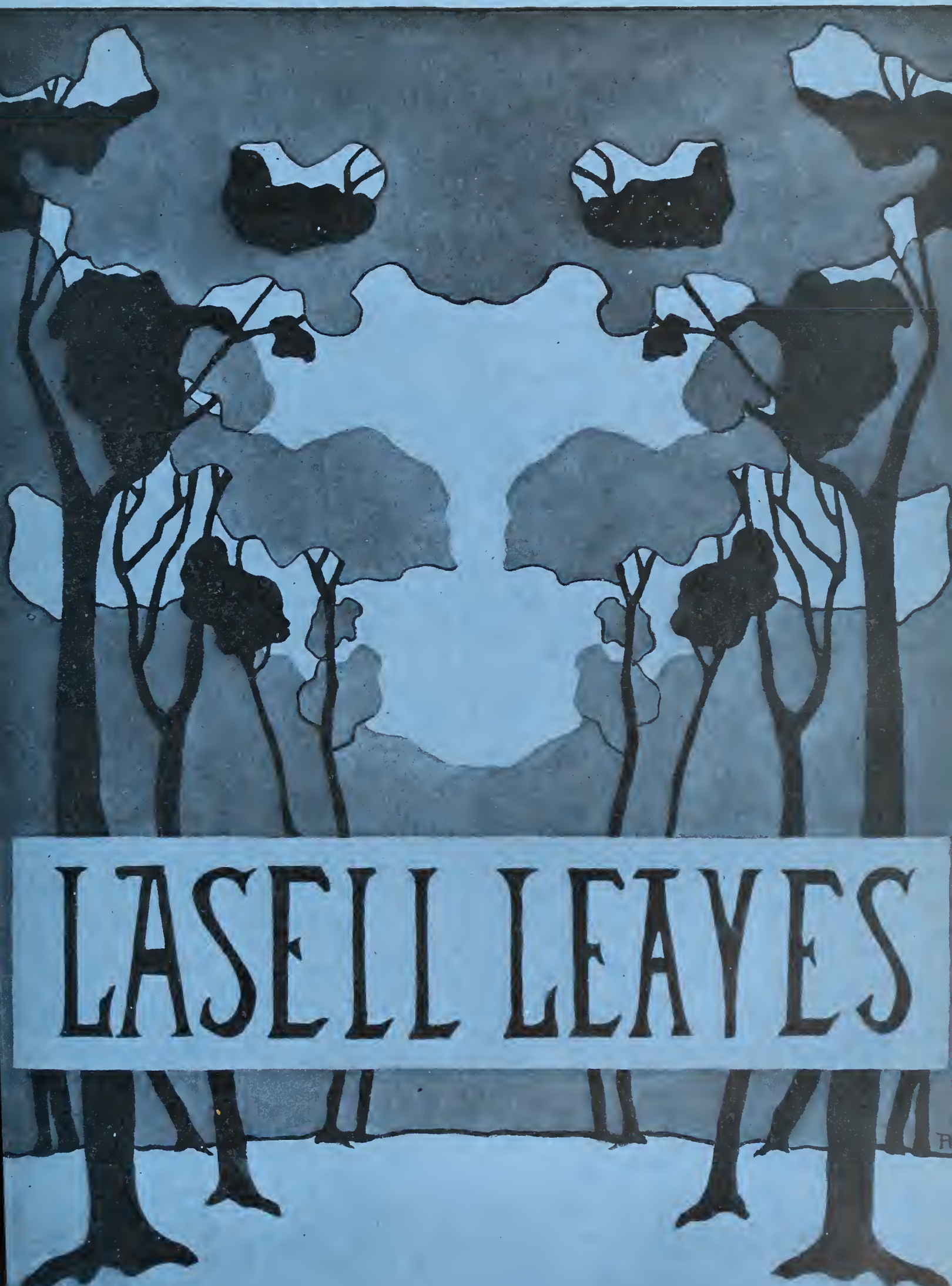
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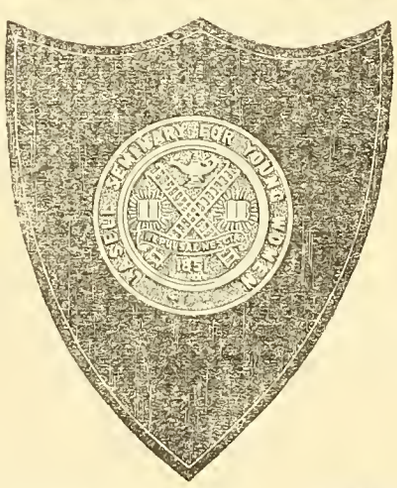
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MARJORIE SHARP, '11

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Luck.

Just a short word of four letters it is,—but what a wealth of meaning is to be found hidden away within it! Did it ever strike you that this is a most deceiving little word, that is, if we allow it to be? The most usual interpretation given of the word "luck" is that the one to whom it comes has been favored by a rather vague somewhat, sometimes called Providence, sometimes called Fortune, and this as the result of no exertion upon his own part to accomplish this end.

But let us search for the deeper meaning really underlying this word. "Luck," says one wiseacre, "means rising at six o'clock in the morning." It is not necessary to take this literally; it is simply a restatement of the time-worn adage, "The early bird catches the worm." Those who attempted to lay violent hands on "Luck" must do so with body, mind and soul all alert, fully awake, and resolute, ready to grasp all opportunities within our reach. Another attempt at explaining its meaning is, "Living on a dollar a day if you earn two." Perhaps this does not apply so directly to school girls, while they are school girls, although it may well be remembered at some future day. Always have a reserve ready for use in case of a sudden emergency. Mind your own business very carefully, and do not be concerned about other people's. Many minutes are daily wasted in petty gossip, at no time beneficial to anyone. "Luck," says a third, "means appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch," and this suggests the fact that often great opportunities have been lost merely because of carelessness in regard to punctuality, and faithfulness to promises. Most men in their business connections, are compelled to be punctual, and thus the habit comes gradually to be a virtue; but women as a rule are under no such rigid compulsion, so that with them the habit is, in many cases, never formed, and the formula "in a minute" takes the place of "on the minute." Lastly, "'Luck' means trusting in God—and your own resources." Learn to turn to God for assistance and rely upon Him in time of need, but above all, have sufficient confidence in yourself to feel entirely independent of others. Remember, it is your own abilities, your own exertions, your own resources, that will take you through to the end, if they are wisely made use of in your everyday business.

Spring really here, every one ought to have as much out door life as possible, and the surest way to obtain this is to take an active interest in some sort of athletics. Unless one is interested in something of this kind, one is apt to begrudge the time spent in a daily outing, and to look upon it as merely a waste of time.

Here at Lasell we have such splendid opportunities to join in athletic sports, that we should all make it a point to do so, if possible. If we cannot join the crew, or take part in the single canoe races, most of us surely may have some share in the track meet, or in the tennis tournament, or in some other contests. Think how proud those fortunate enough to be on the winning crew will be when they carry off their "L" sweaters, won by hard practice, and time faithfully spent in training for the races! I am sure that they will be glad then, if they have not been before, to have taken the necessary time to practice, in order to get on the crews; will then forget about the days when it was so warm that canoeing lost all of its charm. Again on Drill Day we should all like to be in the winning company, and proud, indeed, the girls in that company will be of their captain, who has so willingly given her time in order to do her utmost to make her girls "the winning company." Track meet, too, offers splendid opportunities for the participants to see what they can do in that line.

But aside from the glory of winning, of being one of the winning team or crew, think of the physical benefit derived from the practicing. It not only gives us the exercise so necessary to most of us at this time of the year, but teaches us confidence in ourselves, trains us to alertness and activity, and gives us better control of mind and muscle.

Do your best, girls, for your class, for yourselves, for "Lasell," and help make this year's athletic meets the best we have ever had.

Picturesque Japan.

Gently kissed by a warm west wind, lulled by the lazy tinkle of temple bells and wrapped in the dainty fragrance of cherry blossoms, lies fair Japan, the "Flowery Kingdom."

She emerges from the soft blue sea, a rugged mass of green, broken here and there, by great square sails which spot the horizon above the rude forms of quaint, old junks, half-hidden in violet shadows. Far above the land, hangs a dim, white cone, the peak of the sacred Fufi-yama, the mountain of the fire-goddess, and the exquisite background of so many Japanese paintings.

In this land of lovely colors, flowers bloom the year round. The last bloom of autumn has scarcely withered on its stem before the plum and cherry trees burst, and in splendor, a signal for a National holiday. The people then troop out in their gayest flower-decked raiments, and with great clusters of the fragrant blossoms, flock to the temples, or stroll happily along the shady petal-strewn paths to favorite haunts, for merry-making.

For Japan is a land of beauty, and its people are ardent lovers of the beautiful. They will sit for hours gazing at a lovely landscape, absorbing with keenest enjoyment the delicate tints of a sunset, the misty snow-capped mountain, dimly outlined against a clear, blue sky; the varied shapes and shades in groups of far-off trees and hills; or the pale pinks, violets and greens of some flowering shrubs near by.

Then this clever little brown folk reproduce in miniature the beautiful shapes and colors, so studied, in the tiny gardens about their homes, transforming them into little earthly paradises. Great patches of white and purple iris, wistaria vines, lotus blooms and azalea's, rival glories are set here and there in studied, though apparently careless, profusion near dainty little bamboo tea-houses, or by the borders of tiny lakes and streams, crossed by miniature bridges, while trees and shrubs, dwarfed into curious, sometimes symbolic shapes, are disposed about the garden with careful precision. The old pine in the garden, the trailing branch across the doorway of a temple, is each the result of some carefully considered scheme, and often do we see, hidden here and there in mists of plum and cherry blossoms, the subject of so many charming Japanese fruits, quaintly carved pagodas of sandal-wood, from whose tiny towers and balconies, peal the soft-toned bells, which as one writer says, "swing lightly in the breeze like great inverted tulips with golden clappers for pistils."

Just as the flowers are set out in the gardens with much study and forethought, so are they arranged in the houses, or in paintings, hours being spent in the arrangement of a single blossom, for therein lies one secret of Japanese beauty—it does not happen, it is studied. And surely there is no lack of material for this interesting study, for flowers abound everywhere. Both large and small, wild or cultivated, they are scattered broadcast over the land, especially the chrysanthemum, the National flower.

But of all the fair and lovely blossoms in this flower-loving land, the lotus is the most intimately connected with its religion, for to the Buddhist mind the lotus is typical of the ideal life of man, a lovely blossom springing from the mud, growing fresh and pure in the midst of

evil surroundings and expanding in the warm sunlight as the mind of man is broadened by the light of knowledge.

Almost invariably is the great Budda depicted, sitting or standing on this fair blossom, surveying, in solitary grandeur and dreamy contemplation, the majestic trees and everlasting hills, while the humble pilgrim, laden with fragrant offerings, kneels in supplication at his feet.

Such is fair Japan, a beautiful sunny land, with its quaint people, lovely colors and abundance of flowers; itself a perfect little blossom, set out in the midst of a dreary and flowerless waste of sea.

M. W. W., Sp.

The Fashion Paper Today.

Have you ever walked to the window of a book store, drawn by its display of attractive cover designs, and general arrangement, and found what really constituted some of its most striking characteristics? Even if you have only seen the show window of the "Real Estate Office" in Auburndale, you will have noticed that the fashion paper plays no small part in the general composition. The dashing young miss stepping into her carriage in faultless costume of vivid tints; the debutante standing in correct pose, and displaying to great advantage every curve of her youthful figure in its ideally fitting gown; the matrons, furred and bonnetted in the most approved style, smile at you fixedly, almost as if they understood the importance of their position, and felt a kind of passing pity for those hurrying crowds of women, who day by day eye them so enviously. And indeed, could they but know it, they might feel secure in their pride, for what woman does not yearn for their attractive slenderness, and impossible attire?

But let us turn one of these gaudy front pages and see what new wonders lie revealed behind it. Here is a group of three maidens, each in graceful attitude, her puffed hair surmounted by a hat of unspeakable dimensions, her gown fitting her with persistent perfection. And now, alas! our souls captivated by these beauties, cause our downfall; for we endow our own dumpy figures with the willowy slenderness of those before us, and the gown beginning to take shape in our minds, fits those paper creatures, instead of our own aspiring selves.

It is not, however, the fault of those paper maidens. They were placed there to simper, in self-conscious manner; to hold their beautiful figures in correct pose, and inevitably to mislead mere, poor susceptible mortals, who, nevertheless, must not find them blameworthy.

Nothing is too much for these daughters of the fashion book to wear. Laces, sables, jewels all combined to make an irresistible whole, and again our imagination begins to divest some of us of our modest incomes, of our middle-aged attributes of flesh and scanty hair, while the youthful figures of others, lose their awkward angles, and we see visions, perhaps, of a dull, gray tailor gown, made exquisite by costly lace, and completed by a plumed hat, which we will soon recognize as belonging to a transformed self. The awakening is often hard.

Who has ever seen in real flesh and blood a woman, who could compare to these serene beauties? Certainly there are but few at least, who can boast of having beheld these ideals realized. Here, for example, is the figure of a young girl, her wardrobe displayed in six most exquisite drawings. She carelessly exposes her costumes of the forenoon to our admiring eyes, before she reappears in faultless calling gown, and again in evening radiance. She coquettes with her muff: she hides behind her great drooping hat; she gazes at us over her shoulder, her white neck showing off to great advantage her wonderful string of pearls.

Verily, here, we find the serpent in the Eden! There is the temptress who comes so often between husband and wife,—here is the goal, to-

ward which many a frenzied woman fights her way in desperation. Upon this one mere, outwardly harmless fashion book, might hinge the histories, and yes! the tragedies of hundreds of lives.

It is, however, against the books devoted exclusively to the portrayal of these fearful and wonderful, modern eeeentricities, that we have so far arraigned ourselves, and we have not as yet taken into aeeount those whieh we find appearing in eonjunetion with other matter, often of a superior and helpful sort. In the Ladies' Home Journal, and in the Delineator, we find the same fashions introdueed as a part of the paper, but brought down to earth in a more human, if not a more convincing style. The maidens, the matrons here assume a more normal, less marvelous air, and we feel at onee on good terms with them as we eould never have done with those other awe-inspiring goddesses. To these representations of fresh womanhood, attired in dainty, wholesome, up-to-date fashion, many a woman owes her fresh sweetness, and quiet attractiveness of dress. Here is a model that no husband may be afraid to look at, or wife to eopy, and the hints that we may reeeive in exchange for ten or fifteen eents, may be worth a million to us, in the matter of simplieity and effeetiveness.

No woman ean ever afford to pretend that she eares absolntely nothing for the styles, unless she be abnormal in some respect. There is not one among us who would have the eourage to deny a small trifle a place in her wardrobe, were it at onee attraetive and of the prevailing mode, and in the seleetion and management of both these and larger aeeessories, the fashion paper proves an undeniable help to us. No one would willingly see herself degenerate into a frump, for vainty is inborn in women, as well as in men.

We must therefore not underestimate, or ridieule in too high a degree, the fashion paper, for despite its exaggerations, its idotie eoneeptions, it gives us often an idea of harmony, a sense of the beauty and fitness of thngs, that brings us more nearly faee to faee with what we, at least, as far as externals go in the sight of our fellowmen, might be.

E. R., '09.

The Legend of the Lady Francesca.

The bell hangs yet in the squat belfry of the weather beaten little adobe Mission Santa Maria, and the garrulous half breed who aets as guide will still tell you its story for an extra eoin.

"Long ago," so he one day told me, "a Spanish gentleman lived with his daughter on the big rancho near San Jaeinto. They were very proud, for theirs was one of the oldest families of Castile, and more over, Franeesea, the daughter, was very beautiful. The Senorita was married to the son of a gentleman like her father, who lived near. Her husband was daring, and handsome, and passionately in love with his bride, but she—ah, Senor, no one knew what she thought! She was graeious to him, but reserved and eool. Some said that she felt more deeply than she cared to show, and others that the match was not to her liking, but that she was too proud to disobey her father or to show her hate toward her husband.

"Those were hard times, Senor, on account of the Indian eonverts, and uprisings were always to be feared among them. They worked sullenly and slowly, so the padres gave them more to do, for the devil is busiest when men are idle; and one of their tasks was to make a bell for the chureh. In spite of the added work, the fathers were in danger from the disaffeetion of these men, whieh presently ripened into hostility so marked that the padres had to ask the help of all those living within ten miles of San Jaeinto, and none too soon, either.

"The Lady Franeesea, a devont Christian, and

but lately come from the convent, smiled at her husband as he threw his cloak over his shoulder and leaped to his saddle, in response to the summons. They say that it was long that she stood under the red roses that climb over the gate of the rancho garden, watching the cloud of alkali dust rising from the hot, dry road until it drifted away, and that although her face was white, she still smiled as she walked back to the house.

"As for her husband, he plunged right gallantly into the thick of the fracas, and the weaponless converts were soon overcome and cowed, but our Spanish gentleman lay dead. The rest of those who had come to the help of the padres were practically unhurt, and, each turning his own way, they galloped home from the church yard.

"It was about sunset when the Lady Francesca heard the commotion in the yard. She started to the door to greet her husband, but saw by the white faces and awkward manner of the vaqueros that something was wrong, and turning, she fled up the dark hall.

"The next day they buried him in the little cemetery of the Mission Santa Maria, behind the old adobe wall, among the nodding mariposas, and waving grass; and while the padres were saying mass, the silent Indians were making the mixture for the bell. It was ready to be poured into the mold when they saw a slender, white figure drifting across the field. As it came toward them, they drew back, for they thought it a spirit—they are very superstitious, those Indians. But they soon saw that it was only a woman, a woman with a white, smiling face, and wearing a veil such as worn by a girl at her first communion. She had in her hands something long and twining and black, and as she came to the kettle in which the molten metal was boiling, she dropped this in, with her rings which she stripped from her slim fingers. She walked back as she had come, and when she turned, the men saw what it was that she had held in her hands, for in the bubbling liquid lay, shining and silken, the long tresses of her heavy, dark hair. They were afraid to touch it, afraid in spite of their greed even to seize the rings for the jewels in them, and poured the whole mixture into the mold.

"The Lady was never seen again in San Jacinto. Some say that she went mad, others that she went back to the good sisters of the convent from which she had so lately come. I do not know, Senor, but it is certain that she and her father left the rancho soon after the burial, and have never been seen here since.

"Some say that at dusk the bell sings sweetly, and that a slim white robed figure walks softly among the roses. It may be the wind, Senor, and the mist clouds from the Guadelupe, but who can say, Senor?"

The dingy old bell still hangs in the squat belfry of Santa Maria, and in the garden, among the swaying mariposas is an unmarked grave, and the old guide stretching out his itching palm, repeats querulously, "Who can say?"

C. W. '10.

Brush and Pencil.

More enjoyment is afforded by just a pencil and a brush, than those who do not use them for pleasure, realize. To the girl who is artistically inclined, there is open a whole world of fun and satisfaction, which her more practically minded friends cannot enter, nor rightly appreciate. What an unlimited pleasure it is to spend a morning alone in the woods or fields, by a clear, shadowy brook, or a rustic bridge, sketching and coloring. Then, besides the temporary enjoyment of this "dabbling" in itself, it is, to say the least, interesting to have these mementoes to call up later exquisite past pleasures. Anyone who has acquired the art of quick observation as well as of rapidity in work, has an inestimable gift indeed. Such a one

ean, with one look out the train window, or when passing the quaint, pieturesque little eottages, or bits of landseape seen while traveling in Europe, gather material enough to reproduee them before the pieture is forgotten.

There is, though, another side of the pleasure, and surely one eounted upon just as mueh—the pleasure given to friends by the girl whose taste runs in this artistie ehannel. It is natural that we should appreciate more highly, gifts sometimes laeking in real value, if they are made by the giver herself, for they indieate enough thought of us on her part, to take the time to do them by hand. The individual toueh is what we always like. And as to the variety of things to be made with the brush and peneil, it is endless. More new ideas fly into the brain while it is planning one thing, than could be exeeuted in a long time.

For the bedroom there are the passepartouted mottoes and bits of favorite poems, that are always popular. The printing is merely a matter of absolute neatness, aeeuraey, and a fair amount of arithmetie. Of eourse this is not an easy undertaking at all, for it requires more figuring than the easual observer would think, to spaee each letter exaet to the sixty-fourth or hundred and twenty-eighth of an ineh. Then, it is made more deeorative by a little brush work—a spray of flowers or delieate marine seene. But the eolors must be delieate, not neeessarily faint, but free of heavy surfaees. For in this ease, and with all other small painted artieles, good taste or bad, is sure to stand out in plain view. It is so easy, in the honest attempt to get everything possible into the pieture, to let the multitude of objeets eompletely drown out all effeetiveness. On paper hair-reeeivers, simplieity is again essential. They are exceedingly simple to make, and when daintily tinted, add greatly to the attraetiveness of the dressing-table. Cases for whisk-brooms are handy, and only mean for their making, two heavy pieees of art paper eut into upright trapezoids, deeorated appropriately with water eolors, and laeed up the sides with bright ribbons. Holders for string ties are more of a novelty. They are made with two large spools eovered with a belt of white paper, and two long pieees of heavy paper, and ribbons. On the side pieees, the brush work is again required, where it is a test of designing ability, to work in, in good proportions, a figure eonforming with the outlines. Ribbon-holders, too, are a eomfort to a girl. Two eireular pieees are pasted on either side of the bolt, and decorated with eolors mateling, or harmonizing with, the ribbon. Desk furnishings are numerous, sueh as blotters, almost provokingly simple, yet deeorative and servieeable, dainty ealendars, pen wipers, painted eandle shades, and theatre or party reeords. These last are more of a novelty, and when kept up-to-date are a delight to the owner afterwards.

But above all these artieles the most effeetive, useful and popular gift, is a set of plaee-eards. Their value to the appearanee of a dinner or party table is great, and a girl ean never get more than she ean use. Handpainted eards are expensive to buy as well as mueh more elegant and appreeiated. Here, again, the more simple and dainty the deeoration, providing it is eomplete, the more ehoiee it is. Narrow eards seem to be the favorites, and some of the prettiest and most effeetive subjeets, are glimpses of Duteh life worked out in Delft shades; pieturesque bits of Japanese seenery or people; Indian subjeets, whieh are espeeially appropriate and popular for stag dinners; eolonial styles for Washington's birthday or Valentine's Day; and the most usual deeoration—flowers. This last, however, has been used for so long stuek prosaiely in the eorner of the eard, that new ideas for their arrangement are eonstantly in demand. One of the most novel and pretty ideas is one flower—a rose, say, painted in the

natural tints, life size, on heavy art paper. Then they are eut out so that no white shows, and attached with a ribbon three inehes long, hangs an extra petal where the name is written. But the traek of new ideas seems endless, for eaeh one suggests another, till a girl has enough suggestions to fill her days—just with her faithful standbys—her brush and peneil.

F. E., '09.

Kesri

It was a hot, sultry evening in July when Mr. Rogers, distriet magistrate at Hardoi, U. P., ordered his dog-eart to be brought around, and drove down to the elub. He had left his wife in Naini Tal, and eraved company. Not a soul was to be seen at the club, and yet it was six o'eloek, time for people to be getting out. After awhile, however, Mr. Carroll, his assistant, eame over on his wheel and joined Mr. Rogers on the verandah. They called for something to drink, and while they sipped their whiskey and soda, they talked shop. Mr. Rogers, interested to find out how the famine was eoming out, asked Mr. Carroll, among other things, what the reports for the week had been.

"About a hundred have applied for work this week, and we have only had to turn a few away. That new bridge going up between here and Kheri has afforded employment to a great many.

"Well, that's good," said Mr. Rogers: "I feared that we eouldn't give much more work. These famines are a curse to India. The people would be rid of half their misery if the erops didn't fail."

They sat a long time in silenee, the younger man thinking of his work, for he had beeome intensely interested in it sinee he had had the full responsibility; and the other man thinking of his wife who although she was among friends, must be lonely. Just a week ago they had laid in the heart of the Himalaya mountains their most preeious treasure—their little Donald, five years old. It seemed only yesterday that they had been sailing little yaehts on the lake, and Daddy had been asked "to please make the stones run on the water," while Donald tried to learn this wonderful triek. It seemed impossible that he was no more to hear the patter of his little feet around the house, the merry, ehildish laugh, nor the lullabys at night, with which the mother had sung her little boy to sleep. But when eholera strikes, it is always with a fatal blow, and after it had seized Don the ehild lived only twelve hours, forgetting to eome baek when he set out on his sail that night. The ways of Providenee are mysterious, and eould not be explained.

After a long while Mr. Carroll broke the silenee by saying, "You know, Mr. Rogers, there was a eurios thing that happened at the Kachari this morning: An Indian woman with a ehild asked to see you. I told her that probably you wouldn't be back from the hills for another week, (I hadn't expeeted to see you so soon.) She said that her husband, a lawyer, had been unable beeause of the famine, to eolleet any of his fees, and that he had suddenly been taken ill with eholera, and died, just after they had been at heavy expense on aeeount of a spell of typhoid. They had had to sell everything for debts, and she had at last been foreed to ask for relief. I couldn't do mueh for her, exeept to give her a little money, and tell her to show up again."

"I don't suppose," answered Mr. Rogers, "that you eould have done anything else. Carroll, sometimes these women are put up to that sort of thing by designing husbands."

"I don't think she was of that elass, sir, for she talked English as fully as I do, and had a eultured and refined air."

"That may be so" replied Mr. Rogers, "I hope she'll eall again."

They talked long into the evening, others

sometimes joining in the conversation, for Mr. Rogers, since he had just come from Naini Tal, was greatly in demand. He was mobbed with questions about Government House functions and garden parties. Some evidently mistook him for the society column of the Pioneer. He was glad, however, to have company, and a chance to laugh and talk with friends; it was pleasant to be popular.

Two months later he was again at the club, this time with his wife, who although she had rosy cheeks and looked well, had a sad, lonely expression on her face, the meaning of which everybody knew. The children playing around the yard reminded her of Donald, the band was playing. There were the very same soldiers with whom Donald had made friends. She wondered if they missed his smile and baby talk. But, no; others could perhaps fill his place with them, but for her never could there be any other.

It was bright moonlight that evening when she and Mr. Rogers reached their gate. There was a curios dark object near the post, and when she saw it moved she called to Mr. Rogers to look. He ordered the syce to see what it was. It happened to be a little child of about five years, and looked so thin that in pity they took it in for the night.

That night was the first on which Mrs. Rogers was able to forget for awhile her grief at the death of her little boy; but the sad, delight of caring for this famine-stricken child took her thoughts a little off herself. When she changed the boy's clothes for some of Donald's, she found pinned inside his coat, a note addressed to "Mr. F. S. Rogers, C. S., Hardoi," and on opening it read thus.

Dear Sir: I can no longer care for my child, and when I die this boy, whose name is Kesri Singh (born on the fifteenth of October, 1903), will be left at your gate. It is an appeal to your kindness and pity. Will you not care for him? Mr. Carroll may possibly remember this case, although he had so many it would hardly seem possible. I trust you with my child.

Yours Sincerely,

Piyari Singh.

Mrs. Rogers took the note to her husband, who told her Carroll's story, closing with, "Well, Lucy, what shall we do about it? We can't send him to the Mission for their orphanage is already crowded, and Mr. Cohs said it would be impossible for them to take more."

"I don't see why we can't keep him with us, Frank," gently replied his wife, "That he is only a little brown boy should make no difference to us. We can adopt him and train him so that he will be some good for his country when he grows up."

"You know what this means, Luey? It would be all right in England, but I have my doubts about India. The people will surely think we have gone daft."

"What does the opinion of a few society people compare to the saving of this little boy," she answered earnestly. "We have a chance to do good, and are we going to shrink the responsibility and miss this opportunity of helping some one?"

"All right, dear," said he, "I'm willing to bear my part, if you think you can stand yours. The only thing I'm afraid of is that some relations might claim him. You know what it's like out here—some one sure to show up at the eleventh hour and turn things upside down."

"Well, we'll keep him" said the woman, "as long as we can. I wonder what Mr. Kipling would say if he knew that the East and West had already met here in this particular way in India. We do not have to wait until 'God's Mercy seat.'"

"I dare say, this is the first time they *have* met in this way, but so long as we are happy what do we care what the world thinks or says."

Kesri Singh had not spent such a happy night for a long time. Everything was new to him. He had a faint recollection of once having lived in a big house something like this, and even though the English memsahib was good to him, he must have felt sometimes the absence of his own mother, for he whispered "Mama." Mrs. Rogers fed him bread and milk with her own hand; he was much too weak to do anything for himself—and her mother-heart went out to this skin-and-bone skeleton of a child.

Usually, when after supper, the child did not seem sleepy, she took him to the nursery, where she let him play with Donald's toys. He had all a boy's delight in them. How he laughed when she wound the little engine that raced round the steel track followed by a noisy train of four cars, marked O. and R. R., probably the fastest run that "noble line" ever will make. The little dog that could say "bow wow" was a wonder; the birds that could fly, and the animals that walked when one just turned something, were great and absorbing mysteries. He had probably never seen anything but the gayly colored Indian mud-toys that had been bought for him at the melas. He may have had a doll or two given to him by the missionary at Sunday-school, if he went there; but he surely never before had had mechanical toys within his reach.

When the time came for his trip to Dreamland, a fact made evident to Mrs. Rogers by his sleepy rubbing of his small eyes, she asked him in his own language, if he was ready for bed. He nodded, but still clung to a little soldier doll, one that her own boy had often taken to bed with him. She let Kesri keep it, and after she had undressed him and had heard him repeat "Now I lay me," she put him to bed, turned the light low, and, holding one of his thin hands, sat beside the bed and sang softly to him this little song:

"Baby's fishing for a dream,
Fishing near and far;
His line a silver moonbeam is,
His bait a silver star.
Sail, baby, sail, back again that sea,
Only don't forget to come, back again to me."

Mr. Rogers could hardly realized the change in his wife, after a few days of this care of the Indian boy. It often seemed to him that she might be putting Donald to sleep. The little brown laddie had been crooned to sleep before, but never had such a sweet lullaby been sung to him. The father thought of their own little man who had forgotten to come back to them one night. Ah! what plans he had made for Don! He was to go to Eton, then to Cambridge, and after that he should choose whatever profession he wanted. His mother chose Sandhurst, but the father a Civil Service school. Mr. Rogers had often wondered at his wife's choice, for though knowing the evils of Indian military life, she yet wanted him to be a soldier.

One evening, when Mrs. Rogers came into the room where her husband was, there was a look of contentment on her face. He was desirous to see just what impression this care of Kesri had left on her, and she understanding his look smiled sweetly and said,

"Frank, we will keep Kesri. I think it would break my heart to lose him now. He has stilled in a measure my bitter grief over dear little Don. You should see how sweet he looks lying asleep."

"We will do all we can, dear. I think probably we *shall* be able to keep him now. There is no clue now of finding out who his father's relations are, and as far as anything in the note his mother can hardly have had any."

"Oh, I hope so! I hope so! It is such an opportunity!" said Mrs. Rogers, half to herself and half aloud.

On the Sunday following this talk, the people saw a curious sight in the Rogers' pew at parade

serviee—a little brown ehild, dressed in English elothes. They were not mueh surprised when Mrs. Rogers informed them that she was going to adopt the baby. Kesri was a wide-awake, alert little fellow; he watehed all the people as they eame in; but when the soldiers in white uniform marehed in he was terrified. He knew them only as "Regimental Poliee" in the bazaar, men who, as he had been told, baek in the days of his own father, earried little native boys off and sold them to the Government. An observing ehild, he at onee notieed the prisoners' pews in the baek of the ehureh, separated by an arehed aisle from the others. Mrs. Rogers explained to him that those men had been naughty, and while in barraeks had to be loeked up in rooms by themselves; and, when in ehureh, had to sit apart from their friends.

The serviee was a blessing to Mrs. Rogers that morning, and although she was not impressed by the lengthy sermon, delivered in the sonorous sing-song tones of the minister, the text kept repeating itself in her head, and the Christ on the stained glass window above the altar seemed almost to speak, repeating the same text, "Inasmueh as ye do it unto the least of one of these ye do it unto me." The prayers and the psalms they read had a new meaning to her, and the Magnifieat seemed as though it had been written for herself. Why should she feel this way beeause a famine orphan had eome to her home? Was she forgetting her own son? Ah, no! she was doing for this ehild what her Master would have done. It was just such ehildren on whose heads Jesus had laid his hand in that far-off quiet town in Galilee, as he said, "Suffer the ehildren to eome unto me, for of sueh is the kingdom of heaven."

The moon that evening seemed to shine more brightly than ever before, making of the lovely Indian landseape a perfeet pieture, sueh as would have been the despair of an artist. Mrs. Rogers sat by the bedside, with the silvery rays making a halo of the loose tresses of her hair, and soon her husband heard her softly singing, "Sail, baby, sail." Into the room he stole very quietly, and together they stood in silenee at the foot of the bed, gazing into the ehild's face, eaeh thinking of the lad who had forgotten to eome baek to them from his dreams; eaeh praying that Kesri might be spared to grow to manhood.

The husband broke the silenee softly by whispering,

"God bless our little son!"

C. B., '09.

The following eharming letter has been reeeived from one of Lasell's "daughters."

Dear Girls—

I am thinking a great deal of Lasell and Lasellians, and want to send you these few lines of greeting.

In the sehool itself, there are perhaps none who know me, but many of you remember Anna and Esther, and all of you are at least aequainted with Constanee! Well, I am her eldest sister, the first of the Blaekstoeks who have had the privilege of being a graduate of Lasell, and a privilege I am learning to appreeiate more and more as eaeh June eomes round, and I think of that memorable day when I received a bit of parehment tied with a beautiful blue bow as Miss Blaisdell alone knows how to tie for us.

That moment was a solemn one, and the tears *would* eome as Mr. Bragdon spoke his words of loving exhortation, and sent us into the world praying that we might ever uphold Lasell and her ideals. Dear Miss Carpenter's "Don't spoil your pretty faees, girls!" did not seem to avail but seemed to make them eome all the faster. Those days are gone for hundreds of us, but their influenee is with us still, and how often we have lived them over in our hearts and their memory brings baek the tears.

It is six years now sinee this Lasellian threw into the Class Night bonfire a map of the United

States, not because she did not love the country of her adoption, but because India meant meeting loved ones from whom she had long been separated. As this June approaches the Indian begins to wish she were there again with Corine and Bess, Kitty and Kate, Florence and Bertha, and all the host of glad ones and sad ones! For is it not possible to be both glad and sad at the same time? My baby sister is among the privileged ones this year, and she, I trust, will give my message of love and good wishes to the old friends who will return to pay due respect to their Alma Mater. I have not *quite* given up hope of coming to Commencement in spite of the three thousand miles that separate us, and when that happy day comes what a reunion it will be for me!

I don't think we ever quite realize, while in school, what Lasell and its associations mean to us. I know I never did, and many a time have I reproached myself for not making more of my opportunities, and I am not alone in this regret for only last week I had a letter from another Lasellian, and she expressed the same feeling. How tedious were those lines in Horace; how taxing those chapters in Mediæval History; could one *ever* remember the dates of the Punic wars? and whoever heard of asking American girls to "avoid provincialism and slang," we thought Genung and his Rhetoric belonged to the Dark Ages; and those French verbs, never had we come across such irregularity! But I would gladly take twice as long lessons now if I might be allowed to stumble through a French verb or very hesitatingly suggest that 1066 A. D., saw the Romans in possession of England!

Outwardly, there will no doubt be changes, but I know I shall feel the old love and associations. I shall miss Miss Carpenter's little cough warning us that she is in the corridors, I shall miss the click of Mr. Bragdon's Greek key against his watch chain as he rushed with a sheaf of papers to chapel exercises, and when I go down to the swimming tank it will seem unnatural without Miss Ransom's one, two, *three!* There is no stranger in the Principal's chair, but a kind friend and an enthusiastic and dreaded opponent in tennis, then there is Mrs. Winslow, Miss Austin in my day, to whom I am eternally indebted for putting me through a monstrous senior essay, and I hope to hear Miss Blaisdell say, "So you are back again, Indian?" and Miss Potter's warm and sympathetic welcome. And, Miss Nutt, please ask me if I am not afraid of going out without rubbers, even if they be only April showers! How hurt I shall feel, if Mademoiselle doesn't say, "Mlle. Isabel, you are very conceited, how dare you *think* in French!" And in spite of my efforts to hide I know Miss Packard will ask me to tell the girls about India. I would do it gladly, gladly if I could only be with you all again, for I love India, too, and its girls are very dear to me.

Just at this present moment I am sitting in the same room with the Government inspector, who is examining the girls in my school. It is the annual inspection, but not as awe-inspiring as one might imagine. The inspector is very kind in her manner, so the children are not frightened, and are doing fairly good work. I wish you could see our school, it is so very different from anything you have seen, but one thing you would soon discover, and that is that they have souls and minds like ours, and are worth all the money spent on them, for it is in her Christian womanhood that the hope of India lies.

The ten dollars you sent me from the Missionary Society last year will help to buy some American readers that I am ordering from the Silver-Burdett Company for the first and second grades. We want our children to start to learn English in the most attractive and rational way we can afford. We are helpless in this matter when it comes to the third grade because Government prescribes its own books, and we

have no choice. I showed the specimen copies I had just received to the Chief Inspector of Girls' Schools, and she seemed much pleased with them. Our library is a very tiny one, three shelves of a small case is quite sufficient for its books. We can't spare money at present to enlarge it, as the prices of food and clothing are high. Our girls need good literature—what girls don't?—and it is my intention to put aside any special donations for this purpose.

The inspector is through with her work, so I must bid you good-by, but not before saying (as Mrs. Martin, I know, would have me say) "Dear everybody I love you."

ISABEL BLACKSTOCK, '03.

Moradabad, India.

May Day at Lasell.

On May Day morning, what excitement reigned, when we knew that today our May Queen and her Maid of Honor were to be chosen. After the election of these people of importance, it was additionally voted to postpone our exercises till Monday afternoon, because of the bad weather. Very anxious we all were lest Dame Nature send more showers, and so spoil this day also; and whenever we saw a dark cloud in the sky, we watched intently to see whether it were likely to increase. Toward the middle of the afternoon, however, all clouds had disappeared, and the sun was shining brightly, and we felt sure of a pleasant afternoon for our coronation ceremony.

At a quarter "before" five the fun began with a hunt for the Queen and her Maid of Honor, who with very unusual modesty had withdrawn into hiding, and, like Gineva, were nowhere to be found. We looked diligently for them, the Queen being found while on her way to hide herself, and the Maid of Honor discovered up in the Studio. As soon as found, they were brought quickly to the gymnasium, and there met by the President and Vice President of the Senior Class, who escorted them to dinner at the Senior table. This table had been prettily decorated by the Sophomore Class with red roses in honor of the day. Between two courses, the Seniors gave a yell in honor of the Sophomore class.

Directly after dinner, all went out on the campus, and soon we saw the Seniors carrying Maybaskets, marching by two's from Karandon to the Crow's Nest, where they sang a Class Song, the President afterwards presented the school with a crimson rambler, in behalf of the class, planting this at the steps of the Crow's Nest.

Soon from Gym Hall came the Queen's Body Guard, who marched up to the throne erected on the hillside, and there opened ranks that the Queen, escorted by her Maid of Honor and Miss Orcutt, might pass through. These two notables were dressed in white, the Queen wearing also a long veil of white material, prettily decorated with ferns. Miss Orcutt made the coronation speech, at the conclusion, crowning the Queen with a beautiful wreath of pink and white arbutus.

Now the dancers, dressed as little children, gathered about their Queen and taking hold of hands, danced gayly around her for a few moments, after which they all scampered down the hill where the May Pole had been erected on the lawn, and danced graefully a quaint May Pole dance, first weaving the long blue and white streamers about the pole, then unweaving them. After this was over, they marched by two's up to the Queen, did her homage, and then ran away to their friends.

Gradually the various classes gathered together in groups and presently gave their several yells, sometimes two groups vying with each other, so that the two yells rose mingling together as one, making the bystanders smile.

"A speech! A speech!" cried the girls, when this was over, and then the gracious Queen arose

and briefly but impressively expressed a wish that all our lives might be as a beautiful May Day.

It was now getting cool, the throng began scattering, and after a few moments all the May festivities were over, and the girls, tired but happy, came in to take up again their regular school work. O. B. '10.

The Lasell Club of So. California.

had its first meeting March 30, in the shape of a luncheon at Hotel Lankerchim (awful name, isn't it? but the hotel is better than its name) in Los Angeles, at which the following were present: Luella Dadmun Brooks, Saginaw, Michigan; Lizzie Bacon Whittemore, Pasadena; Mabel Clement Rogers, Pasadena; Fraulein Roth, Pasadena; Virginia Johnson Milbank, Los Angeles; Cora Cogswell, '83, Los Angeles; Bertha Gray Richards, Los Angeles; Daisy Curtis Edwards, Los Angeles; Helen Johnson Kelly, Los Angeles; Louise Whitney Weaver, Los Angeles; Grace Coon Palmer, Troy, N. Y.; Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, Pasadena; Edith Simonds, Pasadena; Ellen Chase, '02, Los Angeles; Lois Thomas, Los Angeles; Sarah Bonner, Los Angeles, Isabella Bowers, Los Angeles; Elizabeth Lum, '01, Minneapolis; May Emery Yale, '98, Minneapolis; Amye Vickery, Fort Worth, Texas; Mary J. Wilson, Rock Island, Ill.; Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, Emporia, Kan.; Lilian Douglas, '07, Covina, Cal.; Martha E. Ransom, Pasadena; Mrs. Bragdon and myself.

Ellen Chase did all the work of getting it up and of getting us together, and deserves much praise. The later girls gave her a Ho-i-la in thanks, and the older girls who had never heard our Lasell cheer, decided that it was musical and much better than the usual school yell!

As the girls gathered, each pinned on her a card giving her name and the state from which she went to Lasell. Thirteen states were thus represented. The table was tastefully decorated with jonquils and ferns, and at intervals between courses each drew to her by ribbon of Lasell blue, a card on which was a question about Lasell life, which she stood and answered. The questions were: "Which walk did you like best," and that girl said, "The one to the stores!" "How many spreads were you in?" "They didn't have such things in my day!" (whew!) etc., etc., etc.

After the eating I told of Miss Carpenter's last days, called attention to photographs of groups, clubs, etc., which I had brought, and we organized the Club, with Ellen Chase as Secretary; Lois Thomas as Treasurer, and me as President. Then we visited, looked at the pictures, etc., and talked over old times and new, and had a jolly time generally. It was a most social and satisfying afternoon.

If all had come who were within easy reach, there would have been fifty. So you see this section is rich in Lasellians.

C. C. B.

The following report has been received:

The fourth annual luncheon of the Lasell club of Cincinnati, was given at the Business Men's Club, Wednesday, May 12, 1909, at one o'clock.

The luncheon was followed by the business meeting at which time Miss Edith Ebersole, '03, was elected president; May Muth Claussen, vice president, and Miss Amy Lothmann, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Greta Stearns Kinsey, '94; Miss Alice House, '83, and Miss Ruth Christie were appointed by the president to serve on the executive committee.

Gertrude Taggart, '97, of Indianapolis was present to present the Caroline Carpenter Memorial to the club for their consideration.

Those in attendance were: Nan Peabody Hall, '91; Gertrude Stewart Titus, Grace Snyder Sternberger, May Muth Claussen, Edna

Diee Robertson, '92, Helen W. Cooke, Ruth Christie, Clara Huttenbauer, '07, Helen Rosenthal, '07, Amy Lothmann, May E. Davenport, Florenee Ebersole, '02, and Margie M. Sehuberth, '96, of Cineinnati; Bessie Draper of Troy, N. Y., Gertrude Taggart, '97, of Indianapolis, Anna Ampt Sunderland, '98, and M. Hazel Mariek of Dayton; Ruth Garver of Tippieanoe City; Cornelia Douglass Houser, '02, of Troy, and Sophie Mayer, '08, of Hamilton.

MARGIE M. SCHUBERTH,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Marriages.

Sarah Dyer to Mr. Charles S. Darling on Wednesday, the 21st of April, at Collinsville, Conn.

Edith L. Bailey, '00, to Mr. Frederiek W. Herbert on Tuesday, the 4th of May, at Streator, Ill.

Helen Purington to Mr. Jesse Louis Phillips on Tuesday afternoon, June the first,(at Galesburg, Ill. At home after Oetober the first, 2029 Kenmore ave., Chicago, Ill.

The following have been favored with ealls from members of their families: Misses Goodall, Webb, Andrews, Shuttleworth, W. Taylor, Douglass, Flynn, Wheaton, Hall, Hamilton, Sharp, Laurens, Kettlety, Ward.

Old girls ealled: Glenna Webb, Katherine Osgood Nye, Jane Kenyon, Mildred Nelson, Helen Russell, Charlotte Ryder, '08, Ethel Loud, '96, Susan Harris MeManus, Avila Grubbs Fales, '99, Elise Seott Maekintosh, '99, Anna Espy.

LAUGH.

Laugh when the teacher langhs with you,
Laugh when you laugh alone;
First when the joke is the teacher's,
Seeond, when the joke is your own.—Ex.



I have heard that Florenee Hayden. '02, of Denver, has been here sinee Deeember visiting her brother, but I think this is a mistake, for Florenee would never be here that long without letting me know!

Sophie White Loeke of Sewiekley, Pa., is at nearby Hollywood. She ealled but I was out. Sophie was always sound and loyal. Mrs. Loeke will stay some time.

Anna Andrews Barris and husband were here a few days only, en route to Mexieo and Central Ameriea. They eame from Los Angeles to eall, but I was out. I saw her for a too short but very pleasant eall the next day. Anna is a woman one would not willingly miss seeing!

We are proud of her eonstant and splendid growth. C. C. B.

First on the new waiting list we plaee the name of Virginia Oreutt Smith, born Mareh 22d, the seeond daughter of Helen Oreutt Smith, '03.

A daughter to Chief Engineer and Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, eame on Easter morning, and is another name to be added. Aeeording to the newspaper elipping, this little Lasell girl is nameless, but we have a strong suspieion that Mrs. Cleora does not need any suggestion as to proper title for this wee stranger.

Lasell has never yet reeeived quite sueh a dainty eard as the one announeing the arrival of Anna Blair Coursen on April 6th, daughter of Genevieve Stone Coursen. Congratulations to parents and ehild.

Margaret Henderson Soule, '05, is made doubly happy by the arrival of her second son, Claude LaFayette, on March 24th. The announcement contains a gracious message to little Richard Austin Winslow. Margaret is right, Lasell's "Lasell Baby" still wears a blue ribbon.

We were glad to see again Fern Dixon's, '07, unique handwriting. She is one of the girls "so near and yet so far." We wish she would drop in often.

Mildred Woodbury and Etta Thayer, '07, have been South this winter. Mildred in Valdosta, Ga., with her sister Lila, and Etta in Crowley, La.

Gladness Blethen says that she likes to keep in touch with Lasell, and her good wishes are reciprocated. Is not it about time for you to come again, Gladness?

Our loving congratulations to dear Alice Stahl, '04, who sends the announcement of her approaching marriage. I think it is quite worth while for us to insert this *spicy* bit from her letter. "I trust this has been a delightfully profitable year to all at dear old Lasell. I made some ginger cookies and a devil's food cake this morning, and I thought of one of the principles Mrs. Loomis taught us in the lecture course." Alice evidently intends to get ready for the home-making.

We find these items among the interesting points in Florence Stark's letter (some of the items mentioned were printed in last month's LEAVES). "I have just returned from visiting Lasell girls. A friend of mine here at home travelled with me. We visited Esther Starr, in Decatur. Esther is busy, attending Milliken University. Next, Amy Bemis French in Louisville; she has the "cutest" little apartment. Amy asked me dozen's of questions about school, and we had a grand talk of old times in 59. One day we lunched with Marion Levy, and she gave us all the real recent news. Talked with Betty Love, '08, over the wire. On our return trip we spent a short time in Hamilton, O., visiting Marie Howald Solmgen and her dear little son. Marie asked particularly about Fraulein. Met Sophie Mayer on the street and had a pleasant five minutes talk. Came by a Southern route to Washington, spending a week there seeing the sights."

Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03, wishes she could be here at Commencement, and is very much interested in their new home, which they hope to occupy in the fall. Says that Bertha Hayden King, '03, is in her new home, which is very attractive.

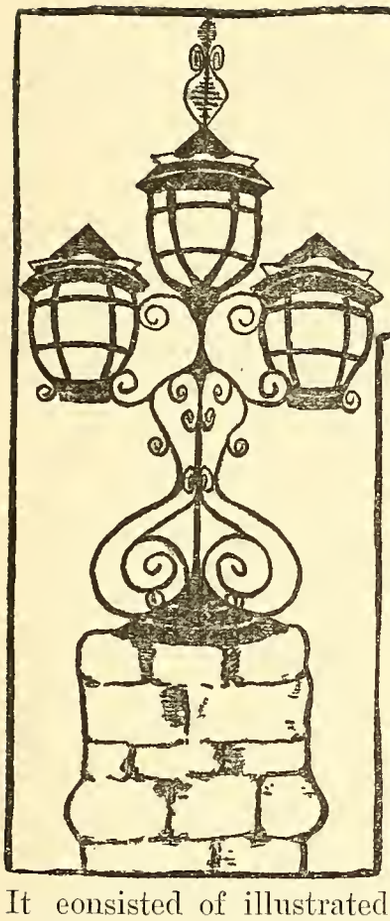
We are glad to know that Bess Campbell is "Well and Happy," and hope she will decide to come East.

One of the most attractive invitations which has come to our Principal is that of the Lasell Club of Indiana, which is planning for a luncheon on May 20th at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis. Somehow we feel inclined to lay this kind invitation to Gertrude Taggart, '97. Lasell greatly appreciates the courtesy. Our congratulations and best wishes.

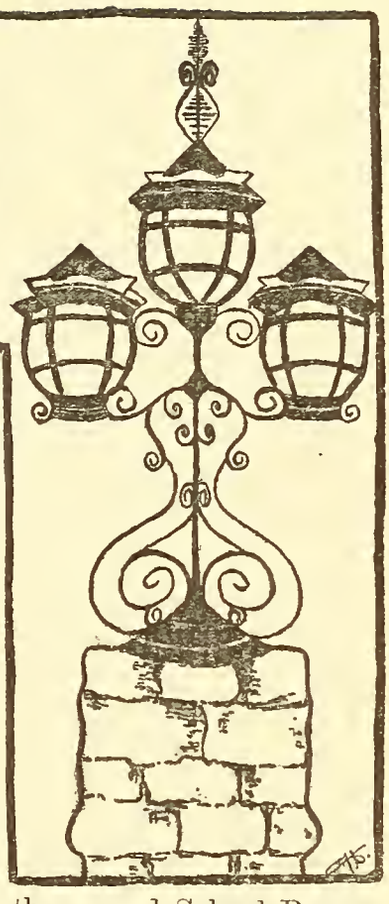
All of Lillian Myer's friends will join with us in congratulations to Mr. Walter G. Lichtenstein, whose name appears with hers on a dainty betrothal card.

The Chicago Lasell Club is to have another reunion. This time in the form of an afternoon tea at the South Grill Room of Marshall Field's. Mildred Johnston, '06, Secretary, sends a dainty invitation. Our best wishes to those loyal Chicago Lasell girls.

Lasell has waited long for a visit from Frances Bragdon, '05. We are only sorry that her stay was limited. We are not surprised to learn that although a graduate of North Western University, she is keeping up her literary work, devoting her time to the study of Spanish and French, and she modestly tells of her part in some Settlement work.



LOCALS



April 19.—Today a large number of the girls viewed the Marathon racers as they passed through Auburndale.

April 21.—This evening the first School Reeeption was held. Many friends enjoyed this evening with us. A very pleasing entertainment was furnished.

April 22.—Some of the girls went to see David Warfield in the "Grand Army Man" tonight.

April 23.—The Sophomore Freneh Class gave a fine entertainment in the gymnasium. It eonsisted of illustrated French songs and tableaux. The following program was enaeted.

1. La Verde, La Verdom.
2. La Mere Miehael.
3. Au Claire de la Lune.
4. La Peehe des Moules.
5. Nous etions dix filles a marier.
6. La Poupee. (Pantomime).

April 24. This afternoon at the regular leeture hour, Lawyer Allen gave us our fifth and last leeture. His subject was, "The Publie Rights of Women."

April 25. A number of girls attended the Emmanuel and Christian Scienee ehurehes in Boston this morning.

At Vespers Mr. J. W. Allen spoke to us in a most interesting address on, "The Mohonk Conferenee" and its good work among the Indians.

April 26. A few of the girls attended the play, "The Two Burglars," given by the Knights of King Arthur in the village.

April 28. Miss Martha Laurens gave a fine piano recital in the gymnasium this evening.

April 29. Tonight the second School Reception was held in the parlors. Many guests were with us at this soeial funetion.

April 30. The first session of the Supreme Court was held tonight in the ehapel. The cases tried were those who were late in returning at the beginning of the term. Owing to the limited time all the cases were not tried.

May 1. This afternoon at the leeture hour, Miss Lawton spoke to us on her work among the girls at Miss Faulkner's school in Philadelphia.

This evening a large party attended the play the "Music Master."

May 2. At Vespers, Prof. Kokobu gave us a very interesting address on Japan, and some of its history and customs.

May 3. Owing to the inelement weather of May 1st, our May Day Festivities were postponed until after dinner today.

May 5. This evening we were honored by having Mrs. Margaret Deland read to us her own novel, "Counting the Cost," whieh was greatly enjoyed by all of us as well as the many friends who had gathered to hear her.

May 8. Today Mrs. Loomis gave us an interesting leeture on the art of home making.

Later on this afternoon the Sophomore elass, ehaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, enjoyed a pienic on the Charles.

May 9. At Vespers, Dr. Bates gave an interesting address on "The Inner Spirit of Things."

We Specials.

T 'was on the evening of April 22nd, not so long ago,
We Specials met downstairs in room 6, below;
To choose our class color and flower so fair,
To adorn ourselves for the Meet, in the open air.
There arose cheer after cheer when the lilac was chosen
For our flower so dear;—
Then came our color scheme, which must be artistic and bright,
We put our wits together and chose lavender and white.
Emerging from our arduous task, we left the room that night
With a surer feeling of Unity, in Comradeship and Might.

G. P. H.

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
Mon.

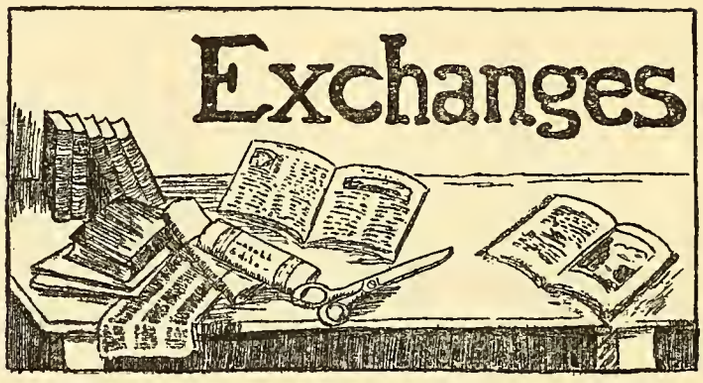
"This eash," said he, "won't pay my dues;
I have nothing here but ones and
Tues.

A bright thought struek him, and he said,
"The rieh Miss Goldroek I will
Wed."

But when he paid his court to her
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die."
His soul went where they say souls
Fri.

They found his gloves, and eoat and hat,
The eoroner upon them
Sat.—Ex.



This month we have received the following exchanges: "The Polyteehnic," "The Kalinds," "Vail-Deane Budget" (March and April), "Bates Student," "Red and Blaek," "Mirror," "Aeademy Graduate," "Herald," "Capitoline," "Oak, Lily and Ivy," "Quarterly," "Item."

When one reads the "Mirror" one feels that the girls of Moravian Seminary, where it is published, are a wide-awake, and up-to-date set of young people, and that they do exeeedingly well in their little paper. This month there is an editorial prompted by the faet that their Principal is about to leave them. It deals with the taking of a right perspeetive, and is well worth one's time to read. We feel that in this sehool where so many novel entertainments were enjoyed during April there must be genius, and we wonder if it eould not be employed in giving to the "Mirror" a new cover, one that did not have the eontents on it. The present eover, and the advertisements, which appear in the front, are very effeetual means of hiding the real attraetiveness of this paper.

Last month the "Maryville College Monthly" was published by the Sophomores of that institution, and it is a great eredit to the elass. While the stories are written on rather threadbare lines, the artieles are splendid. We espeeially commend the artiele, "A Plea for the Honor System." It is treated in a strong and elean-eut manner. If this is the general view taken at Maryville we sincerely hope the eollege will adopt this system.

The matter of form is one to which all papers

should pay a great deal of attention. This magazine has some very good points in regard to form, but some which we deplore in it, as well as in other papers. The advertisements, so vital a part of every school publication, are scattered through the last pages of subject matter which happen to be the Exchanges. This is a great disappointment to one, after admiring the splendid form obtaining throughout the Literary, Local and Editorial departments.

How We Are Regarded By Others.

"We especially commend the exchange editor of "Lasell Leaves." Her column is bright, wide awake, and extremely instructive."—*The Ossining Quill.*

"Lasell Leaves" we consider a little too dry. Why not make it more spicy?"—*The Academy Graduate."*

The LASELL LEAVES hails from Lasell Seminary, a school of about two hundred girls, in Auburndale, Massachusetts. Of all our exchanges, this paper has been one of the most punctual, showing the systematic and business-like way in which it is run. It is a magazine of twenty-four pages, nineteen of reading matter and five of advertisements. With its original cover design, its good quality of paper, and its well printed pages, it not only presents an attractive appearance, but affords the reader an insight into the healthy school spirit and the culture of the seminary.

A better arrangement of the articles, however, would greatly improve the paper. How much better it is to open a paper with a story rather the contents. How much better, too, it would be if the stories were put in a separate department by themselves, and the articles classed as editorials were grouped together under their own distinctive head. Another thing which would better this paper would be the addition of a few pages of original jokes and grinds, funny mistakes made in the class rooms, and "hits" on the different pupils. Exchanges are laughable and appreciated, but much more laughable and more appreciated are the jokes which concern your own school—which, when you look over them a year or two hence, recall to mind all the circumstances.

The "Literary" department of this paper is one of its good points. The pupils do not aspire to write romantic short stories based on the old, well-worn plots, but write simply and originally with marked ability. Some of the stories, better called sketches, are about experiences of the girls, and about places of interest seen in traveling; others from real life, are ever so interesting, and well repay the time spent. The style of all these articles shows culture and a familiarity and ease in the use of good English.

The chief characteristic of the school, judging from the paper, is the general friendship which exists among the pupils and between the pupils and teachers, the spirit of unity which pervades the whole and which means so much to the welfare of any school. The "Personals" department shows that not only does this spirit bind the pupils to the school while they are attending it, but after they have been graduated. In this department extracts from letters of the alumnæ are quoted, and news of the different ones is given. Another illustration of this same spirit is the organization of a Lasell Club in the cities where a number of girls who have attended the school reside. Nothing shows this better than the letters which are received by the girls from their former principal, letters which show a personal interest in each one of the girls, the friendship which existed and still exists between the pupils and their former principal.

The standard of the LASELL LEAVES is in almost every way above that of the average school paper—a fact that is probably due to the co-operation of the whole school.—*New Trier Echoes.*

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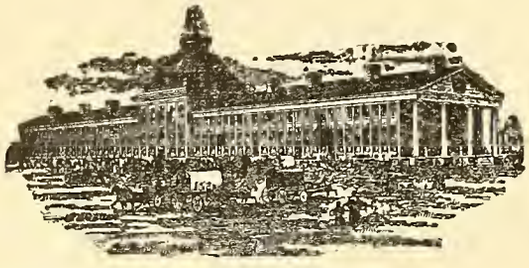
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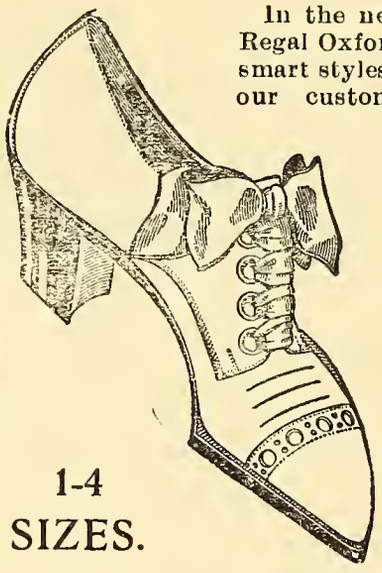
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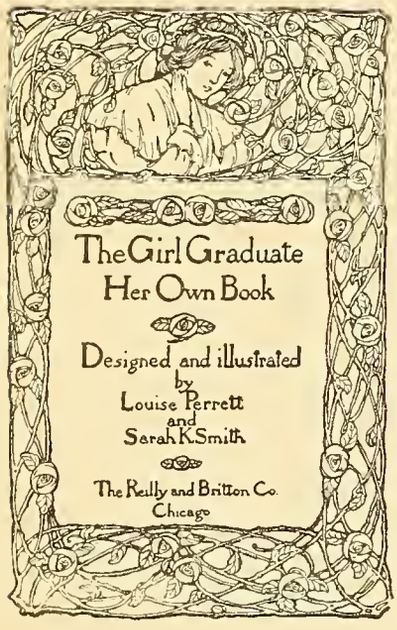




VOL. XXXIV JUNE, 1909 NUMBER NINE

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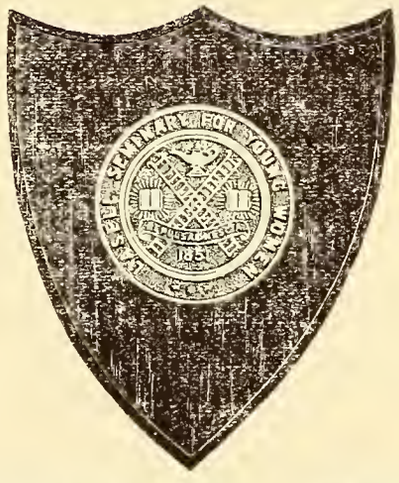
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Secretary
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Exchange Editor.
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

The school year has passed with such swiftness that it is hard to believe the long vacation at last here. In a few days all will have started for their various destinations; some going home, some to summer resorts, and others on delightful trips abroad. In spite of these many summer pleasures to which one looks forward in vacation, none of us will leave Lasell without feelings of regret, for we have spent here a most happy and satisfactory year. Especially do we feel sad to realize that our dear seniors, whom we have loved so long, will now leave us, never to return again as students. Although they will always belong to us, in a very real way, still we shall miss them in many respects from our school life when next we resume it. We feel that they have consistently carried out their motto, "Be true to the best." In parliamentary drill, even when they knew that they would thereby incur the dislike of many of their schoolmates, they seem to have acted always in accordance with what was right and for the best interests of the school.

And now the time has come to say goodbye; some of us will be separated only during the summer; others we shall hardly meet again until perhaps next commencement; a few of us may never meet again. One and all, we hope that this happy commencement time will prove only the beginning of a yet happier and brighter future.

A Recital.

A rare treat fell to the lot of the girls at Lasell, when on the nineteenth of May, the pupils of Mr. Hills, ably assisted by two pupils of Miss White, gave a recital in the gymnasium. It was doubly a treat since, not only were Mr. Hills' pupils the artists, but some of his own compositions, the selections for the evening. All the participants in the entertainment displayed a keen appreciation of the beauty and worth of their pieces, as well as faithful training. In every case the numbers were rendered with perfect ease and grace of touch and precision of time which did credit to their capable instructor. Mr. Hills' songs were absolutely charming, both in their composition and the way they were sung, and each and all captivated the audience and called forth much applause. The program was as follows:

Schumann — Romanza in F sharp major
Miss Chapman

Korestchenko — Air di Ballet
Miss Stone

Songs

Eleanor Smith — The Quest
Joseph A. Hills — The Secret
Miss Aldrich

Nicode—Burleske — Edited by Mr. Hills
Miss Ordway

Joseph A. Hills — Mazurka Fantastique
Miss Irma Levi

Schutt — Reverie
Miss Berman

Joseph A. Hills.—Songs.
(a) To Thee,
(b) Doris
(c) I wrote upon the Shining Sands
Miss Farr

Sinding — Rustle of Spring
Miss Powers

Schutt — Romance d'Amour
Miss Farmer

Liszt—Schubert — Erl King
Miss Rheinstrom

Glee Club Concert.

Tardy April showers caused many a sigh of disappointment on the evening of the twenty-second of May, the day appointed for the annual Glee Club Concert; but indeed there was so much excitement indoors, that it seemed to make no difference if the weather were unfavorable. A dainty luncheon was served for a large number of the guests, at half-past five, and those for whom the hour of half-past six was more convenient were served at that time. The music rooms, halls and recitation rooms had been attractively decorated with portieres, banners, and sofa pillows, and in these various rooms the

guests were entertained until a quarter of eight, when everyone assembled in the gymnasium, where the eighteen members of the Glee Club, accompanied by Miss Annie Crowe, and under the competent direction of Miss Helen Goodrich, rendered the following program:

PART I

The Sleeping Beauty

Alfred Tennyson — Henry Lahee

Soloists

Pauline Orcutt — Isabel Farr
Louise Porter — Jennie Stanton
Katherine Wheeler — Sibyl Webb
Florence Nelson — Marion Hale

Marjorie Sharp

PART II

1	a	Cross Ole Chilly	Josephine Sherwood
	b	Song of the Dinah Dolls	Josephine Sherwood
2	a	Coming thro' the Rye	F. W. Root
3	a	The Clock	Josephine Sherwood
	b	Mother Goose Medley	Josephine Sherwood
	c	The Cat and the Sparrow	Josephine Sherwood
4	a	A Mother's Cradle Song	Gilbert Hill
	b	While the South Wind Blows	G. H. Fox, Jr.
	c	Eastern Song	Josephine Sherwood

Field Day.

Monday the 24th, was as perfect a day for Field Day as we could have wished for. Everyone had been looking forward to this day with especial interest, as it was Lasell's first Field Day. At 9.30 that morning, all the girls rallied with enthusiasm. The Specials to show their Class spirit came wearing their colors, lavender and white.

The first event was the running high jump, which was executed with the aid of a spring board. In this Edna MacDonald won first place making a record of five feet, Mary Lumbard won second place. The standing broad jump was next. Margherita Dike winning first place and Reva L. Berman second. The Hop, Skip and Jump made quite an interesting event. Edna MacDonald winning first and Reva L. Berman, second. The Shot Put was won by Amy Brannan, and second Margherita Dike, Next came the vault in which Reva L. Berman, won first place, and Alice Fuller second. The last events were the relay races. There were three teams, six in each. Before this race, it was decided, that the winning team would challenge six of the Faculty in another race. The first relay race was won by a team consisting of: Mary Lumbard, Ellen Cudworth, Alice Levi, Elsie Leonard, Grace Harvey and Eleanor Laurens. This team then challenged six of the Faculty, which were as follows: Mademoiselle LeRoyer, Fraulein Heinrich, Miss Potter, Miss Warner, Mrs. Winslow and Dr. Winslow. It is needless to say that the race was won by the girls.

The Lasell Canoe Races.

May 31st was the day appointed for our canoe races, and when the sun rose that morning, on a perfect day, our hearts were filled with joy. Our crews had worked hard in preparation for the day, and it was a great relief when the weather man made so delightful a report in our favor.

For the first time in the history of the school there were three war canoes, instead of the original two. One was our old one, which had been used as a model for the two new ones. In former years, the two canoes used in the wars, had been unevenly matched, so that while the skill of the girls was perhaps, satisfactorily displayed, the contest could hardly be called with justice, a race, for the old green canoe was no match for the white. This year all the boats were painted white, with a big, ornamental monogram in blue—L. C. C.—on either side of the bow.

The old canoe had been christened, "Murphy," in honor of its captain, Martha Hazelet, whose nickname is the same. The crew was arrayed in white, save for the light blue collar of their "Lombard" blouses. With Mary Lumbard as stroke, and Hannah Proctor, Grace Harvey, Ruth Miller, Edna Merriam, Margherita Dike,

Dorothy Chaffee, and "Tot" McLean, as crew, their chance for victory was certainly good.

The two new canoes were much more "tippy" than the old one, and the girls were in constant fear of overturning, which to some of us was a pleasing prospect, for we had often asked Miss Warner to let us have the experience of tipping over. One of these boats, the "Streak" was commanded by Hannah Morris, with Ella Puchta, as stroke, Susan Stryker, Rachael Edwards, Cornelia Stone, Reva Berman, Gladys Lawton, Marion Bartlett and Eleanor Warner, for crew, a formidable company, and much feared by the other crews.

The third canoe was more than fortunate in having Mildred Goodall for captain. In the race last year, Mildred proved herself an ideal captain, she had the old green boat to handle, and gave a superb exhibition of the proper way to steer. Her crew consisted of Margaret Wadsworth, stroke; Helen Schnadig, Eleanor Laurens, Ellen Cudworth, Edith Eisenstaedt, Amy Brannan, Alice Fuller and Sally Guething, and all realized that their redeeming feature was their captain, upon whom they knew they could entirely depend to win the race, if they aided her to the extent of their power.

The course being a mile or more from the boat house, the crews started early and paddled the distance leisurely, saving all strength for the supreme test. A photographer was waiting at the terminus of the course and a long nerve-racking time was consumed in taking the pictures of the several crews. As we paddled up to the starting point for the last time, we all remembered how often in our morning practice, we had done the same thing, but with a far different feeling from that we now had; and we realized more fully now than at any previous moment, that the great day had, at last, arrived.

There was a long rest when we reached the start, during which Miss Warner had our captains draw for places. The "Jettatura" had the course at the right, which was the longest of the three; the "Streak" had the centre course; and the "Murphy" drew that at the left.

Finally the signal came, and before we realized it, the race had begun. It was soon evident that the canoes had been placed too close together at the start, but there was no chance, now to change. The time of each captain's stroke was different, from that of either of her rivals, and at first it was hard to distinguish the proper one to follow, but soon our ears became deaf to all voices but that of our own captain and our crews worked mechanically in response.

There was little difference in the speed of the boats, and their relative distances from the goal, till the centre of the course was reached, when the "Jettatura" fell slightly behind; for, while the stroke was steady and strong, Captain Goodall thought it advisable to save the greater part of the strength of her crew for the final spurt. Then the unforseen happened, the "Streak" left its course and collided with the "Jettatura" There was a tangle of paddles and a necessary pause in the flight of both boats, but in a moment both were off again. For perhaps two lengths all went well, then the "Streak" roamed again and went into the path of the "Jettatura." This time when they fell apart, the "Murphy" was seen more than a length in advance, for that boat had continued calmly on its course without interruption. It seemed then as if there was no possible chance of regaining the lost advantage in the short distance yet to be covered, but the accidents seemed to have given unexpected strength to the other two crews, and when, by chance, the crew of the "Murphy" lost its stroke about there, although they quickly regained it, the other two canoes had recovered a little of the lost distance, and from then on, there was a slow but steady gain. A few lengths from the finish the "Murphy" was still in the lead, but the "Jettatura's" crew made one last wild spurt, and managed to pass the "Streak," which had, up till then, been second.

Amid the cheering of the spectators, the "Murphy" crossed the finish line, and the "Jettatura" followed less than half a length behind, while the "Streak" came in last, about half a length behind the second. The race had been exciting from start to finish, and all the crews did good work.

The Exhibits.

On Thursday afternoon were to be held exhibits of the work done in the sewing, cooking and art classes and by the pupils in swimming. Of course there had been much hammering, sweeping, dusting and arranging in all the rooms where the work of these students was to be displayed, and at three o'clock all was ready for inspection.

We visited the art exhibit first, since this was first open and very pretty the studio looked. New curtains had been hung, and the water colors and oil paintings had been arranged artistically around the room. There were furthermore several very pretty leather purses and bags and a number of articles in brass to be seen. Indeed there were so many pretty things that we scarcely knew which we liked best and to avoid expressing our opinion on so delicate a question; we finally went downstairs to visit the sewing exhibit.

Here we saw that the girls had learned every necessary detail of the art of sewing. They had been taught how best to sew on buttons and hooks and eyes, and how to make neat button holes, an accomplishment of no slight value. Then they had taken a big step forward and made each a shoe-bag and a dainty little apron, in which they made use of all the different sorts of stitchery they had been taught. Finally, they made such progress that they were next allowed to make shirt waists, "Who made the dresses?" was asked by one. In answer to this query we were shown a large placard, "The ushers will wear dresses that they have made themselves." And the hats! they really looked like models from some Parisian shop. There was, moreover, one truly Parisian model there—a hand embroidered baby cap.

But by this time we had given a glance into the adjoining room where were tempting dainties arranged on a long table. Into this room we went. This was the exhibition of work done by the plain cooking classes. On the centre table was a chicken, reposing in roasted splendor on a big platter and surrounded by pies and cakes, rolls, muffins and many another good thing to eat. On a little table were several dishes of dainty jellies, and an array of staple food articles having in them the same amount of nourishment as these same jellies—a quart bottle of milk, ten eggs, and six ounces of cheese.

Eager for new wonders we now went into the next room to see the "housekeeping class" exhibition, where we were tempted to sit down and partake of the dainty luncheon there displayed. We were dissuaded, though, by the tender of punch and sandwiches, which we accepted gratefully. On one table, in the small room where a five course luncheon was ready to be served were red Spanish peppers and lettuce, on another, soup, on another, salmon loaf with bechamel sauce, served with potatoes and peas. The next course was of fruit, and was served in little orange baskets, while the last table boasted the dessert-sponge cake and almond custard. Happy the girl who takes household economics at Lasell!

At four thirty o'clock was to be held the swimming contest. In the tank were all the best swimmers of the school. We were shown some of the best strokes and superior methods of diving. Then to create some excitement, there was a relay race. The winning team was composed of: Misses Laurens, Schnadig, Lawton and Brannan. Their opponents were: Misses Stone, Wadsworth, Hazelet and Bartlett. Af-

ter some other amusements such as diving after a nickel, and bowling balls, the exhibition concluded.

We congratulated ourselves on having had the good luck to see so excellent an exhibition of Lasell's distinctive work.

Pupils' Commencement Concert.

Without doubt the concert given by the girls on the evening of Wednesday, June 2d, was a greater success than any which has been heard in the course of several years. The general attitude of the audience was that of expectancy, and appreciation. Each performer did her part in the easy manner of the experienced artist, receiving just applause. The program was as follows:

PART FIRST.

Organ. Sonata in C Minor, No. 2 Mendelssohn
Grave, Adagio, Allegro Maestoso e Vivace
Miss Crowe

Chorus. The Snow, Elgar
Orphean Club
(Violin parts by Miss Julia Pickard and Mr. Goldstein)

Pianoforte Quartet. Lustspiel Overture, Keler Bela
Misses Swartwout, Wald, Hexter and ter Kuile.

Song. The Quest, Eleanor Smith
Miss Aldrich

Pianoforte. Liebestraume, No. 3, Liszt
Miss Bartlett.

Song. Polly Willis, Dr. Arne
Miss Webb.

Pianoforte. Romance, op. 24, No. 9, Sibelins
Miss Hexter.

Songs. a. To Thee, Hills
b. Upon the Shining Sands, Hills
Miss Farr.

PART SECOND.

Pianoforte and Organ, Kamennoi Ostrow-Rubinstein
Miss Swartwout.
(Assisted by Miss Curtiss)

Song. April Morn, Batten
Miss Stanton.

Pianoforte. Bells of Geneva, Liszt
Miss ter Kuile.

Songs. a. Down from the Hill there Runs a Stream, Ronald
b. A Little Winding Road, Ronald
(From Songs of the Hill.)
c. Chanson de Florian, Godard
Miss Orcutt.

Pianoforte Duo, Barcarolle, Schytte
Misses Rheinstrom and Chaffee.

Song. Villanelle, Eva dell Aqua
Miss Wheeler.

Pianoforte. En Courant, Op. 53, No. 1, Godard
Miss Crowe.

Voice and Pianoforte. Ave Maria, Bach-Gounod
Misses Stanton and Farmer.
(Assisted by Miss Curtiss, organ.)
Mr. Goldstein, violin.

The Annual Drill of the Lasell Battalion

Drill Day was in every way most successful. Every condition was favorable, and the sun being slightly clouded over, it was not too warm to drill comfortably. Promptly at seven a. m. the decorators began their work. The Campus looked very festive, indeed, in its yellows, reds and blues streaming from every available spot. At two o'clock a reception was held in the parlors for our military guests, who looked very distinguished in their full-dress uniforms. Certain of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Lasell Battalion acted as general reception committee, others as ushers. The hour was a very pleasant one.

Half an hour later "Assembly" was sounded, and Company A formed on the lawn by Carter Hall. Captain Riker put the company through every movement, after which the field was taken by Company C in its turn, Capt. McLean in command. Company B was the last to drill. This over, the prize squad, commanded by Adjutant Chaffee, marched with firm step, to the strains of an inspiring march, into the field. For a long time the squad was drilled in the manual of arms, then were ordered off, that those who had been disqualified, by errors made, might drop out. Twenty-five, commanded by Lieutenant Gallaher, returned for the second round. The judges now watched more intently than ever, and after this squad had been ordered off, for the weeding out, only six returned for

the third and last round. Under closest scrutiny they executed order after order, until there had been chosen as deserving respectively, the first and second prizes, and honorable mention.

Battalion parade was then formed. Led by the Putnam band of Lynn, the companies passed in review before the Major, and it was a pretty sight to see each company, advancing "company front," turned head and eyes to the right in saluting this officer. When they had returned to their various "company streets," the Battalion was dismissed.

The prize in company competition was awarded to Company A, and the first prize in individual drill to Private Marion W. Harvey, '12; the second prize to Sergeant Reva L. Berman, '10; and honorable mention to Eleanor R. Laurens, '10.

The judges were: Col. E. LeRoy Sweetser, 8th Infantry, M. V. M., Capt. Harry L. Brown, 8th Infantry, M. V. M., and Capt. Robert C. Davis, 17th U. S. Infantry.

After another reception, short and informal, out of doors, dinner was served, and our cadet officers proudly escorted their military guests down to dinner.

Directly after dinner, Dr. Winslow made a short speech in which he called upon Lieutenant Ranlett to speak. He responded and then introduced Col. Leroy Sweetser, who made a short address, and was followed by Capt. Brown. Then Lieut. Ranlett called upon Dr. Bragdon, who responded with a short address. He was followed by a speech from Col. L. B. Goodall. As soon as these speeches were finished Dr. Winslow expressed his pleasure in the day's programme and hoped that next year, too, we might have the Drill as we had this year.

Lieutenant Ranlett, although he will not admit it, is certainly to be praised for the fine work of the companies, since it was through his careful instructions alone that our brilliant success was gained.

The Senior Reception.

Not even the most optimistic person could have called the night of the fifth of June a favorable one for the Senior reception, as the rain was pouring down, and it was none too warm, either. But all such immediate friends and family of the seniors, as were in the vicinity at the time, showed a praiseworthy ambition to brave the elements, and greet the Class. Accordingly it was not long before the parlors and halls were quite comfortably filled with guests, every one of whom seemed to be having a splendid time, except possibly certain of the married gentlemen, who, having been separated from their wives on entrance to their own especial dressing room, appeared to be entirely stranded looking anxiously from the door down the length of the crowded hall, gazed disconsolately about, and refused to be escorted to the receiving group, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter the Preceptress, and the Senior President, Miss Swartwout, until they had found their "better halves." These unfortunates were pacified only on being earnestly assured by the ushers that they would find their wives down in some one or other of the whirlpools at the farther end of the hall, upon which they meekly submitted to be conducted thither. These little incipient tragedies, however, since they kept occurring for a considerable time, became commonplace, and cast only passing shadows over the prevailing gladness. Most of the Seniors that evening wearing trained gowns for the first time, were, as the society papers would put it, the "cynosure of all eyes."

But the thought of all this gayety in parlor and hall has almost made me forget to say anything about the rest of the reception, for there was more than this. The Juniors, the servitors of the occasion, and indispensable, were everywhere in evidence, serving on various committees during the first part of the evening, and

afterwards seeing to it that the wants of the guests were met. At half-past nine o'clock a banquet was served in the attractive dining room. It was not strange then, that, when good-nights were at last said, everybody left reluctantly, feeling that the reception to our seniors had been a complete and gratifying success.

Baccalaureate Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Edward S. Ninde, of Providence, gave the baccalaureate sermon this year. The Congregational church, of the village, kindly placed at the disposal of the Seminary, as usual on this occasion, was filled, on that beautiful Sunday, June 6, by a throng of eager and interested people, the Faculty and students of the Seminary, pupils of former years, parents and friends of the schoolgirls, and Lasell's friends and well-wishers in the village itself. The school and its Faculty occupied the central block of seats, as is customary. In the pulpit were: Dr. Gordon, pastor of the church; Dr. Peloubet, also of Auburndale; Dr. Spaulding, the Methodist minister; and Dr. Ninde, the speaker of the day.

Dr. Ninde's text, Acts 26:19, was made the basis of a deeply interesting and impressive plea for the life of service to mankind, which is now the prevailing ideal of the noble life. Paul, said he, might have disobeyed the Divine call to the apostolship, with its arduous service and great suffering; but had he done so, he would have lost the most glorious opportunity of his life, with all its magnificient rewards. Yet God's work would not have suffered thereby. Another would have been found, and to him would have been given the work, and to him the reward. To each of us, as to Paul, comes the Divine call to service, and each must individually decide whether it shall be obeyed, or disregarded; whether the heavenly vision shall or shall not, henceforth determine the course and character of the life of him to whom the vision has been vouchsafed. In earlier days, men mistakenly judged him the noblest who, withdrawing from the society of his fellowmen, bent all his endeavors to saving his own soul, regardless of their fate. Today, with clearer vision, they give the crown of the highest nobility of soul to the men and women who, like Christ, go about doing good, forgetting themselves in their earnest endeavor to help such as need their ministrations, counting not their lives dear for the joy of serving others. Not the hermit, St. Jerome, but such men as Grenfell and Father Damien it is, that the world now delights to honor with its reverence. This is the lesson of the ages—the abiding worth of man. Though Jeremy Taylor glorified the art of dying well, it is far greater to live well, which means living for others, rendering helpful and loving service. He who has no desire, or no motive for this service, will find his life wretched and empty, but he who is active in his Master's work, will have a soul, earnest and enriched. Every one at some time receives, like Paul, a call to such service, and should be in readiness for it. "Lift up yours eyes to look ahead," said the speaker, "catch a vision of the world's need, its ignorance, sorrow and sin. Feel for one moment its mighty heart throbs of hope and yearning. Listen to the notes of its Miserere, of its Jubilate, behold the world as it is and then behold it as God intends it shall be and you can never again be listless. Your very soul will burn with quenchless desire to do your part in bringing in the larger and brighter day."

The message to the graduating class was an inspiring one. Dr. Ninde referring to the statement of Frances E. Willard, that "the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was the discovery of women—what she was, and what she could do and be," said in substance that woman is no longer regarded as a slave or toy, but as an independent personage, to whom the doors of opportunity are more and more opening.

Whenever to any woman, this divine call is given, it should never be refused, else that woman's life will fail of its purpose.

The evening was devoted to Commencement Evensong, conducted by Dr. Gordon. Mrs. Ruggles, assisted by her pupils, gave several beautiful vocal selections. Dr. Gordon, to whom we have listened with such pleasure during the past year, gave us another one of his helpful talks, saying, in part, that such partings as that which then confronted us, and especially the end of school-life, though necessarily sad should really mark for us a great step taken toward higher things and greater power. He made a strong point of the thought that we should make harmonies rather than discords in the world, by rightly adjusting ourselves to conditions, while at the same time endeavoring to make those conditions better.

Class Night

Florence Swartwout, President
Charlotte Wright Alley, Vice President
Edith Houghton, Secretary
Dorothy Virginia Wells, Treasurer
Honorary Member, Mrs. Margaret Deland
Motto: Be True to the Best.
Colors: Crimson and Gold Flower: Red Rose

Class Yell

Ala, Garoo, Garoo, Garoo!
Wah Hoo, Bah Zoo,
High X, Why X!
Hika Pika, Dama Nika!
M D, double C, double C, I, X.

One could not have wished for a brighter, summer day or a more tranquil night than was ours on the seventh of June. During the day, the Juniors and Sophomores worked long and tirelessly, paying their last tribute to the Seniors in the daisy-chain, and the fern-decked porch and gymnasium. At a quarter of eight, a hush fell upon the parents and friends of the Seniors and on their schoolmates, who crowded the gymnasium, and the sweet voices of the Class of '09 rose on the air, as they marched in, bearing the daisy-chain, and singing their processional. The poem was written by Florence Swartwout.

"To night we homage pay thee, dear Lasell,
To thee in chorus loud our praises swell;
Thee, teacher, guide, and friend, thro' many a day
We'll e'er remember, wander where we may.

Twenty and one we come, a loyal band;
After our toil and strife, firm now we stand;
Bound by our friendship true, loving and blest,
Sing we our motto, "Be true to the best."

'Tis hard to separate, to say "Good bye!"
First comes our welcome; echoing to the sky.
Greeting to one and all we here extend,
To Faculty, to kinsfolk, and to friend.

Hail once again, Lasell! Thy grateful praise
Long will 'Naught-Nine to Alma Mater raise.
Together now we sing our welcome-song:
Blessings be thine, and peaceful years and long!"

The Class President opened the program, with her address of welcome, as follows:—

Welcome is close akin to farewell. Welcome has always a wealth of anticipation in its ring; farewell, the implication of a finish, an end. Yet, although our Lasell career is closing, nevertheless we are, just commencing to learn, for much lies ahead of us in the great life-school. But for this hour, at least, it is to be 'welcome', and welcome only, hearty and sincere; and when this hour has run its course, we trust that the spirit of our welcome will linger with you.

By your presence here tonight you show us your interest, you stimulate us, you encourage us, you gladden us. No doubt, you come also to see what manner of young women we have become, through our course at Lasell and to join with us in the pleasures of these last days.

To you, Dr. Winslow, we, your first class of graduates, extend a most hearty welcome. We will strive to do you honor. Dr. Bragdon, a loving greeting, also to you; for we were your pupils, too, and we thank you for this splendid foundation and for the high standard of learning established here at Lasell. We are glad for

Pasadena, and we know that your influence will be felt there, too, in things educational. Our teachers, helpful and inspiring, our dear parents; our friends, looking on tonight with an interest, we feel to be an honor as well as an inspiration; our schoolmates; our beloved friends,—to *all* of you, each and every one, we extend tonight welcoming hands. Indeed we are glad with true and genuine gladness to see your faces at our entertainment. Welcome! welcome! The Class of 1909 bids you welcome!

An unusually clever roll call, by Florence Hudson, followed, in which each member of the class was uniquely described, and salient characteristics or peculiarities mentioned.

The amusing song next in the programme was spiritedly given, and elicited round after round of applause.

The last verse was an encore, prettily expressing their appreciation of the daisy-chain and especially pleased the Juniors.

Edith Houghton's history of the Crimson Rose-tree, and its life in the Lasell garden, from its planting to this day of glorious blossoming, pleased everyone who heard it. The audience was next transported into the future, by Elsa Rheinstrom, who told of a trip she had taken to visit the several members of '09, long after their graduation. The paper was accompanied by divesting stereopticon pictures illustrating how she found the girls occupied then.

In the following song, the Seniors paid loving tribute to the Sophomores who had proved themselves such loyal friends of '09 in the past year, and told all would-be Seniors how to act.

Goodbye, dear faithful Sophomores,
Your spirit we adore;
You have ever been so loyal to our class
That the need of leaving you we now deplore;
And when we 're far apart
We 'll think with longing heart
Of the care free joyous days of sisterhood,
Where side by side in friendship true we stood,
Now goodbye forever to the school-days at Lasell,
Where each girl may be a Senior if she only studies well.
When their dignity unbends, there's fun for you we say,
Seniors never sin,—they simply grin,
When held up to the school each day.

And now to all we tell,
It's through Fletcherizing well
That we've come to have such happy views of life,
And to profit by the best gifts of Lasell.
Just follow ye in our footsteps,
Underclassmen, and ye 'preps,'
And you'll find your days all radiant with sunshine,
And with the glory of our light divine.
Now goodby, forever to the schooldays at Lasell,
Where each girl may be a Senior, if she masticates quite well.
When their dignity unbends there's fun for you, we say.
What you must do is simply cheer,
To be held up to the school each day.

The encore which followed the applause which greeted this song was one of the decided "hits" of the evening, for everyone enjoyed the description of student government.

For many years Lasell has offered student government,
When we could do whatever we wished if conscience would consent,
But now that we have put one foot beyond the rules of yore
We find ourselves confronted by policemen by the score.

Chorus

We can't do all the things we used to do;
At mail time all we hear is, "Pass on through!"
E'en though your box is full of mail
You must pass on or go to jail,—
We can't do all the things we used to do.

Now we've a little city that is perfect in detail—
A mayor. council, firemen, cops, and treasurer on bail;
But where the trouble comes is when the whole assembly meets;
We change our minds a dozen times, and then some one repeats,

Chorus

We can't do all the things we used to do,
It takes an age to get a bill passed through;
But just be sure you keep your head;
Don't contradict each word you've said.
We can't do all the things we used to do.

The "Last Will and Testament," given by Blanche Richmond, caused much laughter. The Seniors bequeathed all their traditional privileges and powers to the Juniors, besides making sundry gifts to other schoolmates. This over, Mary Wythe, in a few appropriately chosen words, then spoke of the great and sincere love for its Alma Mater which '09 wished to make evident in the gift of a beautiful lamp, which was even then hanging in the front hall, where later all might see it. Finally, in the name of the class, Charlotte Alley, closed the indoor programme with the speech of farewell, as below:

For most of us girls of '09, the close of this school year ends our school life. We stand here tonight with many and diverse feelings in our hearts; but all of us, I think, have more or less the feeling of the joy of conquest. We have accomplished some few tasks which have given us broader interests and wider knowledge both of ourselves and of others. We have at this time a very appreciably wider field of thought than ever before. We have all become interested in some branch of work, which it is our purpose to carry on after we return home. In one sense, this is no close of our educational career, but truly a commencement. No girl could live in the atmosphere of Lasell, as long as we have, without learning the lesson of "Service for others," when it is taught so eloquently by our friend and principal, by our teachers, and by our neighbor, Dr. Gordon, who has inspired and encouraged us throughout the year by his helpful Chapel talks.

We are proud to be Dr. Winslow's first graduating class, and we intend that he shall never have cause to be anything but proud of us. To him we say farewell, this evening, with an earnest wish that his may be a lifetime of prosperity and happiness.

The loving help of our teachers, throughout the years we can never forget, and that we shall more and more appreciate what they have done for us, as we growing older, become increasingly able to estimate its true worth—this they shall see. We are more than sorry to leave you, but feeling secure in our hope to see you again as at one time and another we return to Lasell for a visit, we say tonight only "au revoir."

For you dear schoolmates, one and all, we wish never ending happiness. It is hard to feel that we shall probably never be together as a body again, still there are comforting and happy remembrances of the jolly days of the past, which we shall enjoy often in retrospect; and ever will we watch for one another during the coming days of our further tarrying in the school of life. May you all in very truth "fare well!"

I turn to you, dear classmates, with a full heart. Words are inadequate to express the tender farewell I have it in my heart to give you. Each and every one of you has made an impression on my own personal life that will never be effaced. It is hard to part, still we feel that we shall from time to time see one another again, meeting sometimes here, sometimes at our several homes, sometimes in other places, when we shall compare notes with all the old school girl eagerness, to see what conquests of self and circumstances we have made since our last night at Lasell together, and what new heights we have attained. But it is tonight our sorrow that as a class, one and unbroken, we shall probably never again meet as we do meet tonight. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." And so, Goodbye, God be with you.

And now "dear everybody," I thank you all in the name of our class for the kindly attention you have given us during our little entertainment. May you long remember the Class of Nineteen Nine. We shall long remember our class night and you. Goodnight and goodbye.

Now came the recessional, written by Frances Ebersole:

"Now at last the days are over;
From this glad school life we pass;
But, Lasell, you'll always hover
In our memories till the last.

What you've given us, we'll cherish
Though we never can repay;
Friendships made can never perish,
Love can never fade away.

So no matter where we roam,
Separated far or near,
We shall think of you as home,
Of our school days to us so dear,

Many have been our joys and pleasures
At our toil and at our play;
We have learned to love the treasures
Of your glad, sunshiny day.

But the golden sun is sinking
In the crimson of the west,
And the soft June breezes whisp'ring,
"Be ye true unto the Best."

As the twilight steals upon us,
And we leave thee, dear Lasell,
Give this class thy parting blessing—
So farewell, Lasell, farewell."

Carrying the '09 banner and torch, Edna MacDonald and Sibyl Webb, the Sophomore president and vice president, now led a grave procession of Seniors accompanied by their torch-bearing supes, through the gayly lighted campus to Karandon House, where Amanda Hexter said farewell to the house where such bright and happy days had been passed. Louise Funkhouser said goodbye to the Deer House, and following this, Katherine Wheeler took leave of Carter Hall, which has been the home of seven of the Seniors this year. In a few minutes they now marched to the Crow's Nest, that dearest of Seniors possessions, where Dorothy Wells, from the platform, told how the Scarlet Tanagers, who for a whole year had masqueraded as Crows and lived in their dwelling-place, must now leave this home-nest, and seek broader fields, so she yielded up the coveted possession to the "Blue Jays of 1910."

Maria Riker then gave "To The Flames," and other girls envied the Seniors as they joyfully cast into a fiery pit the causes of their various school trials and woes, that they might never again brew trouble.

The loving cup was then passed by Edna MacDonald, and a farewell toast sung to each Senior. Then, with arms intertwined, they gathered about the dying flames and sang a last farewell song to their dear Lasell school days. The formal programme was thus closed, but soon all classes gathered in front of Cushman Hall and made the campus ring for the last time with the songs of loyalty and love.

Commencement Day.

In the traditional procession, headed by the faculty and our Seniors, we all marched to the Congregational Church on the morning of June eighth. The day was perfect, cool and bright, with scarcely a breath stirring the arching branches.

The chancel was beautifully adorned with banks of palms, among the living green of which glowed crimson roses—the class flower—while a graceful basket, filled with the same lovely blossoms, expressed in fragrance and beauty the affectionate regret of Frances Ebersole, the one member of the class who was not present, having been obliged to sail for Europe several days before. Despite all this, however, the charm of that morning service and ceremonial would have been sadly diminished without the sympathetic and interested faces of the parents, friends, alumnae, and "old girls," assembled there to enjoy one more of Lasell's glad commencement days.

The order of exercises was as follows:

Processional
Prelude from LeDeluge — Saint-Saens
Prayer
Berceuse from Jocelyn — Godard
Commencement Address — Bliss Perry, LL. D.
Meditation — Mietzke
Presentation of Diplomas
Benediction
Recessional

The music, sweet and inspiring was a trio,

organ, harp and violin—Prof. Goldstein, violinist, and Miss Curtiss at the organ. Bishop Hamilton offered a fervent and impressive prayer and Dr. Peloubet, at the conclusion, pronounced the benediction. Prof. Bliss Perry's address was one of marked earnestness and thoughtfulness. He took for his theme the statement of Professor Barrett Wendell, to the effect that Democracy and Excellence were sworn foes, and that the triumph of one meant inevitably the downfall of the other. This view he showed to be, in essence, a mistaken one. He asserted that the two are capable of being brought into harmony, and that this harmony is the destined end of their present strife, since the universe is subject to the moral law, that in the long run excellence always wins, and what is wrong loses the great game. The Seniors were exhorted to remember two things: first, that the life of devotion to excellence, the life of service, is the only reasonable and satisfying one; secondly, that there is no possible triumph except the triumph of excellence which is a sure and inevitable thing. After Prof. Perry's talk, Dr. Winslow expressed, fittingly, his admiration for this, his first class of graduates, and his entire confidence in them. As Miss Potter read the names of the Seniors, they one after another, passed up to the chancel to receive from Dr. Winslow their diplomas, small things of themselves, perhaps, but to those girls representing so much of effort and attainment.

The time had been short since we entered the church, and now it was all over; and, making our way out into the sunshine we went, not as we had come, however, for Seniors were now alumnae, Juniors were Seniors and all down the line the classes had taken a step in advance.

Farewell to the Crow's Nest.

The last, and perhaps the most solemn event of our Commencement week program was the farewell to that especially dear retreat of the seniors, "The Crow's Nest." Still grasping their crisp, and neatly rolled diplomas, as yet untied for examination, and with hearts still throbbing with the sense of the sacredness of Lasell's last benediction upon them, they passed in twos from the church up the well-known hill, up the driveway, and yet higher up, until our radiant flock of cunningly disguised "scarlet tanagers" were in the old nest, among the boughs of that hospitable maple upon the hillside. Streamers of red unfurled and fastened conspicuously at one corner of the nest, vividly contrasted with the luring green of their surroundings, and with the solemn black of the tanagers' apparel, as they fluttered welcome to the chattering throng of "blue jays," who decorously gathered below on the sward, awaited the possession of what was now to be their own peculiar property. All was quiet. The wind lulled a moment, and then in a sweet-throated ripple started a song among our seniors, our "tanagers." The sole remnant of their sovereignity was now to be resigned. The juniors were breathless, the red banner flapped dejectedly, the Crow's Nest, one fancies, listened in bewilderment to the sad explanation made by the seniors to the faithful tree. Once, twice, three times! The song was spent, the song that bade new occupants to this favorite haunt. Tenderly the red emblem of senior ownership was detached; slowly the tanagers filed down from the Nest, seniors no more, but women, about to turn to the world to seek therein their place and their work; to learn there new lessons of endeavor, endurance, and faith, perhaps also to meet bitter griefs and to bear heavy burdens. Our love goes with them in all of it.

Their responsibilities as seniors had now fallen upon new shoulders, and the juniors squaring themselves to the occasion, accepted the trust, in token of which they trooped resolutely into the Nest to forge a new link of the chain, binding class to class. Our juniors, thus straightway transformed into seniors, now sang sweetly and feelingly the song that has for years

given thanks to outgoing Lasell seniors on the abandonment of their throne to a new power; and as the last strains lapsed into silence, a new and brilliant banner, which bore on a blue ground, inscription in yellow, "Lasell, 1910," unrolled itself over the edge of the Nest, completely hemming in its loyal upholders on one side. Following this triumphant display, the girls sang a fond farewell to the old seniors, to the music of an arrangement of Chopin's Prelude. The song that fitly expressed what, not only the juniors, but all Lasell wished to say to our dear seniors.

Now at Commencement time
Our seniors say 'Goodbye,'
And go to every clime.
We wish them well alway.
Who knows the parting pain
Which comes to every heart?
Oh, let us say Farewell,
The time has come to part.

We Juniors, one and all,
Extend a fond farewell
To this dear class we love,—
Its merits none can tell.
We part in sadness, too,
From seniors, friends most true!
And in this parting leave them
Tenderest thoughts to weave.

This over, the president and vice presidents of both the new class and the outgoing one, followed by their respective classmates, met midway upon the steps of the Crow's Nest, and linking hands in an endless chain, joined in our most beloved Lasell song, "Alma Mater," the second line of which tells the secret of our happiness here. "Love for old Lasell." Then clasping hands again those who but an hour ago were juniors marched, a white-clad band, down from their new inheritance, the eyrie among the maple boughs, passing through an aisle formed by their newly graduated friends in cap and gown. Then unclasping hands, the seniors now clad in white, marched down from their old eyrie. A very attractive picture they were as they one by one stepped out from the end of the column and ranged themselves in a long straight line, a refreshingly light back ground for the darkly robed class of 1909, who now wended their way down the hill in accompaniment to that fascinating O-o-e-la-den, e-la-den, with which 1910 filled the air.

Let everything be done decently and in order. *Everything* includes room-keeping at Lasell from the beginning to the end of the school year.

As a rule, dear girls, you were better housekeepers this year than last. But there were exceptional girls whom I wish I could call back to "see their rooms as others see them." Were it still school time, I am afraid the Lasell police would be tempted to arrest you for "disorderly conduct."

Misses Ebersole and Paisley; Conant and Riker; deserve special mention at Karandon House; while at Clark Cottage, the best housekeepers were just where you would expect to find them, "at the top," this list includes Misses Ordway, Hazlett, Bragdon: Prince and Merrill; while Misses Porter and Proctor made us feel that some day they will be well fitted to preside over attractive homes of their own.

There were a number of orderly housekeepers at Cushman who unfortunately were mated with careless companions.

Who will ever again call 13 an unfortunate room? Misses Holman and Cobb carried their good housekeeping even into bureau drawers and most obscure corners.

Misses Levi and Levi; Farmer and Merriam; Blaisdell and Eldridge; Nahigian; Balch and Stryker, Merrill and Hall; Sharp and Flynn; Bates and Ferry; Hale and Nelson; Vicary and Powers; MacDonald, Bronaugh and Stanton; Fuller and Cudworth; Parsons and Mirick; Stroh and Krentler; would receive over 90; while a blue ribbon ought to go to Misses Bartlett and Marshall, Chapman and Ballard; Butterworth and Butterworth; Alley and Wheeler.

Lasell Alumnae Association.

The Association held its annual meeting in the Chapel at 2.30 o'clock, the President Lillie Fuller Merrian, in the chair. An unusual number were present. The class of 1909 was welcomed to the privileges of the Association. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were accepted. Miss Potter read a beautiful letter which Miss Carpenter once wrote to the Indiana Chapter, and which is now framed to be hung in the Seminary, another gentle reminder of our gracious leader.

The report of the committee chosen to place a fitting memorial to Miss Carpenter is given in full below. This recommendation was most heartily approved and endorsed by Dr. Bragdon and Dr. Winslow, by the faculty present and unanimously by the Association. The Alumnæ urge every graduate and "old girl" to do all in her power to make this memorial the success it deserves, that it may be a fitting one for dear Miss Carpenter. Miss Laurens, '07, gave two piano solos and Miss Elizabeth Peirce sang twice. Dr. Bragdon and Dr. Winslow, each in his characteristic way, delighted the old girls with their cordial greeting and words of welcome. This part of the meeting was thoroughly appreciated. The nominating committee presented the following list of officers which was elected. A social hour on the piazza followed the business meeting.

Nellie Packard Draper, Sec'y, '84.

List of Officers L. A. A.

Pres.—Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85
First Vice Pres.—Elise Scott Mackintosh, '99.
Second Vice Pres.—Gertrude Taggart, '97.
Sec'y—Nellie Packard Draper, '84
Treas.—Mabelle Whitney, '03
Ex. Com.—Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '05
Gertrude Rice Thayer, '81
Helen F. Carter, '06
Mid Winter Reunion—Helen Rishell, '99
Agnes Wylie, '05
Irene Sanford, '79
Alice Jenckes, '04
Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '94
June Meeting—Lillie R. Potter, '80
Ella Hazelton, '04
Grace Hardy, '04
Florence Lane, '07
Lillian Packard, '83
Committee for Caroline A. Carpenter Memorial
Gertrude Taggart, '97—chairman
Maria Warren Hayden, '58
Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81
Annie M. Gwinnell, '88
Maude B. Simes, '06
Jessie J. Macmillan, '82

Report of Committee on Memorial to Caroline A. Carpenter.

At the meeting of the Lasell Alumnae Association, it was unanimously voted to provide a permanent memorial for Caroline A. Carpenter, our teacher and friend. For this purpose, a committee was appointed. This committee after consideration makes the following recommendations:

1 That the sum of ten thousand dollars be raised.

2 That the interest of this sum be used to endow a lecture course in literature, history or travel. These lectures are to be known as the "Caroline A. Carpenter Lectures" and are to be given by lecturers of highest standing.

3 This property shall be the property of the Alumnae Association of Lasell Seminary and shall be controlled by trustees appointed by said Association.

The canvass for this fund has already been started by the Lasell Club, of New York, and it is the desire of the committee that the Lasell Clubs generally do this canvassing, and where there are no clubs, that local committees of loyal alumnae and former students be appointed to act. Efforts to that end are already under way.

The New England Clubs, the New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Indiana Clubs have already undertaken their share of the work. Correspondence is now being carried on with western and southern girls for the purpose of forming committees in those sections.

It is earnestly desired that this attempt of the alumnae of our beloved Alma Mater to establish a memorial to a former teacher be made a success. We owe it to her, to our Alma Mater, and to ourselves. If everyone of the several thousands of former students will rally to this cause even with a mite, it can be done.

The committee begs the approval and hearty co-operation of every alumnae.

Chairman, Gertrude Taggart, '97.
Maria Warren Hayden, '58.
Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81.
Annie Gwinnell, '88.
Maude Simes, '06.

Former Pupils Here for Commencement.

Fanny May Merrick, '56; Mary Shaw Rogers, '56; Martha E. Stone, '56; Flora Drew Sampson, '57; Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57; Emma Sears May, '57; Carrie Spear, '57; Fannie Sykes Davis, '57; Susan Hall Blount, '60; Caroline Hills Leeds, '61; Sarah F. Boynton, '67; Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67; Fanny Barker Coffin, '68; Annie Kendig Peirce, '80; Lillie Rose Potter, '80; Jessie Macmillan, '82; Lillie M. Packard, '83; Nellie Packard Draper, '84; Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Blanche Ford Hill, '86; Marietta Rose Green, '86; Maude Oliver Harding, '89; Mary P. Witherbee, '92; Jennie Arnold Felt, '93: Nellie M. Richards, '93; Mabel M. Lutes, '95; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95; Gertrude Clarke Rayner, '97; Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97; Lena Josselyn Lamson, '97; Martha A. Baker, '98; Ruth K. Merriam, '98; Alice Jenckes, '99; Elise Scott Mackintosh, '99; Agnes Drake, '03; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03; Grace M. Hardy, '04; Ella M. Hazelton, '04; Katharine A. Jenckes, '04; Ada Wells Burnham, '05; Helen F. Carter, '06; Mildred Johnston, '06; Ruth E. Marston, '06; Mildred Peirce, '06; Maie Straight Adams, '06; Katharine C. Washburn, '06; Florence M. Lane, '07; Martha R. Laurens, '07; Mary J. Richardson, '07; Ethel P. Wilde, '07; Leona M. Benner, '08; Grace W. Emerson, '08; Grace T. Griswold, '08; Elizabeth M. Love, '08; Madeline E. Lovitt, '08; Sophie B. Mayer, '08; Louise W. Morrell, '08; Charlotte P. Ryder, '08; Myra A. Steward, '08; Clare H. Baker, Martha Atwood Baker, Edith Simonds Bennett, Imo Blakestad, Lina Maynard Bramhall, Clementina Butler, Evelyn Cheney, Bessie Dana, Fannie Bent Dillingham, Minnie Ward Harrington, Alice Mayo Hicks, Harriet Sawyer Holden, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Sarah Perkins Johnson, Jane Kenyon, Adelle Frink Marston, Mabelle Sawyer Miller, Mildred Nelson, Elizabeth Peirce, Emma Wall Pinkham, Anne Johnson Plummer, Christine Taylor Porter, Alice Taylor Potter, Bessie Robinson, Helen Russell, Christine Ryrie, Ednah Smith, Mary K. Wales Smith, Harriet B. Spooner, Esther Starr, Cora Stone, Ellen Stone, Adelaide Philbrick Sumner, Cora Shackford Tilton, Mary Ransom Wagner, Beatrice Whitney, Marion Josselyn Young.

Among the most enthusiastic and loyal members of the alumnae, are the graduates of fifty years ago, and over. We are honored each Commencement by their presence! May they long continue to lead and inspire us. With the permission of our Principal we venture to publish the following gracious message from a member of the Class of 1856.

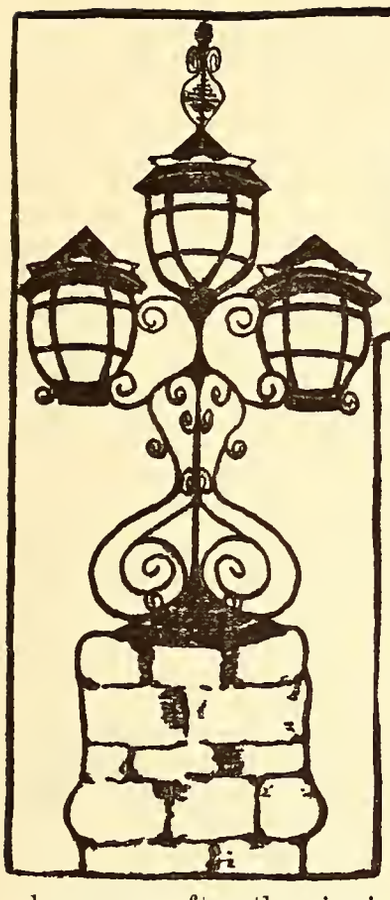
Newton Center
June 10, '09.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Winslow:

I feel I ought to send you a few lines, to express my thanks for the delightful time I had at Lasell, last Tuesday. It was so good to be there once more and meet the old girls, and your hospitality was so generous and the day so fine. It seemed as if Lasell never looked better or the girls prettier. Then too, we were so glad to see Mr. Bragdon, for his face has grown so familiar to us that we should have missed him sadly. On the whole it was a great day, even for the old ladies.

With kind regards

Cordially Yours,
F. G. Merrick, class of 1856.



LOCALS



May 10. The Freshman German Class, with their friends enjoyed a picnic at a near-by grove. A very pleasant time was reported.

May 11. Mademoiselle and the girls at the French table went on a little outing on the river this evening.

May 12. Tonight the second Session of the Supreme Court was held. The cases tried were those of the girls who were late in returning at the beginning of the term.

May 14. What a surprise we had tonight, when soon after the ringing of the nine o'clock bell, we heard a song ringing out loudly on the air, and looking out beheld the Specials serenading the Seniors and the school. Two fine songs and a yell were given with great zest and spirit. Good work Specials!! Keep it up!!

May 15. Directly after dinner a lawn-fete was held on the Campus for the benefit of the Missionary Society. Many tables prettily decorated ornamented the lawn and many things were found for sale. The fair was well patronized and a large sum was netted for the Society.

May 16. At Vespers, Miss Forman, under the auspices of the Missionary Society spoke to us about a School at Aintab, in Central Turkey.

May 17. Today, chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, a party of girls went to historic Plymouth. A very interesting and pleasant trip was reported.

May 19. Professor Hill's pupils gave a fine Recital in the gymnasium.

May 20. This evening an exceedingly interesting address was given us on "Flowers in the Home," by our friend Mr. Henry Turner Bailey.

May 22. At the regular lecture hour, Mrs. Loomis gave us an interesting lecture on the "Selections of a Home."

May 22. The Allerlies have come! At last we are overjoyed to see and own the long desired and much talked of book.

May 23. Judge Raymond, of the Supreme Court, gave us a most impressive address on "The Bible as the Book of Civilization," at the Vesper Hour.

May 25. On this afternoon the school picture was taken, after which pictures of the Lasell Battalion were taken in its various formations.

During dinner, we were all happily surprised to have Dr. Bragdon greet us in his hearty way from the landing in the dining room. We are very glad to have him here with us once more.

At Prayer Meeting, Mr. Vervieber, of Harvard, spoke to us. He described the Harvard-

Yale football game, and with that as an example showed us practical points which might be applied to our every day life.

May 26. Picnics!! Picnics!! This certainly was *the* day of Picnics. On this afternoon, Mrs. Loomis and the 2nd year Household Economics Class started for a picnic on the Charles, but owing to the bad weather, returned and had it in the Practice Dining Room.

Miss Dolley's table enjoyed a picnic lunch in the Practice Kitchen and later took a jaunt to Norumbega Park.

At five o'clock, Mademoiselle and the Junior French girls picnicked in the Gymnasium and after the bountiful repast was finished, all those who could took a walk to the Metropolitan Water Works House and from there to Norumbega Tower, returning home in the edge of the evening.

May 28. This morning the elections were held for Mayor and two Councilmen, to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of Misses Wythe, Alley and Ebersole. The following people were elected; for Mayor, Miss ter Kuile; for Councilmen, Misses Synder and MacDonald.

May 29. Mrs. Loomis gave us an interesting lecture this afternoon on "Bacteriology."

May 30. At the Vesper Hour, Dr. Bragdon gave us a helpful address showing us the real value of true Prayer.

May 31. This evening the Senior Class had a banquet at the Woodland Park Hotel.

June 1. At 7.30, this evening, the Law Examination was held in the chapel.

June 2. At 7 a. m., the regular Tuesday evening Prayer Meeting was held outdoors on the Athletic Field.

In the afternoon from 4 till 5.30, the Juniors held a reception to their friends at their future home "The Pickard House."

June 9. Most of the girls left for their homes for the summer vacation.

Gymnasium Statistics.

From 120 tests.

Number gained in total strength test,	110
Number lost in total strength test,	10
Number gained in lung capacity,	104
Number lost in lung capacity,	6
Number same in lung capacity,	10
Number gained in weight,	83
Number lost in weight,	33
Number same in weight,	4
Greatest gain in strength, Miss Thacher,	120 Kilos
" Miss Snyder,	92 "
Greatest gain in weight, Miss Bendixen,	23 lbs.
Greatest gain in lung capacity, Miss E. Butterworth,	100 cu. in.
" Miss Amen,	60 cu. in.
" Miss Flynn,	60 cu. in.
Greatest lung capacity, Miss Eisenstaedt,	230 cu in.
Greatest chest expansion, Miss Puchta,	16 cent. m.
" Miss Stanton.	15 cent. m.
Greatest 9th rib expansion, Miss Lawton,	18 cent. m.

Strongest (All having tests of 300 K. or over.)

Miss Martin,	391	Miss Hall,	330
Miss DeWitt,	377	Miss Chaffee	320
Miss Berman,	356	Miss Merriam,	313
Miss Miller, R,	355	Miss Flynn,	311
Miss Puchta,	354	Miss Leonard,	310
Miss Proctor,	342	Miss Stryker,	307
Miss McLean,	337	Miss Goodall,	304
Miss Farr,	334	Miss St. Clair,	302
Miss MacDonald,	332	Miss Laurens,	300
Miss Brannon,	331		



Celia Googins Van Sant has moved to Kansas City, 117 E. Armour Avenue.

Adeline Stewart (Mrs. Joseph) Barnes has two children and lives at 907 No. Main Street.

Frances Brown (Mrs. Henry) Williams has two children and lives on No. Second Street.

Helen Harris Aldrich lives now in Evanston, Ill., on Seward Street, near Ridge

Frances Leavitt '03, is in love—with her profession, nursing—and looked as if it agreed with her.

Imo Blakestad is going to learn business.

Mae Stafford Crane lives at 518 Houston St.

Helen Westheimer Cohn lives at 261st and Tyndale Court, New York. So Nora said, but where 261st St., can be I can't think—up near West Point, I guess.

Meldon Smith has married and gone to Philadelphia.

Sadie Farnsworth lives at 3625 Locust Street. Her boy is fine. So is Mildred Faxon's boy, 3812 McGee Street, and Gertrude Jones' Barbara, at 3731 Wyandotte St., and so are Nora Westheimer's three at 3724 Wyandotte St., and Florence Disman, '08, has come into the same block with these two. So there's a trio of Lasellians.

Evelyn Ebert Allen, '99, lives at 3535 Jefferson St., and is not so thin as she was but is still friendly.

Marceline Freeman Jones is, for the present, living at her old home 1426 W. Prospect Place.

Mrs. Freeman approves Marceline's new husband.

Anne Staley is building a house; now staying at 1102 Armour Boul'd.

Judith Weill is Mrs. David Bachrach and lives at 300 Harrison Street.

Myrtle Hewson Parker's twins are great. Eily Walpole, who lives almost opposite Myrtle's old home, also has twins of the same age.

Ella Race is in California looking for health.

Edna Wolff has been married two years and lives at 336 Northern avenue, Avondale, Ohio.

Katherine Shouse is "hunting amusement" —(So phone sounded! may be a mistake.)

I wonder why all Lasell girls don't send word to Lasell of changes of address. It wouldn't be much trouble to them and save a deal for me.

The Principal takes this opportunity to acknowledge the many cordial words of appreciation and good wishes which continue to come to him from the graduates, to whom was sent a copy of Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau's painting. To each and all, best wishes and a hearty thank you.

A kind note comes from Alice Linscott Hall, '78. Alice is one of our most loyal graduates, keeping us constantly in touch. We thank her for her friendly words!

Into the Lane home, at Valdosta, Georgia, has been welcomed a little pilgrim, John Woodbury Lane, born May 30th. Our cordial congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lane, nee Lila Woodbury.

One of the greatest and best surprises of this Commencement Time was the discovery by our Preceptress of a dainty volume placed in her sitting-room and on the fly leaf "With the best wishes for the Lend-A-Hand Library from a member of '09." The book is "The Toy-Shop, a Story of Lincoln." The modest doner (?) a certain new alumna from New Jersey looked sort of guilty when we asked her "Do you know who—"

May Florine Theilens. Your new picture is fine! but please next time come yourself and bring sister with you. Your loyalty to Lasell is delightful. We appreciate it. And so Bessie Louise is to receive two degrees this June,—Ph. B. and Bachelor of Education. And you are now a graduate of the Kindergarten College! We rejoice in your Forward Movement. Lasell congratulations and best wishes. We notice with special interest your active part in the Christian Endeavor work in your home church.

To the Allerlei.

Upon the suffering public pour
Vast streams of books, still more and more;
But if wise folks knew what to buy,
They'd get the Junior's Allerlei.

There's "Mr. Opp", "The Inner Shrine"—
The critics tell us "strong and fine,"
But none of these can hope to vie
With 1910's new Allerlei.

There's baby Richard, what a dear!
With girls galore from far and near
And jokes! We laugh until we cry
While reading of the Allerlei.

Where fly the years? Alas who knows!
A new class comes, an old class goes,
But I shall not forget,—not I,
The girls who made the Allerlei.

The pompadours, the puffs and curls
Those too, will pass. But ah! the girls
Their youth for some will never die
While I can see their Allerlei.

F. B. D.

Marriages.

Emily M. Hale to Rev. Francis B. Barnett on the afternoon of Saturday, June the fifth, at Saint Luke's Church, South Glastonbury, Conn.

Claire Funke to Mr. Lynn C. Storey, on the evening of Wednesday, the sixteenth of June, at 927 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.

Lois S. Blaisdell to Mr. Arthur H. Baker, on Wednesday afternoon, June 9th, at York Village, Maine.

Emma Bone to Mr. Charles Butler Irish, on Thursday, the tenth of June. At home after July the first, at 351 South Edward Street, Decatur, Ill.

Passed Away.

Notice has come of the death of Mrs. Margaret David House, widow of a former editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and mother of our Alice House, '83. Our tender sympathies are extended to our former school mate and members of the bereaved family.

In the recent passing away of Emma Claflin Ellis (here in 1859), daughter of Ex Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, Lasell has lost one of her earliest pupils and loyal friends. We unite with her old school mates in tender sympathy to the bereaved circle.

Myrtle Hewson Parker, '09, and Lotta Hewson, '02, have been recently called to pass through a severe bereavement in the death of their mother, Mrs. Eleanor A. Hewson. Our thoughts are turning tenderly their way during these days of sorrow.

Mr. Edwin Clapp, father of our Eleanor Clapp Drinkwater, '95, passed away recently after a severe illness. Mr. Clapp was prominent in the business world of Massachusetts. Lasell wishes to express her sympathy for Eleanor in her loss.

We find it hard to realize that dear Ethel Radcliffe Finch has been called away from her devoted family and loving friends. We extend our sympathy to her sorrowing family, especially to the sister, who has been a member of our school during the past year.

Lasell Club of Indiana.

A delightful luncheon was given at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Indiana, on May 20, by the Lasell Club of Indiana. Ten very loyal members were present, along with two respective candidates for Lasell in the fall—Misses Mueller and Thomson.

Those present were, Gertrude Taggart,' 97, Lillian Taggart, Flora Ketcham, Elizabeth Love '08, Edna Frank Vajen and Belle Mackenzie Cryer, of Indianapolis; Frances Buntin and Eleanor Young Hord, of Terre Haute; Annie Clarke Butterworth, of Marion; and Aimee Mack, of Anderson. Several charming letters were received from old girls who were unable to be present, and also from a few members of the faculty.

After the luncheon, during which numerous incidents and escapades were recalled and enjoyed, the memorial fund to Miss Carpenter was discussed and decided upon, and a committee, with Flora Ketcham as chairman, was chosen to look after the matter.

We learned that Aimee Mack was to enjoy a summer abroad, and was looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. Annie Clark Butterworth was more than enthused about the school, as she has two daughters there at the present time.

Misses Mueller and Thomson were almost as delighted with the prospect of attending Lasell, as though they had enjoyed a year there already.

As Elizabeth Love was going back to commencement, she was entrusted with a letter which Miss Carpenter had written to the Club in '06, which is to be framed and hung in the library at Lasell.

The election of officers followed, which resulted thus: Pres., Gertrude Taggart; V. Pres., Annie Clark Butterworth; Sec. and Treas., Eliza-

beth Love. After this the enthusiastic Lasell crowd disbanded for another year, cherishing deeply, however, the love for the dear, old school and the happy days spent there.

The following is an extract from a Chicago daily.

The Chicago Lasell Club held its annual tea, May 20th, at 3.00 o'clock. Twenty members were present. Among those who attended were: Blanche Wilcox Barnes, Helen E. Carter, '07, Lucile Parish Chickering, Edna Matthews Condit, Lucy Pinney Calmer, Flora Gardner, '93, Adelaide Harding, Helen Holman Moore, '96, Margaret McChesney Northam, Emily Eaton Thomas, Mrs. Wyllis Wood, Bessie Louise Thielens, May Florine Thielens, Marjorie Blackman. The officers for the ensuing year are: Margaret Coon Browne, President; Emily Eaton Thomas, Vice President; May Florine Thielens, Secretary and Treasurer; Bertha Hax Auld and Lucile Parish Chickering, Executive Committee. A fund of $1,000.00, is to be raised during 1909 to endow a lecture course in literature, history, and travel, to be known as the Caroline A. Carpenter lectures, in memory of Miss Carpenter.

The New York Lasell Club is very happy to announce that through the courtesy of the Woman's Club, of New York, it has been granted headquarters at 9 East 46th Street. Only those members of the Lasell Club who have paid the extra assessment and who have received membership cards, will be allowed the privileges of the Woman's Club, but a registration book will be kept at the Club-house and visiting Lasell girls are asked to register. The names and addresses of all New York Lasell Club girls will also be on file, so that visitors may know how to reach Lasell girls in the vicinity of New York. If further information is desired, address Edith A. Harris, 2 Gould Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Lasell gave an enthusiastic welcome to her former Principal, Dr. Bragdon, who was with us at Commencement Time. His interest in the old school seemed as keen as ever. It did us good to hear his hearty words of approval over Lasell's Forward Movement. We wish him God speed as he returns to his Pasadena home and send with him our most loyal and loving greetings to Mrs. Bragdon.

Hearty thanks is here given to those who have contributed to this number of the Leaves. The last few weeks have been filled with hurry and work for all and it has been no little sacrifice for the girls to give up their moments of recreation for the writing of the articles.

SHY GIRLS.

There is only one real remedy for shyness, and that is self-forgetfulness.

How can this be attained? Certainly not by thinking. "Go to, I will e'en now forget myself."

The only way is to have your thoughts so full of love and kindness toward other people that there is no room for thoughts of yourself. You cannot force this? Oh, but you can! A real desire to show love for your fellow beings—who are all sadly in need of it—will bring it about in time.

GLEE CLUB TAKE NOTICE.

If a Senior meet a body,
  Coming to the High,
If a Senior call you "Freshie,"
  Need a body cry?
Every Senior's been a Freshie
  In the days gone by,
We'll smile and say,
  "We'll soon be Seniors,
Coming to the High."—Ex.

Here's to the bride that is to be,
  Happy and smiling and fair;
And here's to those that would like to be,
  And are wondering when and where.—Ex.

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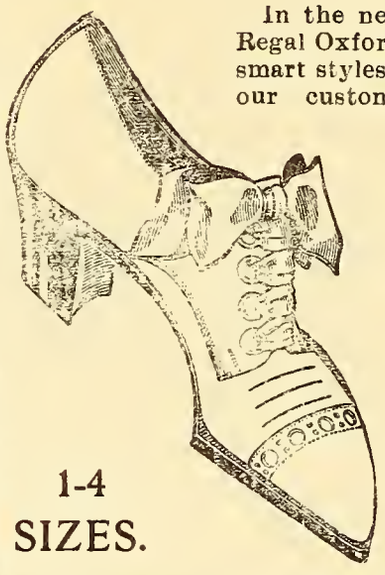
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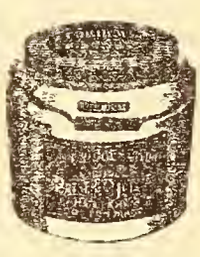
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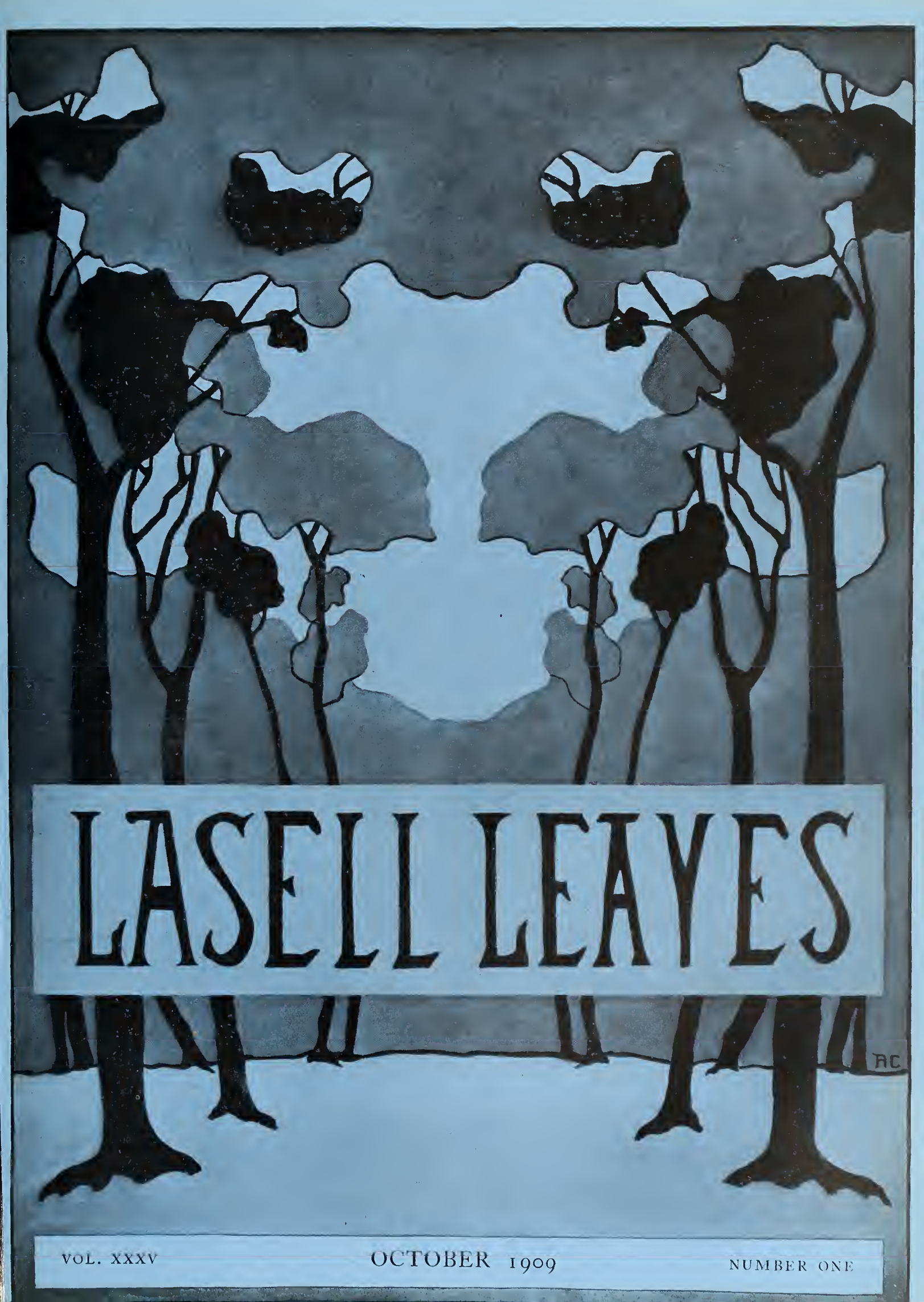
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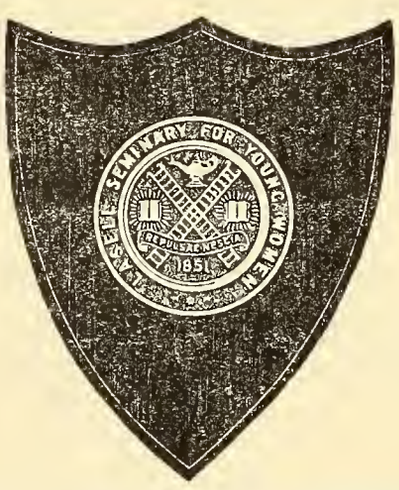
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Duty—A Motive Power.

During this year, for some of us the beginning, for some the end of our boarding-school life, there are several things to which we should give attention. We have been sent here to make the most of the opportunities offered. Our relatives and friends to whom we bade farewell on coming here, picture us no doubt as laying at this stage in life, firm foundations for future greatness, or at least prominence. Many of us have heard it argued that this premature expectation of greatness is often the cause of final failure; that faith in one's own ultimate success is treacherous. The basis of this belief seems to be simply that great men, such as Lincoln and Whistler, surprised even their nearest and most intimate friends by their wonderful success, which had not been foreseen. Why should not confidence in our eventual success be an aid to us instead of a hindrance? Certainly a definite aim and a firm hope should be incentives to work and a stimulus to minute attention to detail, which is above all the secret of attainment.

We are told in one definition of the word "genius" that each individual is endowed by nature with a peculiar structure of mind, peculiar aptitudes, which qualify him for special success in special pursuits; but we must "blow our bubble to the point of bursting before we can see the rainbow colors in it." Utmost endeavor seems, then, to be the key to success. How many of us apply this key to the stubborn lock? In one of the recent periodicals we find the subject of the cultivation of our soils discussed at considerable length, such questions arising as, "Have we been extravagantly wasteful in the use of our soils? Are we getting the full and sufficient benefit from our possessions?" Let us apply this personally, and ask ourselves the question, "Are we making the best of our capacities?" "Self-trust" says Emerson, "is the first secret of success; the belief that if you are here the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you." And again, "It is enough if you work in the right direction." This is strongly suggestive of purpose of motive. In the idea of motive three things are included, the objective reality, which when apprehended and desired, causes the action taken toward its attainment; the mental act of apprehending this object; and the desire which is awakened by this object. But what is this motive power? According to Kant, it is a personal sense of duty, which "exerts so strong a power over the will that it is only when a man has acknowledged its force and obeyed it, that he learns, for the first time, his own power, his independence of all dictators." Within ourselves then are both the impulse and the power to succeed, to achieve; and if we fail, it is by and with *our own consent.*

Into the heart of every man,
There comes a purpose and a plan,
  By which he builds his life each day,
  Onward and upward in the way.
A courage true that will lead him on
Through the waves of disaster fierce and strong,
  Forever before him he sees the goal,
  Toward which he is striving with all his soul.

The New Houses.

During the recent summer vacation Dr. Winslow greatly enriched Lasell by adding to its resources two pleasant roomy houses, to serve, the one as a dormitory, the other as a cottage home for certain of the students; and these we have been very glad to welcome to our coterie of buildings, now a half dozen. Pickard, exclusively Senior property, rightly holds its stately position at the summit of a gentle slope, and is surrounded by a small campus which contains a fine tennis court, and adjoins the athletic field, another new possession acquired only last spring. The rooms in this house are of ample size and charming in decoration. The

girls have disposed their new mission furniture, so comfortable and home-like, with a great deal of taste, and the more frequently we visit this hospitable house, the more impatiently we await the time when we may ourselves call its sheltering walls "home."

Hawthorne cottage is located but a short distance back of Karandon House, under the brow of a small hill, and here room and board a jolly dozen of very enthusiastic Lasellians. Though not so large as those of Pickard, its rooms are light and airy, and have been made very attractive by simple but pretty furniture, such as is found in the Senior house. The school has been much improved by these acquisitions, and to Dr. Winslow will come, we hope, gratifying reward; he has certainly the sincere thanks of all who are alive to Lasell's interests. If Lasell students do not reap many benefits this year from his liberal management, it will be themselves alone whom they will have to thank for it.

The Imprisoned Ghosts.

Maybe some of you have read as I did the stories of the St. Monica girls, which ran in the Harper's four or five years ago, about Kitty James, Maudie Joyce, Mabel Muriel Murphy, Sister Ermingarde, and the "story teller"—of course. Now, I don't pretend to be a story teller, but we girls have agreed that we also have a story which ought to be given to the public, one as good as those of the St. Monica girls, and it just happens that the lot fell on me to tell it.

"We" means Beth Robertson, Belinda Turner, Barbara Bartlett and Beatrice Moore—myself, otherwise known as the "four B's" or the "famous quartette," and we attend the "Brownston Seminary for Young Ladies," kept by the Misses Maria and Luella Brown. Miss Maria is awfully nice, but she's also awfully old and quite an invalid, and we don't see much of her, so it's Miss Luella who has charge of us, and to whom we have to go for permissions. Miss Luella is nice, too, but she's terribly strict about some things, and, like the little girl who had the curl, "when she's nice, she's very, very nice; and when she's cross, she's horrid.

The seminary is situated in the middle of a little village, has big grounds around it, and a picket fence around these—those pickets are extremely sharp, as I know to my sorrow!—and we girls are not allowed to wander beyond the fence no matter how many degrees our spirits incline toward the outside world. You see it's pretty close at Brownston, but you soon come to like it, and for myself I wouldn't be anywhere else. But I wander from my story, and really "the story's the thing."

This is the way it happened: One rainy afternoon the Junior class were having a spread in the chemical laboratory, where we weren't supposed to be at all. We had just finished and were picking up, when Mary Montague, the class president, suddenly said: "Girls, what are we to do on Hallowe'en? Here it is within two days of the time, and we've all been so busy I don't believe one of us has thought of it."

For a minute nobody spoke, then Beth suggested a masquerade. Everybody began to talk at once about the prospect, "What shall we wear?" "Will Miss Luella let us?" and similar queries were heard under cover of the excitement. Barbara drew me aside and told me she had a mighty good plan, but didn't want to tell the whole crowd until she had discussed it with the remaining "B's".

"Come into the studio at five o'clock tonight, and bring the other two," she said. "My plan's rather long, and I'll tell it then."

I was simply overwhelmed with curiosity, but that exasperating girl wouldn't tell me another word, so there was nothing to do but call Beth and Belinda, tell them, and then manage to lose ourselves from the other girls, who were still eagerly debating what they should wear.

At five we three found the studio deserted, but we thought we'd better wait a few minutes and give Barbara a chance to get there, so we sat around and wondered what on earth that blessed child had in mind, and what was keeping her, until at about half past we heard steps in the corridor and in tore Barbara, all out of breath.

"Well," she said, between gasps, in answer to our questions, "I was just trying to find out if the coast would be clear for my doings, and was poking around in the old infirmary corridor, when Pete came down to one of the rooms to get something or other. I stayed in the next room, but he was an awfully long time, and I thought I never should get here."

"What were you doing over in that dusty place?" I demanded.

And then Barbara proceeded to electrify us with her plan.

"You see," she explained, "the year I was here before you girls came, we used to use that old wing of the building for an infirmary; but some girl died there, and then some other girl who was awfully nervous, thought she heard things at night and saw things, too, I guess, until the whole school was so afraid of the place that not one girl would go to the infirmary even if she were dying. At first Miss Luella laughed, but in the end she said she supposed she'd have to give in to the nonsense and change the infirmary. That's the reason that wing has been vacant so long. Now, I'm not a bit afraid, and the other day when I was late in getting ready to go to town I skipped down those back stairs and went out that door on to the lower veranda, in order to catch up with the chaperon. The lock was terribly rusty, but I managed it, and went down again that night to lock it. When I was coming back I noticed a little door at one side, which apparently goes into a cellar, and I remembered seeing it there years before, and wondering where it led to. It was always locked then, and there is no reason why it shouldn't be now, but something made me go to it and turn the knob, and, if you'll believe it, that door came open. I went down too or three steps, enough to see that it leads to some sort of cellar with a cement floor.

Now, this is my idea: I overheard Miss Luella tell Miss Maria the other day that she guessed that absurd superstition about the old wing had died out enough to allow her safely to use the big lounging room there for little parties which the girls would want to have this year. Now, putting two and two together, the masquerade will come off in the infirmary wing."

Barbara stopped for breath, and in the pause Belinda, stifling a yawn, remarked with a bored air, "As far as I'm concerned I can't see what you're driving at, Barbara. I do wish you'd hurry and get to the point."

Belinda is small and plump and inclined to be lazy, but she's the worst tumbler, she rolls around like a rubber ball most of the time. Now before Barbara could go on, she accidentally fell off the box on which she was sitting, jarring a bottle of turpentine to the floor. By the time Beth and I had mopped up the stuff and settled Belinda again, Barbara was ready to go on with her explanation.

"I was planning to tell the whole class about this, but I guess I'd better not. We four will be quite enough to know it and, (with a fine contempt), "if Belinda's too tired to listen, why I guess three will do.' '

At this Belinda straightened up to "attention," and Barbara rattled on.

"We, of course, will go to the masque, but after a while we can slide out without being noticed, go down to the end room, where we'll have some sheets, and hie us to that cellar door. The Seniors always walk their crushes out in the moonlight, and it will be perfectly natural for them to come down the back way instead of going way round to the other door, and won't we

give them a fine scare by hopping out of the dark in a ghost's dress! It will just do me good to hear Paula Madoon scream and hang on to Josie Thomas."

I might remark here that Paula was Barbara's sueeessful rival for the fair Josie's favor.

"Then we can hide the sheets in the basement, and no one will ever know but that we've been on the veranda all the time. What do you think, girls? Won't it be fun?"

Beth and Belinda fell in with the plan at onee. I had two objeetions; first, there was rather a soft spot in my heart for one of those self-same Seniors, and in ease of discovery I didn't want to lose her friendship; and second, I was afraid we'd miss the refreshments. Are refreshments so important at every school, I wonder! Well, the girls hadn't much to say in answer to my first reason, but a eertain mention of "eold feet" soon deeided me on that score; and a brilliant idea of Beth's forestalled any mention of the other. She suggested we bribe a certain maid to purchase some fruit and eandy in the village for us, with whieh to while away the time during which we might have to wait in the eellar for the eomplete sueeess of our plan. This difficulty being settled, we made a list of the things we wanted, then added to it a candle and a box of matehes. By that time it was six o'clock, and we had to break up the conferenee for that night.

The next passed. We suceeeded in hiding the eatables, and in seeuring four sheets; then had the following day to plan what we'd wear to the party.

Finally the night came. The girls looked dear in their costumes, some pretty, some funny. At the very first of the evening we pieked out two girls who kept together, and knew right away they were Josie and Paula, and Barbara grew fairly green. I eould see her set her teeth, and I knew she'd scare Paula Madoon within an inch of her life if "the fates" would in anyway permit. We fooled around the lounging room, where, as Barbara had figured the party was held, played games and danced; but we were so exeited that we could not stand it long, and finally slipped out one by one, and went to the room where we had hidden our supplies. Loaded with these we had a perfectly "eantankerous" time, as Belinda says, getting down stairs; but the jonrney, like all others, came at last to an end, and we found ourselves in front of the Door Wonderful. Here we stopped while I lighted the eandle, but just as I was doing it we heard some one eoming down the eorridor above and had to hurry to get out of sight. We moved carefully down the stairs, keeping as qniet as possible, for we could hear some one coming to the floor we had just left, and we eouldn't afford to be discovered at the start. Barbara was ahead, I next, then Belinda and Beth. We were within two or three steps of the bottom when from the dark hole ahead of us eame a queer, long-drawn, grating noise like that which a tiek-tack makes on a window. I don't mind confessing that every hair on my head stood straight up, and my knees felt shaky when that noise came again. What might have happened next we never will know, for just at that eritieal moment Belinda tripped and fell headlong on me, knoeking the eandle ont of my hand and nearly throwing me down, too. By the time I had righted myself, I heard Barbara whisper:

"Oh, Bea, what have you done? That candle has gone out, and I left the matches outside the door where we lighted it."

"Well," I whispered back optimistically, "I, for one, ean see to eat in the dark, and I really think that's all that matters to me at present. Where's Beth?" I added, as I realized that she must have passed me and gone on down.

(*To be Continued.*)

'09

The White Mountain Trip.

With what pleasure we girls, there were sixteen of us, looked forward to the day when we were to start on our coveted White Mountain Trip. We arose early, and after a hasty breakfast started under the chaperonage of Miss Dolley for the Auburndale station. There a surprise awaited us: several of our schoolmates were there to see us off, a pleasant little courtesy that put us in even better spirits than before, so that our departure was a merry one.

No annoyances spoiled our trip to Boston, and in less than an hour we had safely rechecked our baggage and were nicely settled on the train whirling away to the lovely mountain country. With railroad maps and time tables in hand we closely watched the country we were passing through, now and then scanning with interest those entering our car since we expected Mr. Bassett, our conductor, was to meet us at some station or other near Boston. Sure enough at Haverhill he appeared; we felt at once secure in our new friend and guide. He at once began to point out to us the various points of interest along the route, and took charge of everything, relieving us of all responsibility.

As we journeyed the train followed the Saco River, and gave glimpses of beautiful vistas in which mountains and water blended, the former at their best, gay with beautiful foliage, and the water reflecting the blue of heaven at their feet. No prettier picture could be imagined. Among the most charming spots along the way was beautiful Lake Ossipee, close to the edge of which the train ran, while its mountain guardians lifted their shaggy heads heavenwards in the clear air. Now we came into the heart of the mountains; they loomed up on every side, and we began to breathe in the spirit of their majestic beauty. At Sanbornville we lunched, to our great satisfaction, and shortly afterwards we found ourselves at our destination, "Intervale."

We were met at the station by a large coach drawn by four white horses, which took as many of us as possible to the hotel. As all could not be accommodated in this, the rest took passage in a large mountain wagon, provided for the "overflow." Thus we drove in style to the Bellevue, where we were to stay. A number of the guests who had heard that we were expected, were assembled on the piazza to greet us, and made us feel very pleasantly at home among them. Next came registering, and here a new surprise. On the register for the date of our arrival was the heading "Lasell" in large letters, which little attention amused and pleased us. After a hasty toilette, we made our way to the spacious dining room, where the first thing to attract our attention was a large "Lasell" banner, prettily decorated with ground-pine and autumn foliage. This was another evidence of the good feeling with which we were greeted, and which cheered our stay.

The meal over, we planned our tours for the time of our stay, our aim being to do and to see as much as possible in the few days we could be there; and since we were all a little tired from our train ride, we planned for the afternoon a short trip to the neighboring Cathedral Woods.

On our way through these woods, we passed the deserted houses of a settlement of Indians, who come up here every summer to sell their sweet-grass baskets. We had hoped to see some of them: but no, all the houses were closed. Just beyond these houses we came upon the Wizard Beech, the only beech in the whole forest, and twisted and gnarled into most fantastic shape.

After enjoying the woods, we rested a short while and then went on to Mt. Surprise, a climb that to some seemed a little difficult at first, but that perserverance and careful walking robbed of its difficulty. Presently we reached the top. The mountain is rightly named, for it gives the climber a magnificent surprise in the view from the summit. The whole range of mountains

lies spread out in glorious panorama, Mt. Washington on one side, Moat Mountain on the other, and beyond that Mt. Jefferson in the distance, while at the baek rises Mt. Kearsarge, the lovely Saco Valley stretching out below us. To some it was a genuine surprise to find that they had really climbed to the top of a mountain. Here we rested the remainder of the afternoon, and at sunset watehed the sun sink behind the range. As the glowing disk dropped behind the mountain, a purplish haze spread over the whole valley, and the mountains robed in haze and outlined against the sky, revealed to us a fullness of power and beauty that robbed us oi words. Browning's lines, "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world," took on new meaning. Sunset over, and the twilight enfolding all about us, we hastened down from the mountain returning through Kearsage Village and traversing a long stretch of pine and fir woods, suggestive of that beautiful poem of Cheneys' "The Musie of the Pines":

"These woods are never silent; in the hush
Of the high places solemnly there goes
In endless undertone the stately rush
Of music-windy melody, that grows
And ebbs and changes in uncertain time,
As if some God tried here apart
Vague snatches of the harmonies divine,
Before he played them on the human heart."

Our first evening we spent at the Annex, where some of our party were staying. We ehatted, wrote a few eards, and later were all treated to lemonade and craekers.

Saturday dawned fair and warm, and after a hearty breakfast we all took a short walk to a grave yard near-by, where a memorial tablet is ereeted to the Willey Family, who were killed by a land slide on the mountain. At eleven, we took the train to Bretton Woods, the ride taking us very close to the mountains all the way, and very impressive were the vastness and height of these mountains, the oldest in the country. One of their ehief characteristics is that all the peaks are rounded, which we were told was one proof of their age.

On the flanks of many of them, we notieed deep gullies, where rocks and soil have been washed down by the rains. Mt. Willard was one of the grandest, towering majestieally above us. We passed over the Willey Brook Bridge 185 feet in air. As we passed Mt. Webster, we saw the Gold and Silver Cascades, then merely little streams beeause of so mueh dry weather. Close by them is the Dismal Pool, where the water never dries up. We saw also Saco Lake, where the Saeo River rises. As we made our way through the Crawford Noteh the ascent was so great that the train barely erept along, at whieh, however, none of us eomplained, sinee this afforded excellent opportunity to see the wonderful sights all about us—the Elephants' Head, elearly outlined in the roek, the Giant's Stairway, and the outline of a reclining Indian.

Arriving at Bretton Woods, there is a wonderful view. Here, too, are the famous hotels of Mt. Pleasant, and the new Mt. Washington, both of which we visited. The latter is really palatial, and its spacious rooms give outlook upon the grand mountains of the Presidential Range. The hotel is considered the finest summer resort in New England. We were taken through its every part. In the eellar we saw the Cave Grill Room, the swimming tank, and bowling alley; the immense kitehen and all its parts, the large dining room, with its private room looking out upon a garden, the living rooms and dance hall, the elegant suites—all these gave us proof of the luxuriousness of this house.

Returning from the tour of the hotel, we saw the stone memorial ehurch erected in memory of Mr. Stickney, whose wife, a former Lasell girl, eomes each year to this house. From the Mt. Washington we had our best view of the famous Presidential Range. We had hoped to be able to climb Mt. Washington, but that satisfaction

was not to be ours, as the train which carried people to the summit had stopped running for that season.

That evening we spent dancing, and at the close of the dance, gathered around the piano and sang songs together. Sunday's trip was a long sixteen-mile drive through Jackson to the Falls, taken in a four horse coach over fifty years old. It used to run through these mountains before the trains came up so far. All along the way we were delighted with the beautiful foliage. The covered bridges, built long ago, and covered for protection from wind and weather, were a quaint and interesting feature of the drive. When we reached Jackson Falls, all rushed at once to the river bed to see the beautiful sight. Some of the girls lay flat on the stones and drank the pure water. After a little while spent here, we returned home by a different way, seeing the Goodrich Falls of greater volume. This drive some of the party considered the pleasantest part of the trip.

At dinner that day we were favored by fancy individual menus, printed in gilt, and bearing a photo of a party similar to our own. These leaflets were tied with our own blue and white, and were welcome as souvenirs.

Shortly after dinner we took another drive, this time to Echo Lake and Diana's Baths. Nearly all our way lay through woods, in which at one point we came upon an old mill. Here we alighted, and made our way to the river. Such a view as met our eyes. There loomed a huge mass of solid rock over which fell a small stream of water. The water had worn great holes in the rocks, whence the falls gain their name. From this mill, we drove on to Echo Lake, one of the most beautiful of spots. The Lake is clear, is a hundred feet deep, and with the mountain that rises majestically behind it, it makes an enchanting picture. The echo is wonderfully distinct. The mountain gets its name of "White Horse" from a rude outline of a horse which may be seen on the side. Just behind the figure of the White Horse is that of a black one, a very good likeness, too. Our return trip brought us back through the villages of North Conway and Kearsage, so that we had a fine chance to see still more of this wonderful country.

During the following evening Brigadier Gen. Carpenter, U. S. A., related to us several very interesting stories of his experiences had with the Sioux Indians in the West.

Next morning we left for school on an early train, reluctant to have to leave this beautiful mountain country and planning surely to come back to it "some day," and late afternoon saw us again in our accustomed places, a tired but happy party. To Miss Dolley's kind and careful management we feel that we owe no little of our pleasure on this trip, and it is with affectionate appreciation that we make this acknowledgment. A better, more acceptable chaperone we could hardly have had.

O. B., '10.

The Dance to the New Girls.

The gymnasium rarely presents a prettier picture than it did on the evening of October second, when the "new girls" were the guests of the "old." In the afternoon branches of bright autumn leaves were gathered, and these with the couch covered and cushioned settees, gave the needed touch of color to the gymnasium.

At quarter of eight, the new girls and their escorts assembled, and after an informal reception of a few minutes, Miss Goodall and Miss Stults led the grand march. The regular programme followed and till nine thirty all enjoyed themselves in dancing or in chatting together. The evening was especially enjoyed because it was one of the first social meetings between the new and old girls, and many new acquaintances were formed and a pleasant evening passed by all.

Fishin'.

It was a sultry August afternoon. Not the prescribed kind of a day for fishing, to be sure, but that didn't make any differenee to Tom. He possessed an unusual amount of patienee; so that even if the fish did not bite so fast as they would have done on a cloudy day, he did not care,—he was fishing just the same. He whistled as he waded through the tall meadow grass on his way to that bend in the river he knew so well, for Tom was never happier than when, fishing-rod in hand, he sat for hours at a time on a hummoek of grass, dreaming dreams whieh only a healthy country boy knows about.

As he neared the pool, a glint of pink in the green of the grass eaught his eye. What eould it be? Surely there was no pink flower as large as that growing so near the edge of the bank; In a moment he saw that it was a pink sunbonnet, and he gave a whoop of delight. Was it Sally?

Now Sally lived as mueh as a mile from Tom down on the old turnpike, and Sally loved to fish, too; but she was shy, and whenever Tom eame over to ask her to go fishing, she guessed she'd "have to stay at home this afternoon to help Mother." Since, then, Sally had never been fishing with him, to find her in his speeial nook was indeed a surprise.

At his ery, the owner of the pink bonnet jumped to her feet, dropping her fishing-rod splash! into the water.

"Hulloa, Sally," cried the boy, jumping over the grass at breakneck speed. "Caught 'ny fish?"

"Oh, hulloa, Tom!" eried the girl in a frightened voiee. "It's you, is it? I didn't know what you were!"

"You don't need to be scared o' me," said the boy with a superior air. "I've eome to go fishing, too. Where's your pole?" Sally held out her hands, and gazed about her in dismay.

"Why-why-I d'know. I guess—I must a dropped it when you came!"

A suppressed giggle from her eompanion interrupted her, as he pointed a short distance below, where, caught fast in the reeds, the pole lay, just out of reach. They had a hard time regaining the lost rod, and Sally, mueh to her embarrassment, found herself holding tightly to Tom's eoat so that he shouldn't fall in, as he reaehed over the water. At last a erooked stick was found, and the truant pole was soon safe again in Sally's hands.

"You'd better hold on to it tight," suggested the lad kindly. "You might drop it again, you know, if a piekerel jumps for my line."

Sally thought it time to be going home anyway, but when Tom promised to give her half of his fish to take home to her mother, she deeided to stay a *little* while longer. So Tom found her a nice strong clump of grass for a seat, and there they waited—and waited; but no bites. Sally had seen several men fishing the day before, and she supposed they must have eaught them all. Her remark to this effeet Tom ignored. An experieneed fisherman like himself knew that all the fish in a brook couldn't be eaught in one single day.

Conversation was lagging, and Sally had again thought of going home, when suddenly Tom remembered the big red apples his mother had tueked into his pocket at the last minute. "Say, Sally, how'd you like an apple?" he inquired, holding out the biggest temptingly. "You can have one, if you'll stay until I go home!"

My! how good that apple looked! Sally hesitated a moment, then two blue eyes smiled up at him from under their pink awning, and she shyly held out her hand. Tom was not sueh an awfully horrid boy anyway, she told herself, as he explained to her why one should have a revolving hook to eateh piekerel, and why they would not bite if the line were not trolled along the surface of the water.

It was getting dark. The boy and girl suddenly realized the fact as they waited in vain for the return of the fish that had taken fully half of Tom's bait.

"Don't you think your mother'll want you to get the milk?" ventured Sally after a while. "I think we ought to go anyway."

Tom thought perhaps they had better; so, carefully rolling up his own and Sally's line, he put both poles over his shoulder, and taking her by the hand, he helped her over the tangled grass.

"Sorry we didn't get any fish," he apologized as they parted at the gate, "but I guess it wasn't a biting day. I am going to try it again tomorrow afternoon."

"Goodby, Tom," Sally said, then she tugged at the strings of her bonnet, which she pulled off, releasing a mass of tangled curls. "I'll go with you tomorrow, perhaps, if you like," she added, dangling the bonnet by the strings. Then she turned and fled into the house.

"All right, I'll be here 'bout three," he called, waving his big straw hat, then he started homeward, whistling gaily.

M. F. '12.

The Classes en Masse.

The Seniors are a famous set, fair, dignified and tall,
Most learned, too, sedate and like their leader they're Good-all.
Lasell can never graduate such charming maids again
As those who'll leave her portals in the year of nineteen ten.

The Juniors are a powerful clan and fills our hearts with fear,
They capture Senior property, thus causing many a tear.
Not seldom e'en the Sophomores their sabers on them gird,
And "The foeman tremble in his camp when Marion's name is heard."
Do not forget these Sophomores! My pen can scarce begin
To tell the things accomplished under valiant Miriam Flynn.
It even has been hinted that a wily plan was laid
To circumvent the Juniors when they wished to serenade.

The Freshmen may be green as grass, but in them there's no lack
Of brains and ingenuity: they show surprising knack
For doing things unlooked for, which does not seem strange indeed
When you stop but to remember they've a Princess in their lead.

Now of the Preps a word or two: they are a dozen strong,
And we count them for "some pumpkins" in our school's most glorious throng.
Though one might think them weak and young, the fact is they are not
So powerless, though their president is but a tiny Dot.

This mention of the Specials I shall have to whisper low,
Because in boarding-schools the Specials must be squelched, you know:—
Perhaps they lack in energy, but two things they can boast;—
They always have a jolly time and are a mighty host.

There is no class in all the school whsoe glories can't be told.
We have to be alive to beat Lasell's traditions old.
So let us strive to make the present year the finest one
E'er recorded by the dearest Alma Mater 'neath the sun.

M. B., Sp.

Through the kindness of Prof. Hills the following article, concerning a recital given at the Reformed Church, Port Jervis, under the direction of Mr. Edgar K. Spring, came before our notice.

"We shall not weary the reader or unduly extend this brief notice by attempting to criticise the program in detail or by expatiating on the excellence of its individual numbers, further than to say that the rendition of the adagio from Beethoven by Mr. Spring and Miss Swart-

wout seemed to us an ideal expression of an ideally beautiful and perfect thing.

The concert was noteworthy by reason of the appearance therein (for the first time on any public occasion) of two young ladies of remarkable musical gifts and attainments. We refer to Miss Florence Swartwout, daughter of Mayor Swartwout, the pianist of the occasion, and Miss Josephine W. Lyon, the vocalist. Both made a most favorable impression and the unanimous verdict is that two stars of the first magnitude have risen above the musical horizon of Port Jervis. Miss Swartwout is an accomplished performer and gives promise of still greater excellence when time and practice shall have developed and perfected her powers. That she should have executed with faultless technic and expression the difficult music assigned to her in the program is of itself conclusive evidence of superior gifts. Such mastery of the keyboard as she displayed is very remarkable in so young a player."

The program for the evenng was as follows:

Organ. "Fanfare d'Orgue," Shelley
Organ Piano, "Adagio from Sonata Op. 10, No. 1," Beethoven
Vocal. "The Gypsy Trail," Galloway
Piano. "La Regata Veneviana," Liszt
Organ-Piano. "Vorspiel to Parsifal," Wagner
Vocal—
(a) "Cupid and I," Elliott
(b) "I Love Thee," Huhn
Organ-Piano—
(a) "Traume, from Tristan and Isolde," Wagner
(b) "Pastorale, Op. 26" Guilmant
(c) "Andante, from Violinconcert," Mendelssohn
Vocal. "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," Perry
With Organ Accompaniment.
Organ. "Marche Militaire," Shelley

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

To win the prize our hearts may wish,
We'll have to work and wait;
We can't expect to catch the fish
Until we've dug the bait.

—Selected.

The Crooked Ways of C. C. B.

Were I to describe as they deserve, and as I then meant to do, the gracious kindnesses I received from Lasell Girls (I think they ought to have a capital G, and they shall hereafter) on my last retreat from the June Festivities which I enjoyed more than any other person did—I say it advisedly, and am ready to prove it if any one doubts—to my home by the Western Sea, the old library would need more shelves if the volumes got a place there. As I do not remember where more shelves could be put I give that up.

If I were only to mention them all, the October Leaves would have room for nothing else. So I must only name the girls I found, say nothing about those who were "out," or away for the summer, and leave you who know the girls to imagine their goodness to me and my happiness in seeing them, their husbands, children and homes (if so encumbered) and beg them to accept my gratitude for their loving courtesies which were as varied as were they, and the conditions of our brief but happy meetings.

I was more than ever convinced that Lasell girls make fine women, women to be proud of and to love, women who can bring things to pass! The better I know them the more are they embedded in my heart. Lunched with Annie Gwinnell, '88, Newark, N. J. Her house is fine enough in front, but finer in the back. Then we drove through the Park and park-like homes of E. Orange and Montclair, found Eva Bragdon Judd, '77, at whose cosy home Annie left me. In New York lunched with Mabel Judd, who is her father's right-hand man in his office. Mr. Judd and Harold, son of Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82, of Buenos Ayres, who is at school at N. W. U., Evanston, Ill., were in Cuba. I hear that Harold has started for Buenos Ayres to see his

mother, who is seriously ill. Tried hard to find Nora Burroughs Dillingham, '97, at 242 W. 138; Alice Fuller at 52 Cathedral Parkway; Helen Westheimer Cahn at 54 and Broadway and Carita Curtis Bird, '99, at 35 E. 30. In Williamsport, Pa., stayed with Sarah Ransom Hazelet and Martha H. Saw Rachel Allen, '86.

In Pittsburg, almost lunched with Ray Spitz Spear and her three year-old girlie in their country home (my fault I did not); dined with Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, her husband and two friends. (Ida cooked the dinner and it was *good*).

In Cincinnati, saw Helen Cooke, Marie Gibert, '03, Mary, Carolyn, '85, and Edith, '03 Ebersole, and Grace Snyder Sternberger, her husband and six splendid children. Went to Wyoming to see Margie Schuberth, '96, and Greta Stearns Kinsey, '94, but they were at a club. and Dorothy Manning Mathews, '95, but she had moved to N. Y. Edna Dice Robertson, '92, was off for the summer.

Indianapolis: Bess Bailey Vans Orsdall, '96, has moved to Larne, O., Winifred Brady Adams to Brookville, Ind., Nellie Carnahan to Woodruff, Ind., and Kittie Seiberling Firey to somewhere, all without notice to Lasell—and it was a hot day, too! Oh! yes! and Florence Plum Harman, '01, to Milwaukee! Heard Lillian Taggart over phone, saw Gertrude Taggart, '97, Floy Ketcham (present address 43rd and Illinois street) and Edith Pearson Smith at the hotel. Virginia Johnston Daniels' street number has been changed. Elizabeth Love, '08, took me in her auto to see the magnificent works which her father and uncle have built up, where I saw her father and brother, and to her home where I met her mother, and thro' the streets of the metropolis. Aimee Mack was in Europe.

Indianapolis was a new city to me. Mr. Claypool, our Anna's father, has done much for it. The Claypool is a first-class hotel. The Newton Claypool is a fine block of offices: There is a Pasadena Apartment House which I suppose Mr. C. built and named. A good Masonic Temple, Art Gallery, Y. M. C. A. Building, High School Building, the well-asphalted, wide streets are of noticeable excellence. The soldiers monument with elaborate fountains and elevator to its top, is well placed and like European monuments—"The finest in the world," an enthusiastic citizen told me, and gas is down to 60 cents per thousand. The street-cars, tho', have too high upper steps! Next to St. Louis. The best things here were three: 1st, Hattie Rutledge Murphy's warm welcome to her own dainty home, 2705 Arkansas avenue. The visit with her and her splendid husband and the sight of their dear baby. 2nd, the good visit at 5440 Maple avenue, with Alice Linscott Hall, '78, her husband, daughter and son-in-law. The sight of their dear baby, and the visit to the fine plant of the Washington University, of which Dr. Hall is Chief Professor. 3rd, the kindness of C. C. Butler, whom many will remember as once Steward of Lasell, afterwards proprietor of Woodland Park Hotel, and now manager of The American Hotel, one of St. Louis' chief hostelries, where he seems to be in his element and prosperous. I learned that Luise Gilbert Martin lives in Neodisha, Kans., that Janette Brookmire has died, that Lucie Simon is Mrs. Wm. E. Hoblitzelle, 5829 Cates avenue. I also saw Clara Meyer, as nice as ever, in her home and had a ride with her in the auto.

The floods detoured me a bit so at Des Moines, Iowa, I was glad to get a good visit with Mary Williams, who lives in the old home. I heard over the phone the voice of one of Jennie Williams' daughters. At Omaha, I saw Bernadine Johnson Monaghan, her husband, sister, mother and the splendid baby: had a fine visit with Lil Tukey Morrison and Elizabeth Allen Paxton, '98, Ella Cotton Magee, '00,

Laura and Martha Dale, Roberta Steell Hyde, and a little one over with Martha Stone Adams, who had moved to 3722 Pacific St., Elizabeth Allen sent her love to you all. Lydia Tukey lives at 3126 Chicago street; Eva Kennard Wallace has three children and has gone somewhere; Maude Marriott is married to Mr. Walker; Jean Fleming is married and gone; Lucile Hyde Robinson lives at 1034 South 28th street; Ruth Binford Buck lives in Marshallrose Boulevard, Chicago; and Laura Conger Buchan at 3340 Harney street, Omaha. Time was short in O., so I could not do more. At Lincoln, Neb., I phoned while train waited to Mae Burr Meadows and she talked just like Mae. Oh! yes! Someone said that Eliz. Mizner has married Mr. Harris and lives in Omaha at corner of Harney and 35th streets. In Pueblo, I found Belle Loudon Bragdon, who took me to her summer home in beautiful Beulah, among the mountains, where I had a happy Sunday with her and Dorothy and the other two dear children. On the R. R. from Pueblo, I met Florence Disman Loewen, '07, going for her first visit home since her marriage. We had a good talk. Florence doesn't seem to be spoiled by marriage. I do not see that any of our Girls are!

In San Francisco, I found that Barbara Vail, '05, and all the family but one brother with whom I had a nice visit, were away summering, had luncheon and a happy hour with Dessie Milliken Bevans, '92, and her almost grown daughter, Dorothy, and a sight of the manly boys. Dasie Hartson Cope, '94, was away. San Francisco surprised me by the elegance of its new buildings. I had not been there since *the* Quake and Fire. When rebuilt it will be a finer city than before, but I was told that the buildings are renting slowly and many of them bring but 1½ or 2 per cent. on the investments. Since coming home, I have seen Carrie Gilman Rice, '94, and her second child (Sara Bond Trood, '95, lunched with her—has moved to L. Angeles, tho' how any one can prefer L. A., to Pasadena passes my understanding) and both were worth seeing; Helen Cleaveland Coleman, who lives in Morenci, Ariz., and was making a visit to Mr. C's parents here; Marriott Degen, who seems very happy after her visit to Annie MacDonald in Mexico; Grace Thomas Fonda and husband of Pueblo, Col., for a moment on a street-car—They had been to call but I was out—; Daisy Curtis Edwards and husband, who are thinking of coming from Los A., to Pasadena—a move I can quite understand—; Tryphena Uhrich Ludwig and her husband, who were on a trip thro' the west and who were nice as ever; and Esther Levi, '07, and Amanda Hexter, '09, who were with their families, ten in all! doing the same. I have heard that Nellie Chase Rich has died: that Marie Wilson Beardsley lives at 200 Riverside Drive, New York; that Dorothy Manning Mathews may be addressed, care F. M. Andrews & Co., The Waldorf; (This seems an unlikely address but so it was given) that Ruth Seiberling Pflueger lives at Akron, O.; that Virginia Prickett Burrowes, '85, married Henry Clay Pierce. Aug. 2, '09, in London, and will be at home after Nov. 1, at 15 E. 57th street, N. Y. City; that Annie Gwinnell spent sometime at the Louisberg, Bar Harbor, Me., seeing Mary Packard Carr, '89, at Tilton, N. H., and Miss Cushman at Portland; and incidentally, that it isn't worth while to take so much trouble to hunt up Girls—no these are girls—who won't take the trouble to notify their old school of changes in address and I won't do it any more!

Elizabeth Thielens sends word of her graduation at Chicago University, last June.

During my absence, Nadine Malone of Denver, and Mrs. Ellwood and her daughter Eleanor of Sycamore, Ill., and a Miss Taggart (whom I

do not know?) called on me. *Very sorry not to see them!*

There! I guess that's enough for this time! Greeting to you all for the new year and hearty good wishes from Pasadena!

Your Prineipal Emeritus.

Chicago Laselì Club.

The Chicago Lasell Club held its annual reception and luncheon in the East room of the New Hotel La Salle, Tuesday, October 12, at one o'clock. Covers were laid for twenty-five, and the tables were very prettily decorated with yellow dahlias, ferns and autumn leaves.

As a cold wave came a little earlier than was expected the atmosphere of the room in which the luncheon was served was very much below normal, and as soon as the luncheon was over we were glad to move to warmer and more eongenial quarters.

Miss Mabel A. Jones came in just as we had finished our last course and we were glad to have from her news of the improvements at Lasell.

Those present were: Mesdames May Riee Jenkins, Emily Brookfield Hardy, Eda Cooper Wolff, Lucile Parish Chickering, Clara Roesing Taylor, Helen Holman Moore, Allie Gardner Rogers, Lucy Pinney Calmer, Lucile Zeller Ericson, Blanche Wilcox Barnes, Edna Matthews Condit, Margaret Coon Browne, Emily Eaton Thomas and Misses Flora M. Gardner, Mabel A. Jones, Ida R. Jones, Lillian L. McCauley, Mary L. Masters, Helen E. Carter, Charlotte V. Thearle, Louise Grunewald, Frances Bragdon, Agnes Lowe, Imo Blakestad and Miss Hazelton of Montague City, Mass.

A most enjoyable time was spent by all present. Bertha Hax Auld sent her check for the luncheon, but was unable to be present. We missed her.



A rather unusual and pleasing incident in these opening days, was the marriage of our Jennie Tower Ford, of Kingston, to Mr. Walter Raleigh Amesbury, of Texas, which in itself would not be out of the order of these wedding days, were it not that "Jane's" husband is one of the latest additions to the Lasell faculty, having taken charge this year of the department of bookkeeping and penmanship. Our congratulations to our "old girl" and "new instructor." At home after December 1st, 220 Metropolitan avenue, Hyde Park, Mass.

Mrs. Loomis met two of our "old girls" at a meeting of the Woman's Club at Peabody, which she addressed at a recent meeting. Says she was well entertained by Lucy Moore (here in '02-'03) and Jennie Arnold Felt, '93. As a guest of Lucy, she had a pleasant glimpse of Peabody and Salem, and much appreciated the courtesy of these two Lasell girls.

Miss Josephine Bogart, '89, of Toronto, Canada, has been spending six weeks with Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89, at her country home, Ewing Farms, Des Moines, Iowa. Mrs. Frederick E. Buchan (nee Laura Conger, who was at Lasell in '85-'87) with her husband spent a few happy days with them.

Mrs. Buchan, ~~who~~ is the daughter of the late Hon. E. H. Conger, Minister to China at the time of the Boxer uprising and who herself passed through that terrible seige, is now the wife of Capt. Frederick E. Buchan of the Ninth Cavalry. At present they are stationed

in Omaha, Neb., but will go in February to Fort Russell, Wyoming. Mrs. Buchan has one charming little daughter, Sarah Conger Buchan, aged six years.

Marriot Degen writes of her visit to Annie MacDonald in Mexico and that she had a newsy letter from Bessie Mattison who was visiting in Scotland.

Good letters and good wishes from Leslie White, '05, Katherine Balch, '07, and Alcine Hotchkiss.

Ethel Taft, '08, enters Boston University for special work this fall.

Ethel West is taking a course in German at Barnard College.

Marion Congdon is happy in her kindergarten work at Miss Symond's Training School, Boston.

Evylyn Cheney will be in Roxbury this winter at No. 43 St. James street.

Rosalie Reimold is going to Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beth Baer, who is among the new students at National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., has our best wishes.

If Irene Meyer, '08, enters Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, we shall congratulate both student and college.

Irma Goldman is attending University of Kansas. Forward! is still her motto.

Barbara Vail, '05, and a party of friends were camping this summer in the Sierras, near the old "Placer Diggins." She describes the country as wild and the people just as kind as Bret Harte pictures them.

Annie MacDonald sends us word from Guanajuato, of her engagement to Mr. Douglas Muir, of San Antonio, Texas, and of her brother's engagement to Marriott Degen. The girls, who were room-mates here, are now planning a double wedding, the time and place yet to be decided. Mr. Muir is a 1905 graduate of the Colorado State School of Mines, so Annie expects to spend her life in mining districts, but says she likes the prospect. Our sincere best wishes to both girls.

Alice Chase, '07, has been teaching in South Portland, Maine, for a year. Minnie, '07, is also to teach there this winter. They are looking forward to coming to Lasell soon and will be the guest of Agnes Bullard, '08.

Gertrude Orelup Lansing and her husband called this summer, and later sent a most cordial message to our Principal.

Cornelia Eaton Prindle, '07, is planning to come with her husband to the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and will try to visit Lasell.

Maria Riker, '09, has had an enjoyable summer visiting her class-mates, Florence Hudson and Dorothy Wells.

A cordial letter from Ella Ellis Holway, '81, acknowledging the receipt of the Bouguereau souvenir, and congratulating Lasell upon securing Miss Irwin as one of the faculty. She speaks of her two sons at Dartmouth College and her daughter soon to enter the State Normal School.

I wonder if the "old girls" realize that Lasell is often homesick for *them*.

Those letters from Florence Swartwout and Annie Crowe, make us almost feel that we ought not to be really "well and happy" without them. We are grateful for every loving, loyal word! Always our best wishes for the Class of '09.

The latest names on the Lasell cradle list are Harriet Carlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carlow (Edith Anthony, '06), born September 16th; James Wilmarth Vicary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Vicary (Mary Wilmarth), born August 13th; and Nathaniel Holmes Perkins, son of Mr. and Mrs., Harker S. Perkins (Josephine Holmes, '04), on September 26th.

Among the most interesting social news of this fall is the engagement of Lotta Hewson,

'02, to Mr. John F. Kreen, and of Emma L. White to Mr. Harry L. Wells. Also the engagement of Miss Miriam Nelson, '05, to Mr. Sydney Flanders, of Winnepeg, has been announced.

Jennie Drew announces that she will resume her teaching of the pianoforte this fall. She has Lasell's best wishes.

Our thoughts are turning often and lovingly toward the Woman's College of Baltimore, especially because our Constance Blackstock is there. We miss her at Lasell, but are glad for the larger opportunities which are to be hers. A loving God Speed, dear Connie.

That loyal and enthusiastic message from Edna Rogers, '05, is apprcciated. Come as often as you can, Edna. The latch string is always out for Lasell's loyal "old girls."

Clara Nims, '07, was the guest of Lillie N. Potter at her new Minneapolis home—2401 Irving avenue, South.

One of the most kindly messages which has come to the Principal and Mrs. Winslow this fall was from Elsa Rheinstrom, '09. We have been privileged to read the letter, and it is so good that we would like to print all of it if it were possible. We do not forget that this dear school-mate has passed through a great and sudden grief during the summer in the loss of her father, Mr. Abraham Rheinstrom. We thank her for her loving loyalty to the school, and extend to her and her dear mother our tenderest sympathy.

Our Florence Scrviss has more than her share of trouble! You know of the translation of her father, last winter. Now she mourns also her brother Schuyler, instructor at Harvard, who was taken on June 18. Such a manly successful loving brother and son will be sorely missed! Our sympathy goes out to the mother and sister and we pray for them the comforting of Our Father in Heaven!

The Night of Serenades.

Oh, well we'll remember that autumn night
In the year of 1910!
'Tis a thing that each girl will cherish
That she'll treasure to the end.

For all around was happiness,
No eyes were filled with tears;
Lasell was brimmed with gaity
And none had home-sick fears,

The teachers, too, were happy,—
It had been a pleasant day;
They smiled serenely at us,
Wond'ring who'd win the way.

It was a night of rivalry,
The Sophomores the way had paved,
The Juniors then came next in line
For the Senior Serenade.

But later on that evening
When study had begun;
'Twas heard by girls in Carter Hall,
Nor was that all the fun.

The old girls of our dear Lasell
Were standing close in line,
And "making dates" to meet again
At about a quarter of nine.

The new girls had suspected nought,
But went up to their rooms
To study English, Math, or French
To ward off next day's doom.

But the girls in Carter were alert,
And a deep plot was laid
To greet with song those same old girls
When they came to serenade.

And sharply as the clock struck nine
The music filled the air;
The girls first sang at Cushman
At the windows and on the stair.

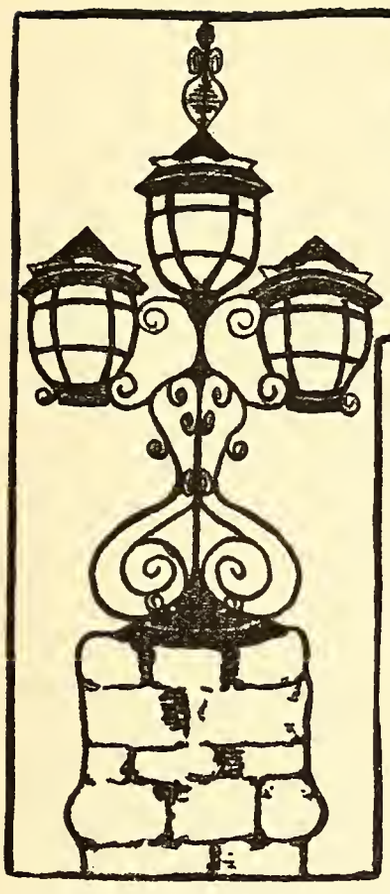
And slowly then they turned about
And came to Carter Hall,
They sang their best, with fervent zest—
It rang from wall to wall.

Then yawned the windows all about
And silence held the throng
A moment: then three girls sang clear
A quite impromptu song.

That song told how they liked Lasell,
Their new home for the year;
And how they loved the jolly girls
And all the teachers dear.

Presto! those windows all shut down
For old and new as well
Were hast'ning off to peaceful dreams
Of our own dear Lasell.

A. H. W., '11.



LOCALS



Sept. 21—New girls began to arrive.

Sept. 22—Old girls gradually coming back. At dinner, an orchestra played several selections and in the evening an informal dance was held in the gymnasium.

Sept. 23—This evening we were glad to have with us again our friend Mr. Leon S. Vincent, who gave us an interesting lecture on Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Sept. 25—Tonight in the gymnasium, an informal entertainment was given by the Lasell Missionary Society. Various games were played and dancing was enjoyed for a short time.

Sept. 26—At our first Vesper service of this year, we were all glad to welcome Dr. Gordon, who gave us a most helpful and encouraging talk for our new beginnings just undertaken.

Sept. 28—The first prayer meeting of this year was held tonight in the chapel. At this meeting Miss Packard gave us a helpful talk for the opening work of the year.

Sept. 29—Tonight the old girls serenaded the new girls. Early in the evening the Sophomore Class serenaded the Seniors and after them the Juniors also serenaded.

Sept. 30—This evening at the lecture hour Rev. Mr. Brooks gave us an interesting instructive stereopticon lecture on Alaska, the country and its people and customs.

Oct. 1—This evening a large party of girls chaperoned by Miss Potter and Miss Cummings attended Dr. Cook's lecture on "How I Reached the Pole."

Oct. 2—Tonight in the gymnasium, prettily decorated for the occasion, the old girls gave their dance for the new girls. A very delightful evening was spent in dancing and getting acquainted.

Oct. 3—At Vespers tonight Miss Clementina Butler gave us an interesting talk on Consecration, using for illustrations, incidents and experience which she had in India. She also showed us some interesting souvenirs which she brought from that far off land.

Oct. 5—Tonight at prayer meeting we all had a very helpful talk together under the leadership of Josephine Woodward.

Oct. 7—Again we had a delightful evening with Mr. Vincent, who gave us a most interesting address on Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Oct. 8—Seventeen girls chaperoned by Miss Dolley started early this morning on the White Mountain trip.

Oct. 9—This afternoon the Seniors chaperoned by Miss Rand went on a picnic to Prospect Hill.

Oct. 10—At the vesper hour all the girls attended service at the Congregational church and heard an address given by Dr. Clark.

Oct. 11—The White Mountain party returned, tired perhaps, but all unanimously declaring the trip a great success.

Oct. 14—This evening we were glad to have with us again our friend Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, who gave us an interesting lecture on "The Best Room" in our home.

Oct. 17—At the Vesper hour the service was in charge of the Missionary Society. Miss Calder gave us a most interesting address on Missions at this service.

Oct. 18—At dinner tonight the Seniors appeared in caps and gowns to the great surprise of all.

Oct. 19—Senior Day!!

Married.

Katharine Washburn, '06, to Mr. Harry Wentworth Peyser, on Monday evening, September the twentieth. At home after January the first, No. 9 Miller avenue, Portsmouth, N. H.

Jennie Johnson to Mr. Charles H. Brewster on Wednesday, the eighteenth of August. At home after the first of November, at 117 Grand street, Middletown, Conn.

Clarissa J. Halladay to Mr. Benjamin J. Phelps on Wednesday, September the first. At home after November the first at 27 Jackson avenue, North Plainfield, N. J.

Caroline T. Dederer to Mr. George H. Townsend on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of September, at St. Thomas's church, New York City.

Alice Jenckes, '99, to Mr. Clifford M. Wilson, on Thursday, October seventh. At home after December first, 646 Brook street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Helen F. Carter, '06, to Mr. Grosvenor DeWitt Marcy on Thursday, the fourteenth. At home after the first of January, 31 Knowles street, Newton Centre, Mass.

Deaths.

On September 27th, Harriet Rice Carpenter, '56, passed away in her Newton home. Mrs. Carpenter was for many years prominent in the missionary work in Japan, and for some time a missionary in Burma and Korea. Previous to her service in a foreign land, she was preceptress at Colby Academy. It was in response to her appeal for women teachers that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formed in Boston in 1871. She was always an honored member of Lasell's Alumnae, and our sincere sympathy is extended to her bereaved family and friends.

The death of Gorham D. Gilman removes one of Newton's most prominent citizens, and also the husband of Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57. Mr. Gilman occupied important Government positions and was an active member of the Eliot church of Newton. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved widow and family.

Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell, the father of our Helen Ramsdell, '00, passed away suddenly at his home in Woburn, on October 4th. Our sorrowing classmate and her family have Lasell's tenderest sympathy.

Have also lately learned of the passing away of Mrs. R. D. Wade, mother of our Anita Wade Ambrose. We join in extending sympathy to these bereaved friends.

Lasell was shocked to learn of the sudden death of Edna von Ende, which occurred this summer at Cottagewood, Lake Minnetonka, near her home. We shall always cherish pleasant memories of this dear school mate. Our loving sympathy is tendered the family.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Jennie Stanton in her bereavement over the sudden death of her father, Dr. James G. Stanton, of Milford, Delaware. We are missing our dear school mate, but know that her comforting presence is needed at home.

The following old girls called: Ruth Marston, '07, Mary Richardson, '07, Edna Rogers, '05, Gladys Patterson Hill, '04, Lois Blaisdell Baker, Florence Mountain, Hazel Clough, Lucy Reilly, Gertrude Orelup Lansing (and husband), Dora Walston Johnson (and daughter), Elizabeth Edson Eichelberger (and husband), Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, Blanch Seiberling Manton, (and two daughters), Louise Paisley, '09, Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, Anna Conant, '09, Pauline Orcutt, Emily Brookfield Hardy, Agnes Bullard, '08, Ethel Taft, '08.

Pupils This Year.

Agnes P. Adelsdorf, Nashville, Tenn.; Dorothy G. Aiken, W. Newton; Lucy A. Aldrich, Flint, Mich.; Grace M. Alexander, Springfield; Myrilla L. Annis, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ruth Arend, Waban; Ruth Bachelder, Gardiner, Me.; Elizabeth Bailey, North Scituate; Olive F. Bates, Hanover; Juliette B. Beach, New Milford, Conn.; Dorothy Beacom, Greensburg, Pa.; Alma Bendixen, Springfield, Minn.; Elsie Bensinger, Louisville, Ky.; Reva L. Berman, San Antonio, Tex.; Genevieve Bettcher, New Haven, Conn.; Charline Billington, Pueblo, Colo.; Hazel M. Blass, Little Rock, Ark.; Georgia D. Boswell, Coffeyville, Kans.; Sarah L. Bottom, Lebanon, Ky., Hazel A. Bower, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Vera I. Bradley, Stonington, Conn.; Dorothy I. Bragdon, Pueblo, Colo.; Elizabeth B. Brandow, Albany, N. Y.; Amy F. Brannan, Cleveland, O.; Marion H. Briggs, Voluntown, Conn.; Catherine Brooks, Boston; Ruth Burckett, Montclair, N. J.; Elizabeth Burke, Newark, N. J.; Emily and Ruth Butterworth, Marion, Ind.; Mattie Nell Carneal, Richmond, Va.; Barbara Clark, Montpelier, Vt.; Amelia E. Cobb, Schoolcraft, Mich.; Helen E. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.; Lucy F. Cox, Malden; Julia E. Crafts, Greenville, Maine; Annette R. Cunningham, Pekin Ill.; Mabel Cressman, Perkasie, Pa.; Abbie A. G. Currier, Newton; Marion A. Davis, Worcester; Barbara L. Dennen, Waltham; Julia DeWitt, Newark, N. J.; Clara I. DeWolf, Niantic, Conn.; Nina Dietz, Lincoln, Neb.; Margherita Dike, Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy Dobbins, Pasadena, Cal.; Dorothy Dorr, Los Angeles, Cal.; Grace E. Douglass, Brookline; Hazel B. Drew, Portsmouth, O.; Alma S. Dunn, Reading, Pa.; Gladys Dudley, Roxbury; Rachel Edwards, Orient, L. I.; Edith Eisenstaedt, New York, N. Y.; Bernice Eldridge, Ellsworth, Me.; Ruth L. Farmer, Gouverneur, N. Y.; Edna F. Felch, No. Natick; Helen S. Ferry, Pittsfield; Elsie J. Fies, Birmingham, Ala.; Frances M. Fitzpatrick, Troy, N. Y.; Miriam K. Flynn, Jamaica Plain; Helen L. Frick, Milton, Pa.; Alice M. Fuller, Brockton; Mary A. Gallaher, Santa Barbara, Cal.; May H. Gates, Worcester; Winifred A. Gerry, Brownville, Me.; Mildred Goodall, Sanford, Me.; Margaret Gregson, Morgan Park, Ill.; Elsie and Lorena Gulick, Riverside, Pa.; Marion L. Hale, So. Glastonbury, Conn.; Mildred J. Hall, Montgomery Centre, Vt.; Marian Halstead, Ponca, Neb.; Helene Hamilton, San Francisco, Cal.; Julia B. Hamilton, Great Falls, Mont.; Emilia L. Hardy, Newton Highlands; Marguerite Harris, Woonsocket, R. I.; Grace and Marion Harvey, Jamaica Plain; Martha R. Hazelet, Williamsport, Pa.; Theresa Heinsheimer, Glenwood, Ia.; Laura L. Heitmeyer, Cincinnati, O.; Edith D. Herrick, Norwich, Conn.; Marie D. Hibbing, Duluth, Minn.; Beatrice L. Hirschfield, Boston; Grace P. Holman, Jenkintown, Pa.; Helen B. Hood, Palm Beach, Fla.; Marjorie A. Howe, Denver, Colo.; Elizabeth Jaggard, Altoona, Pa.; Dorothy A. Jones, Jamestown, N. Y.; Margaret M. Jones, Evanston, Ill.; Marion L. Joslin, St. Paul, Minn.; Edna Kauffman, Reading, Pa.; Katherine Kelly, Springfield, O.; Ruth M. Kelsey, Sterling, Colo.; Kathleen M. Knight, Brockton; Lurella Krentler, Detroit, Mich.; Margaret Lamade, Williamsport, Pa.; Eleanor R. Laurens, Charleston, S. C.; Gladys Lawton, Sheffield, Ill.; Virginia H. Lee, Bayside, L. I.; Irma and Alice Levi, Birmingham, Ala.; Grace M. Lindsay, Glendive, Mont.; Elizabeth H. Linn, Hartford, Conn.; Irene Lobenstein, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Florence E. Loebs, Rochester, N. Y.; Helen Lewars, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary S. Lumbard, Oak Park, Ill.; Marion S. MacArthur, Troy, N. Y.; Edna MacDonald, Guanajuato, Mex.; Margaret M. Marshall, Des Moines, Ia.; May M. Martincourt, Butler, Pa.; Ruth B. Maurer, Dunellen, N. J.; Frieda and Louise Mayer, Chicago, Ill.; Helen B. Mayer, Chicago, Ill.; Ina M. McLean, Miles City, Mont.; May D. Mcloon, Kittery, Me.; Edna B. Merriam, Waterford, Conn.; Annie F. Merrill, Enosburg Falls, Vt.; H. Louise Miller, Oswego, Kans.; Marguerite F. Milliken, Mechanic Falls, Me.; Marie A. Mills, Patchogue, N. Y.; Hannah P. Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marguerite C. Murdock, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Dolores de Murguiondo, Portsmouth, Va.; Veronica Nahigian, Husseynig, Harpoot, Turkey in Asia; Florence B. Nelson, Derby Line, Vt.; Elva S. Niles, E. Saugus; Marion F. Ordway, Orleans, Vt.; Edith B. Palmer, Waterville, Me.; Clara L. Parker, Goffstown, N. H.; Jane Parsons, Troy, Pa.; Katherine L. Pellet, Hamburg, N. J.; Gladys E. Phelps, Auburndale; Marion F. Pierce, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Helen M. Plass, Roxbury; H. Louise Porter, Higganum, Conn.; Doris H. Powers, Portland, Me.; Clara D. Prince, Bedford; Hannah E.

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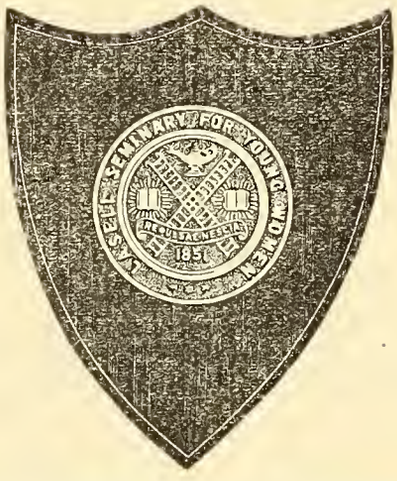
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Thankfulness.

As Thanksgiving approaches it is well to consider whether we are genuinely thankful for all the good things that we have. The members of the Plymouth Colony, who first celebrated Thanksgiving Day, keenly appreciated and were filled with deepest gratitude for all their possessions, though to us these seem to have been so meagre as to approach actual poverty. They were thankful for safety, because they had been in dire peril, for freedom, because they had suffered persecution; for their mean dwelling, because they had known the sufferings due to insufficient shelter; for the friendship of the Indians whose hostility would have been fatal; for what food they had because they had nearly died of starvation during the previous winter. *They* were grateful for those things which we accept unquestioningly and indifferently as though they were our right.

Consider the case of Early, the supposed leper, who has at last been proved a normal, healthy man. For years he has been socially an outcast; now he has surely great cause for profound thankfulness for the mere ability to come again into contact with other human beings; for the fact that today, instead of manifesting a desire to run from him they are now willing to receive him as one of themselves. Doubtless he appreciates the fact that he can now work for his living, and be of some definite use in the world.

Those to whom sorrow or disappointment has come, can still be thankful that "while there is life, there is hope," and may rejoice in the glorious opportunities still open to them. Our greatest failing, possibly, is that, though we may not fail to be grateful for the large and pronounced blessings of life, we too often pass over the everyday gifts and mercies that crown our lives, and the kind care and protection which has shielded and attended us all our lives through. We are so used to having our daily wants and necessities provided for that we accept this provision as a matter of course, forgetting that these smaller benefits make in large part the comfort and happiness of life, and should be to us incitements to nobler attainment.

Among our especial reasons for thanksgiving, our opportunities for personal service, and our precious friendships take chief place. If "a man without a country" is a forlorn being, how much more so a man without a friend, for in times of joy and sorrow he has no one upon whom he may count as sympathetic comrades and allies. Much to be pitied are those belonging to the ranks of the unnatural folk who are indifferent to friendships, blind to the fact that the talent for making friends is a most valuable asset.

My Kitchen Experiences.

Wednesday. Something happened today, on account of which I think I shall have experiences new and strange this week. Brother Jack hasn't been well lately, and Dr. Brown has advised him to spend a week at the seashore. Margaret, his wife, went with him, and I am keeping house alone—"monarch of all I survey." The meal question—*my* meal question—worried Margaret a little; but when I loftily informed her that the best cooks had always been men, and that I *could* cook (although I never had), she gave me a provoking smile, and *dared* me to eat two meals a day of my own cooking for one whole week! Sounds easy, doesn't it?

They left on the three o'clock train. The flat seemed awfully quiet and empty when I came back, and if it hadn't been for my "contract," I should have gone to a restaurant. As it was, I looked through the ice-box, only to find that Margaret hadn't left in it a mouthful of cooked food. Wonder what she did

with the stuff left from luncheon. There are a lot of boxes, cans and jars on the pantry shelves, and I opened a box of sardines and a bottle of pickles; but according to contract I had to *cook* something, so I cut some slices of bacon and fried them. It takes a lot of butter to fry bacon nicely. Eggs are tricky things, too, to get out of a pan. Toasted some bread which was fine—in spots—and spread it with honey. Couldn't find the coffee, so I drank a glass of milk. But I'll live like a king when I get my hand in.

Thursday. Wondered what Margaret had done with the articles of agreement, and last night I found my copy pinned to my pajama jacket. Must have been very agreeable to stand for all of these:—

"I. No outside help to be hired.

II. Every breakfast and every supper to be eaten in the house.

III. No guests to be invited to meals.

IV. Only the dishes in the kitchen cupboard to be used.

V. Everything broken must be replaced. (Dishes bought from open set at Blank's).

VI. All meals to be served in the kitchen. (It will save the busy cook steps).

VII. Protecting aprons in upper left hand drawer may be used if desired.

VIII. Record to be kept of dishes prepared."

Forgot that I had to get my own breakfast, and hence didn't get up very early. Located the coffee in a tin thing. I like my coffee strong, wherefore I put in a half cupful, and only one cup of water. When it had boiled ten minutes I thought it must be done and I took it off. Whew! it was strong! Then I tried a quarter of a cup instead, and boiled it for five minutes. Drank it. Jack always insists that eggs should be boiled three minutes, and remembering this I did not have any trouble with them. Fooled so long finding the coffee and making it, that I didn't have time to wash the dishes, and accordingly left them in the sink, reaching the office just in time.

Such a lunch at Risley's restaurant! Wonder how they make those chicken patties?

For supper I fried a steak (kind o' burnt on the outside, and a little too rare in the middle). Opened a can of peas and one of mushrooms, and not using all of either, I put back what was left into the cans, and set them in the ice-box for next day. That coffee is spoiled, I'll buy some more tomorrow.

Eleven P. M. Had a narrow escape! Heard at the club that Billy Rogers has an awful case of ptomaine poisoning, brought on by eating peas that had stood in an opened tin can over night. Came right home and chucked mine into the garbage can. Wonder if pigs ever have ptomaine poisoning.

Friday. The new coffee has directions for making printed on the wrapper in several different languages. Made it under the English directions, and it was o. k. I'll surprise Margaret when she comes home. Really I'm coming on.

Made an awful mess of the griddle cakes, though griddle cakes require more time and attention than a business man with regular office hours can spare. Had some fine sausage for breakfast.

Margaret has little hands, but she must have an awful grip, for she never drops a thing. Broke two plates, a cup and a saucer this morning. I'd use tin plates, if I wasn't so afraid of ptomaine poisoning.

This has been a strenuous day. Was detained at the office by a fellow who wasn't able to sell me anything, and tried to talk me to death for revenge! Think I was foolish to let Margaret draw up that contract! Might have asked that man to dine with me and enjoyed watching him eat biscuits like mother used to make." What made those biscuits so back-

ward about coming upward I haven't found out, and I'm wondering if that rogue Margaret didn't fix the flour before she went away; because I haven't had any luck with flour things yet.

The fish were fine. Margaret herself couldn't have fried them better. Have learned that the secret of good frying is to have lots of hot fat in the pan. Lard does as well as butter, and is lots cheaper. Wonder if Margaret knows that. Think she was cheated when she bought the potatoes which I ate for supper. I French-fried them after I had removed the fish from the pan. (Hate to wash greasy pans!) The deceitful things looked fine, but they were very poor in flavor. Think I will buy a different variety of potato.

Opened a jar of pineapple preserves and a box of "educators." Wonder what kind of flour is used in making "educators"—certainly not biscuit flour like that Margaret left.

Drank a bottle of beer, smoked a cigar, put the dishes to soak, and began to read the evening papers, when the fire engines went up *our* street. Of course I ran after them. The servant girl at Smith's had done some fool thing with the gas range, whiich had exploded. No one was injured, but considerable damage was done. Am tired, so I'll let the dishes wait till morning. Gas ranges are vicious things!

Saturday. Jack is always bragging about Margaret's housekeeping, and she *is* pretty fine in every way, but she must have been a little careless about the drain pipes, for this morning I found that the water wouldn't run out of the sink. Got to find a non-union plumber who will clear the pipes when *I* can be here. Margaret is fussy about having strange men in the flat since Jones was robbed.

A man can't attend to everything about a flat and earn his daily bread at the office, too. Haven't made my bed since the folks left, and don't intend to, as it wasn't in the contract.

Grape fruit, bacon and eggs, and coffee for breakfast. Didn't wash the dishes. Put them in a pan and left the "Gold Dust Twins" to do the work.

Good luncheon at the restaurant. It was late when the plumber left, so I concluded to broil some chops like those I had for luncheon, and stew some tomatoes. There's quite an art in broiling chops. By the time I had broiled two I caught on, and the other two were all right. The tomatoes nearly all stuck to the pan. Was so interested in the broiling act that I forgot them. Finished with fruit, cheese, crackers, and coffee. Don't have time to cook all the things I like.

Sunday. Slept late this morning. Looked all over for Margaret's cook book, but I couldn't find it. Thought I'd have boiled rice instead of shredded wheat for breakfast. I usually eat two dishes of Margaret's rice pudding, so I put a pint of rice in some boiling water, thinking it *might* fade away like the tomatoes. It didn't. Put the cold rice in a big bowl and set it in the ice-box. Broiled chops and made coffee. Didn't have any better luck with corn bread than I had with the biscuits. Have ordered the baker to leave rolls each morning.

Washed the accumulated dishes. Wouldn't have had enough for dinner if I hadn't. Read the Sunday papers, especially the housekeeper's page. Rice croquettes made according to directions are quite palatable. Wonder if the editor of the "Women's Page" is married. Would have had roast chicken for dinner, if I could have bought one already cleaned. Boiled some ham. Opened a jar of Margaret's apple sauce. Have ordered fresh celery to be left each day.

Monday. Breakfast: fruit cereal, bacon and eggs, hot rolls and coffee, same as any other housekeepers.

Met Jimmy Wilson in the restaurant. He asked me to dine at their house this evening as his pretty sister is visitng them. I accepted gladly, then remembering that blooming contract. Got so confused that Jimmy looked at me with a question mark in each eye. Wonder if he thinks I'm leading a double life. Sent a messenger with a bunch of violets for Miss Wilson, and invited her to go to the theatre tomorrow evening. She accepted.

Steak, baked potatoes, celery, fruit and coffee for dinner. Large potatoes are hard in the middle. Hereafter I shall bake the tender little ones.

The "Housekeeper's Column" is only printed on Sunday! Just as if people don't have to eat other days, too.

Tuesday. Breakfast alone is getting to be monotonous. Fruit, chops, rolls, and coffee. Wonder how it would seem to have a pretty face at the other end of the table.

Luncheon at the restaurant.

Didn't get a regular dinner for fear I'd be late for the theatre. Just had rolls, coffee and eggs.

Stopped at Jimmy's after the performance, and had the nicest little chafing dish supper imaginable. Miss Wilson knows a lot about cooking, and she certainly is pretty.

Wednesday. Why did I ever sign that silly contract? Margaret comes home tonight, and I certainly need outside help to clean this kitchen. Fruit, chops, rolls and coffee for breakfast.

Invited Jim to lunch today.

Came home early and washed and scrubbed this miserable little kitchen till my back and arms fairly ached. Going to buy Margaret some brown aprons. Never want to see a blue checked apron again as long as I live. Thought I'd splurge on the last meal, but was too tired. Steak, little baked potatoes, celery, rolls, and coffee. I'll tell Jack that Margaret ought to keep help.

Eight P. M. Just received a telegram that Jack and Margaret will return tomorrow evening. Contract is fulfilled, and term expired. I *can* cook, but hereafter I prefer to pay some one else to do it.

The new dishes were delivered this afternoon. Have gone over my accounts. I might have lived in first class style at a good hotel for the same expenditure. Will furnish Margaret with a revised account of the past week. This record is strictly private. Am going to call on Miss Wilson and ask her for the address of a good scrub-woman.

M. S., '11.

The Hallowe'en Party.

Hallowe'en at Lasell is always celebrated in a distinctly original way. This year a diversity of entertainment was furnished by the girls of the various corridors, and campus houses, united in sundry groups for the production of special features. For several weeks prior to the event, mystery was in the air. Important secret discussions took place after study hour in this or that room of different corridors. Certain strictly private rehearsals were held under lock and key in Mrs. Martin's room; and when at last the evening arrived, everyone was in a state of wild excitement. By seven o'clock strange figures began to arrive at Cushman Hall, stealing in by the side-doors, and creeping furtively down dark corridors. At half past seven the signal was given to form for the grand march, whereupon a motley crowd issued from various dressing-rooms,—debutantes, white-robed fairies, whole troops of pixies in caps and bells, witches arm in arm with the little Dutch immigrant, and blue bottles fraternizing with the ghostly apparitions from Spookdom. The grand march ended, the masqueraders seated themselves on the floor around the Gymnasium, to watch the respective stunts of the various houses.

First to appear were the Seniors from Pickard House. A bachelor in lounging robe and slippers was seen, engaged in opening letters from his former sweethearts. As he read them, one after another, eerily appeared, for a moment, in a large picture frame before him. Decidedly attractive they were, too, from the dashing little school girl of some fifteen years to the lovely bride who closed the series.

The stunts which followed were of the truly Hallowe'en nature, as became the frolicsome undergraduates, though each was carried out in a decicdedly original way. The sad fate of the "Ten Little Pumpkins standing in a line," caused considerable fun. Clark Cottage gave a most realistic graveyard scene, with spooks, skeletons and ghostly mutterings that quite froze the blood of the boldest in the audience. The Carter Hall girls, with their baskets of crackers, received a warm welcome, though it proved rather puzzling to know just when to applaud, as none could tell whether the basket-bearers were coming or going. The girls from Hawthorne were in original, though apparently rather uncomfortable, costumes, being dressed as bottles of every known denomination, from "Paregoric" to "Pain Killer." They sang of "Forty-nine blue bottles hanging on the wall," and were obliged to respond to a curtain call with a solo by "Herpicide." A scene in an immigration office was given by the girls of Mademoiselle's corridor, in which a stern official in blue coat and brass buttons discharged the duties of his office in a most business-like fashion. One of the most effective stunts of the evening was the dance of the pixies and fairies by Fraulein's corridor. The lights were turned low, and the scene formed a picture one would not soon forget.

When the entertainment was over, a barrel of apples found its way, in some mysterious fashion, into the Gymnasium, and, needless to say, met with an enthusiastic reception. A dance followed which lasted till ten o'clock.

K. M. K., '11.

Jerry.

The day was a warm and sultry one in late July. Great thunder clouds poked their heads ominously above the southern horizon, and scurried hither and thither, driven by the fast increasing force of the wind. But little cared the merry group of children in the hayfield, for was not this the very last day of haying, and were they not already climbing upon the last load of sweet smelling hay, ready to defy the approaching storm in a race to the barn? And it was a close race, too; for just as the happy load drew into the shadowy old barn, the storm burst in all its fury.

After the hay had been tossed into the already full mows, the men went to their work, but the children remained for a good frolic, as the storm had somewhat abated so that there was no longer any danger to be feared from it.

The leader in these frolics was a tall slender girl of thirteen in a blue pinafore. Dark ringlets clustered about her tanned face, and mischievous eyes peeped out from underneath her long lashes, while in her rosy cheeks now and then appeared bewitching dimples. This was Janet Winston, the only daughter of the owner of this prosperous farm. Three of the others, Joe, Bob, and Molly Jones, were children of a neighboring farmer and had come to spend the afternoon with their small friends. But the youngest of the children was a sturdy little fellow of eight, who deserves more of our attention. Jerry Winston was a stout little lad with cheeks so covered with freckles that he was often called "Freckle Patch," by his father. Indeed he was not a pretty child, but those who once looked into his big honest blue eyes could not help loving

him. On this particular day he wore his haying suit, consisting of a pair of blue overalls, a well worn shirt, and a large straw hat, coming well over his face.

From one beam after another they jumped into the hay, until only the highest rafter above the whole hay mow was left. "Janet, I dare you to jump from that beam," cried Bob pointing at the rafter. In a minute she had crawled carefully along the narrow beam, and had leaped, landing safely in the soft hay, much to the delight of the other children.

"Me too!" cried Jerry; and before they realized it the brave little fellow had reached the beam and stood there swaying.

"Jerry, wait!" cried all in fright; but with a scream the child immediately fell forward and lay crumpled upon the hay, a still, white little figure. He had struck an unnoticed beam only half covered with hay. The terrified children called the men, who carried the child carefully to the house and the doctor was summoned as quickly as possible.

For weeks afterward it was uncertain whether Jerry would live, but at last he pulled through. What a changed little boy it was that sat in the big arm chair by the window day after day, staring vacantly out at the world in all its beauty. His little body was wasted and shrunken, and the happiness that had always gleamed from his big eyes was now replaced by a pitiful expression on this wan little face. And poor Janet went about broken hearted; for she blamed only herself for poor Jerry's misfortune, saying that if she had not jumped he would never have thought of it.

During the long years which followed Janet was always his constant companion. There seemed to be nothing which she would not do for him, often holding him for hours in her arms while she sang the prettiest songs she knew, or told him stories which he never tired of hearing. She sometimes took him for long trips in his wheeled chair along the country roads, telling him as they went stories of the beautiful flowers and sweet-voiced birds. And as for Jerry, anything Janet did was perfection in his eyes, and he never was content unless she was near him. Time changed Janet into a tall and beautiful girl; but despite all the tender care given to Jerry, he remained the same helpless child.

One bleak day in winter Mr. Winston was suddenly called to the city on urgent business matters, and had to leave his wife and children alone on the farm. Help was very scarce that winter and the Winstons had been as unfortunate as the rest of the farmers in that section in procuring any. Thus Mrs. Winston and Janet were more than busy during the days which followed. When Mr. Winston had been gone about a week Janet was suddenly taken ill. At first she appeared only to have taken a terrible cold, but at the end of the second day Mrs. Winston became seriously alarmed about her, as her fever had increased until her mind was wandering, and each racking cough seemed to leave her weaker. At last her mother realized that unless a doctor were summoned soon, the girl could not live. There was no telephone on the farm, and the nearest one was a mile and a half away at neighbor Jones' farm. It was impossible to leave Janet, and there was no one to send. Presently she went down stairs to see if Jerry was all right. She did not find him in his accustomed place by the fire, but crawling along the floor toward the hall. "Jerry dear, where are you going?" asked the anxious mother.

"Janet sick,—me go get doctor," he answered in his peculiar gasping way.

The mother pressed her hand to her heart "No, darling, no!" she said. But as the evening wore on and she feared that the young life

upstairs was fast ebbing away, she bethought herself of a horse in the stable which belonged to Farmer Jones, and hastily throwing a shawl over her head, she went out to the barn and saddled the creature. Then she came in, bundled Jerry up in the warmest clothes possible, and bound him firmly to the saddle, pinned a note to his coat, and sent horse and rider out into the cold night,—with a prayer for their safety.

The horse knew the way home, and about half an hour later as Farmer Jones was seeing to his stock for the night, he was startled to see his horse come in at the open barn door with a something on its back. Going to it, he found poor, little Jerry hanging almost lifeless over the saddle. He hastily carried the child into the house, and gave him to his kind wife to take care of; then after reading Mrs. Winston's note, immediately called up the doctor, and then took little Jerry back home. Soon the doctor came. All night he battled for the sweet young life in the sick chamber, and at last, just at dawn, he knew that he had won the victory, and Janet was saved.

Dear, brave little Jerry was saved also; for he had passed far beyond the perils and dangers of this world, safe into the hands of his loving Father above.

M. J. H. and A. F. M. '12.

The Imprisoned Ghosts.

Continued from October Number.

"Here I am," came the answer in a ghostly whisper from the pitch dark cellar. In a moment more the four of us huddled together were stumbling our way across the floor.

"I vow," said I, "this place feels as though it were strewed with bones."

"Oh! Let's get out quick," gasped Belinda with a semi-scream, and turned to retrace her steps.

But Barbara held on to her, whispering: "You can't go now, 'Linda; the girls are still on the stairs and we'll have to wait a few minutes to get on our sheets. Here, take this and wind it around yourself," and she gave each of us a sheet. We were silent a minute while twisting the queer garment about us, and in the stillness we could hear the sound of feet on the stairs above. Barbara was right—the girls were still on their way to the veranda.

"Guess we'll have to do the scaring act when they start back, there are too many now, "commented Beth in a muffled voice; "but, in the meanwhile, give me a cracker, Bea. I'm holding my hand out—oh!" and the sentence ended in a smothered wail, something fell heavily against me, and then to the floor with a dead thud. Climax of climaxes! Beth had fainted.

We were struck dumb; there was nothing to be done! and we were all so terrified we couldn't move, not knowing what dreadful thing had happened. Finally matter-of-fact Barbara mustered up courage to put out her hand and called to us in a burst of inspiration, "Don't be afraid, girls! It's only a cold, damp steam pipe. Unfasten Beth's collar, she'll be all right in a minute."

Minutes passed—, then Beth moved, and demanded to know where she was. We explained what had happened, whereupon that young woman sat up, saying decidedly that the joke had gone far enough, and she, for one, intended to get out of that hole just as fast as she could. We were all of the same mind by this time, and hearing no sounds from above, we started for the stairs, up which we clambered. I reached the door first, and in a last attempt to be funny cried dramatically, "Open Sesame!" as I turned the knob. And the knob wouldn't turn. I tried again while the girls fumed at the delay. After a third attempt I stepped back to let some one else try, when the awful truth dawned on me.

"Girls," I said, "we're locked in."

There was a silence. I can remember only one thing and that was of Belinda's feeble chuckle. In a minute—an age, it seemed—Barbara pushed by, and she tried the door. It was of no use; we were hopelessly and helplessly locked in.

I can't begin to describe the agony of that night. I only know that every minute seemed a year, and that I furtively wondered if my hair would "grow white in a single night;" then I'd wonder if I'd ever see my father and mother again, and what Miss Luella would say if she knew, and whether the expulsion which was sure to follow our finding would be public. On the whole I wasn't sure that I wanted to be found, and, really, there didn't seem to be much chance that we should be for some time. You see, as we four were roommates and the girls were allowed to leave the party after the refreshments if they wished, there was very little chance of our being missed that night. By morning, of course, we should be, but would they know where to look, and would they think of those old cellar stairs? That was the question, and such a one as might well keep four terrified girls silent. The minutes, hours dragged by. Once Belinda tipped over to my shoulder, half asleep. Several times we tried to figure out the time, as huddled together, we sat on the steps below the door. Decidedly Barbara's plan had not worked out according to schedule.

Finally, years and years afterward it seemed, the blackness of the night began to merge into the grayness of dawn. Slowly, almost stealthily, a tiny bit of light found its way into that dungeon of horrors, and at last I ventured to suggest we look about our prison. We were stiff from long sitting in the same position, but the relief of being able to see each other was so great that we began to feel quite cheerful, and descending again, looked about our abode of a night.

The little light flickering in through a dusty window at one side showed us cobwebs and dust; the bones of the night before were pieces of brick and broken cement, while Beth's "cold, clammy hand" was, as Barbara had said, a steam pipe. Over a distance of about fifty feet we crept and then found ourselves flat against a brick wall which had no opening, as we ascertained after going its length several times. We were almost in despair again, when Beth stopped, held up her hand and listened. We all heard the sound of girls voices somewhere on the other side of that wall, as from a distance, but distinct enough for us to catch their words, "Lost last night," and "Miss Luella is heart-broken—says none of the girls must know."

"Oh, yell! !" said Beth; and I shouting the first thing that came into my head, started our class yell. The girls joined in with a will and at the last we simultaneously added, "Help! Help!"

A sudden silence without, a few hurried steps, and again silence. Belinda turned, so that we should not see her tears.

Finally Barbara gulped and began, "Girls, it's my fault that we're here now, and—if anything should happen to us—I want to know if you'll—." Then we heard—oh joyful sound! —steps again, and this time overhead, on the stairs by which we had come. Instantly our expressions changed, and silently we started for the stairs. We knew that in some miraculous way we were safe.

Half way across the cellar floor I paused, "Do you suppose we'll have to pack today?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't care, if only I get out of here quick," said Beth.

"But," said Belinda, the door at the head of the stairs opened, and from the bottom we looked up at Miss Luella standing unsmilingly, a picture of Justice, by whose scales we had been weighed and found wanting.

"Will you come up, girls?" was all she said; and we came. But poor Barbara couldn't stand that.

"Oh, Miss Luella," she cried, "I made them do it! It's my fault. Don't blame them!"

And then what do you think happened? Miss Luella just gathered the whole four of us into her arms at once, and laughed and cried over us until we didn't know which of us was more surprised. And this is what she said:—

"Don't ever let me hear of your doing such a thing again! Oh! suppose I hadn't found you until it was too late! Young ladies, you owe a debt of deep gratitude to your classmates who chanced to hear you call, and had sense enough to come to me about it. Thank God, that He made me think of that old cellar! My dears, promise me you'll never do such a thing again, and I won't send you home this time, although, goodness knows, you've given me enough trouble already!" So, half scolding, half caressing us, she led us into the presence of Miss Maria, where we were formally forgiven. Truly a happier, more thankful lot of girls never breathed; but for months afterwards we were the joke of Brownston.

H. L. S., '11.

Peggy's Mishaps.

It was Peggy Brown's first experience at boarding school. She was a shy, old-fashioned miss of fifteen winters, but could boast little traveling experience. For three nights she had dreamed of her coming vacation, and her dreams had each time pictured most unfortunate experiences met on her homeward journey.

The little country town in which she lived was only thirty miles from the school, but to Peggy it seemed like a trip across the continent. Miss Miranda Brown, her maiden aunt, had conducted her safely to the school, but the poor girl had been so excited over reaching her destination that she took little notice of the trip, and the details of the journey seemed very vague.

She packed her little hair-cloth trunk as carefully as she could in accordance with the aunt's explicit and off-repeated directions. In her excitement, however, she got things distressingly mixed up.

On the morning of her departure it rained. Peggy dressed in a worn black velvet coat and her faded blue straw, holding tightly her ancient hand-bag, bade good bye to her teachers, and timidly set out for the little station. On her way while attempting to shun a ferocious dog, she stubbed her toe and fell flat in the mud. A kind man, asking her if she were hurt, picked her up, wiped some of the mud off with his handkerchief, and started her on the way once more. "How would her aunt Miranda feel to have her niece come home to Hannibal with a muddy frock and ruined coat," was Peggy's only thought.

She reached the station, purchased her ticket, and after waiting an anxious half hour spent in carefully guarding her hand-bag, ticket, umbrella and a few less important bags and boxes, she finally boarded the train. The short ride seemed hours, for she sat straight in her seat, not daring to let go her precious hand-bag.

The train slowed up at Hannibal, and Peggy hurried off to the dingy platform to find no one but Mr. Hobbs, the old stage driver, waiting with his rickety old stage, which had always been pulled up in front of the station at train time as long as she could remember. The former greeted her kindly, and she was glad that he did not seem to notice her shameful condition. The tired little maid bounced about on the broad seat, shivering from the cold and excitement, until she reached the familiar brown cottage and saw her Aunt Miranda waiting on the steps.

The poor child received the rating she had expected for her shabby and untidy appearance, but not one so severe, as perhaps it might have

been, had not her aunt pereeived, in the midst of her seolding, the tired, little droop to Peggy's mouth. Then suddenly relenting, she gave her a warm and savory supper, patter her head kindly, and sent her to bed with a good-night kiss.

But Miss Miranda's anger was far from appeased when she unpacked the unusually packed little trunk. The muddy shoes were put in with a scrap of paper to keep the dirt from the rest of the clothes; her eamphor bottle not tightly corked, had emptied its eontents over hair ribbons and dresses, her hat with precious feather, was smashed to a pan cake. Fortunately, however, Peggy was in dreamland then, and by morning Miss Miranda's anger had so far eooled down that the only evidence she gave Peggy of it, was a remark, as the little girl ate her eereal, that she had better learn to pack a trunk before going baek to school to learn other things not so pressingly important.

R. B., '11.

Travelling in the Tropics.

"Helen, wake up! Just look out of the port hole!" Upon doing as I was bid, what was my surprise to discover that our boat was rapidly drawing near a large pier thronged with people, the men in white suits, the women in brilliantly eolored garments, the quaintness of whose fashion I eould not, of course, pereeive at such a great distanee. I was most impatient to land, and to begin to satisfy my curiosity about the natives, and the odd customs of this far off country. This town which we were approaching lies on the Atlantic coast of the Central American republie of Guatemala. We were in the tropics.

Our destination was the capital eity, a hundred and fifty miles from the coast-town where we landed, and five days were required for our trip into the interior. We chanced to be traveling in the party of the president of the railroad, and were therefore honored with special trains on the entire trip. During the first two days our "special" consisted of an engine and a box-car, the loeomotive being so asthmatic as to be obliged to stop about once in every ten minutes "to blow up" enough steam to enable it to pull the ear. We were most uncomfortably seated on boxes, and the various bundles lying around. For twelve continuous hours we traveled in this uncivilized fashion, and at the end of this time we were unspeakably relieved to learn that thirty miles of our inland journey had been covered. Arrived finally at a town where a night's stop was to be made, we were shown by a barefooted Indian boy, the son of the hotel manager, to his father's establishment, and adobe hut, consisting of four small rooms, ineluding the private apartments belonging to the family.

The second day was spent in the same car in which we had traveled on the previous day, but at the end of this day's journey we were able to enjoy the conveniences of a genuine hotel, very similar to many of the hotels at little-frequented summer resorts, in our own country. We were quite encouraged by the noticeably more modern conditions evident here, and consoled ourselves for past diseomforts by the thought that perhaps as we drew nearer the eity the surroundings would steadily improve.

Our hopes fell, however, when next morning we were informed that the next two stages of the distance remaining would be made on mule-back, sinee we had now reached the end of the railroad. Aeeordingly, we mounted our beasts, and started, very early as it chaneed, and found ourselves presently guiding our mules over hill-tops, across a clear, rippling brook in the hollow of a great eanon, from whose quiet, shady depths we climbed to the heights again, along paths winding back and forth up the side of the bordering mountain. Our companions who were ahead of us would

now and then call down from the path, seemingly directly over our heads, and then disappear immediately around some curve. When we reached the Matagua River, every one had to dismount, and while the animals were taken by our "mosos," or Indian porters, to a place where they could swim across, we were conducted over a bridge made of small branches bound together by a cable at each side, with an additional cable for the traveler to lay hold on to insure steadiness and safety. As we crossed on this primitive bridge, which swung lightly with the movements of those passing over it, the river, about a quarter of a mile in width, rushed violently and turbulently just below us. Breathing a deep sigh of relief as we put foot on the opposite shore, we again mounted and continued our journey over the mountains.

During all the ride we had been guiding our mules with one hand and trying to hold our umbrellas up with the other, for it was the rainy season, and there was a continuous downpour. Rubber raincoats, umbrellas, and overshoes afford absolutely no protection against the penetrating rainfalls of the tropical regions. The next two nights were spent in lumber-camps, but it was a great relief to feel that, in these places, we were the guests of Americans, and not of the native Indians.

Just at sunset of the last day, during which we had traveled in springless carriages, we swung around a curve of the mountain-side to a point where a beautiful city burst upon our sight. Dazzlingly white were its adobe buildings, viewed in a mass, and a few minutes later we drove into the quaintly beautiful city of Guatemala. M. S., '10.

AN ARCTIC FORECAST.

Let men delight to bark and bite,
Their strife o'er polar goals
Will fade to insignificance
When women reach the polls.

The German Play and Reception.

"Wasn't the German play good!" "Wasn't the stage well arranged!" Such were the exclamations heard at the breakfast table on the morning after the Fourth Year German pupils had given the play, "Einer Muss Heiraten."

In this clever little drama there are four characters, the kind, old aunt, the pretty niece, Louise, and the two unmarried nephews. These four people are living very happily together, until one day Aunt Gertrude announces that she can no longer stand the strain of the household work, and that one of her nephews must marry Louise so that she may take charge of the house. Both young men however, are so very reluctant to marry that to decide which shall be the bridegroom, they draw lots, Jacob, the elder, being the unlucky one, as he then thought himself. Now, as Jacob finds it a very hard nut indeed, to crack, this proposing to Louise, William, who is more a ladies' man, offers to show him, and, the perilous offer being accepted, proceeds to do so. Now, William is not Louise's lover when he first essays this lessoning of his bashful brother; but he speedily developes into this, and finally asks her in all earnestness to marry him, to which she being also very much in love with him, consents. With this everything would end happily, except that poor Jacob, who by this time, has become quite eager to marry the lady, is angry at the fact that his one and only chance has thus been taken from him.

Of the cast, Mary Lumbard, the aunt, was very good indeed, her portrayal of the amusing German housewife showing thought and understanding. Jacob and William were splendidly made up, and Frieda Mayer as Jacob certainly looked the poor, well-meaning, irresponsible man, as did Marie Hibbing, the part of the sly, cunning rogue of a brother, and the

two characters, Jacob and William, were finely presented. Probably no one could so well have taken the part of the demure, coy niece as Susan Stryker, who acted the part so realistically that one questions how she ever came to understand such matters so well.

Shortly after the winning of the fair niece by William and the abandoning of poor Jacob, came the reception in the parlors, where besides all the German pupils, the faculty were present. "Ich habe die Ehre," and "Es freut mich sehr" were heard again and again rendered in many different ways from Miss Irwin's "pause—punctuated" one to Miss Rand's rapid fire enunciation. Truly, there were others besides the French lady who needed an interpreter, and to whom the talk was indeed "Deutsch." However, when the delicious hot chocolate, coffee, and cakes were served, there was a slight cessation in the talking, which enabled one to think of something more to say. Fraulein Heinrich was, of course, the centre of attraction during the evening. Finally all bade "Lebe wohl" with the feeling that a great deal of credit and praise was due to the "Deutsch Lehrerin" for such a pleasant evening.

R. K., '10.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club.

The fifth annual reunion of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held in Hartford, Saturday, Oct. 23d, at the Hartford Club with forty-one loyal Lasell girls present.

Dr. Winslow was the guest of honor, and he delighted the girls by bringing quite a collection of pictures showing Lasell as it is today. He also told us of some improvements that had been made, as well as of some he hoped to make in the future. We were very glad to hear about it all.

Several guests were also present from the New York Club, including their president, Miss Edith Harris, who, by the way, was kind enough to say some very nice things about our luncheon.

Our president, Miss Carol Case, presided at the tables, which were prettily decorated with pink chrysanthemums.

Nutmeg pencils tied with blue ribbon were used as souvenirs.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Grace Conklin Bevin; vice president, Florence Corbin; secretary and treasury, Ruth Merriam; executive committee, Marie Eaton and Laura R. Comstock.

Those present were: Bertha Hayden King, Grace Conklin Bevin, Mary Dodge, Lelia Walker Saunders, Ruth Turner, Genevra Strong, Marie Eaton, Bessie Fuller, Ruth Merriam, Winifred Smith, Fanny McKenzie, Mabel Goodwin, Ruth Talcott, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, Winifred Adams Hamilton, Florence Corbin, Florence Linke, Lucy Miller Robotham, Jessie Hayden, Bessie Brainard, Gertrude Reynolds, Irene Santer Sauford, Eva Robertson, Clara McLean, Sue Gallup, Edith Harris, Sarah Dyer Darling, Laura Comstock, Bessie Comstock, Grace Purtill, Edna Strickland, Carol Case, Carre Fuller, Mabel Case Viot, Sue Hallock Couch, Grace Huntington, Edith Allen Thayer, Rebecca Gowdy Wickham, Dr. Guy Winslow, Emily Bissell Swindells.

Passed Away.

In the passing away of Mrs. Chamberlayne, mother of our Elinor K. Chamberlayne, (here in '74-'76) Lasell loses one of her loyal patrons and staunchest friends. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate in this hour of sore bereavement.

The Denver Free Press contains a most touching account of the sudden death of little Edgar, the only son of Judge and Mrs. A. S. Caldwell (Ada Dunaway Caldwell, here

in '85-'86) of Carbondale, Ill., who died while on a visit recently with his parents in Denver, Colo. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Caldwell and her bereaved family.

Our dear Alcine Hotchkiss (here '03-'07) is mourning the loss of her grandfather, ex-Mayor Edwin W. Webster of Ansonia, Conn. We remember distinctly and pleasantly this gracious gentleman. Fitting tributes appear in several of the Ansonia daily papers. Our sincere sympathies are extended to the members of this bereaved family.

How strangely joy and sorrow commingle in this life. Just recently we rejoiced with dear Katharine Washburn, '06, in her happy union with Mr. Peyser, and now our hearts are turned tenderly her way as she and her dear sister Grace Washburn Hoskins, '97, mourn the loss of their father. We are not forgetting them in these days of sorrow, and extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Washburn and the family.

On October 27th, Alice Holmes Abbe passed away. She was at Lasell in '91-'92, and was a most loyal member of the Conn. Valley Lasell Club. This beautiful woman will be missed by the family, and especially the motherless little daughter. Lasell sends tender sympathy to Grace Holmes Stiles and other members of the bereaved family.

On November sixteenth a cablegram from South America gave us the sad news of the death of Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82, at her home in Buenos Ayres. Though not unexpected, after a serious illness of a year ago, —still there had been hopes of a recovery, backed by an unusually strong constitution and a natural optimistic nature. On her recent visit to us, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her class, we remember her as in the best of health,—a splendid woman, gifted in many ways,—an honor to the school and the class she represented. With an alert mind, broad and wholesome, she exerted an influence that was felt immediately by all in her presence,—uplifting and enthusing any work that was being carried on with rare common sense and unusual good cheer. As she spoke to us of the life in her far away home, we felt the strength of character that could depict so clearly the customs and happy surroundings there, while we knew her heart was so loyal to her native land. In the vicissitudes of life that come to all, she showed a courage and a strong faith in God that made her triumphant even to the end. She was cut off in middle life from a most loving, useful and active home and social circle. While in our faith we revere the higher law and believe her to be in a still more useful and exalted form of being, still in our sorrow of parting, we shall always miss this one we so loved,—a loyal wife, a devoted mother, a wise and strong friend.

J. J. M., '82.

Died at Newton Centre, September 26, 1909, at the home of Mrs. Alvah Hovey, Harriet E. (Rice) Carpenter, of the class of '56, Lasell Seminary.

Full obituaries have already appeared in the Watchman, Zion's Herald and in Newton and Boston papers. These would not be complete without some notice of Mrs. Carpenter in the Lasell Leaves.

On the day of the Golden Jubilee, June 12, 1906, when Doctor Bragdon so royally entertained the "Old Girls," her message of joyous greeting was cabled from Yokohama, Japan, and the same spirit of loyality to Lasell was shown in her presence at its gatherings whenever she was in America, while, to the last, her eyes lighted and her lips smiled at the sight of her former Lasell companions.

During her graduate year, she was always recognized as a superior scholar with sound

judgment and genuine love of the truth. Always genial and often playful in her intercourse with others, "Hattie Rice" was a favorite even with those who had little sympathy with her strong religious character and aims. At twenty, she became principal at Colby Academy, New London, N. H. A few years later she married Rev. C. H. Carpenter and with him sailed as missionary to Ranyvon, India, and soon after, was stationed at Barrein, among the Karens.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter accomplished a most remarkable thing in the annals of missionary work. They established a self-supporting school with buildings costing $30,000 and an endowment fund of $20,000, mostly from the contributions of an extremely poor people. Here, too, by her appeals to prominent women in America for women teachers, she was the cause of the formation of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Boston, which has reached so many thousands of ignorant women.

After fifteen years of work in India, failing health forced a long rest at Newton Centre in the old Rice Mansion. Then came a removal to a new country, a new language and a new people—the Ainus of Japan---the aborigines of the Islands.

The Carpenters established themselves at Nimuro, the eastern point of Yezzo. Very soon came the death and burial of the husband, and Mrs. Carpenter was left through the long, cold, dark Japanese winter, the only English-speaking person there. This drew out all the native kindness of the people and caused her name to be revered in all the region. Here for twenty years, she had personal charge of the Mission, establishing a church, building a house large enough for chapel and Sunday School, providing a pastor, and all at her own charges.

In 1906, she returned and, after three years' decline in her sister's home, surrounded by every comfort and most tenderly ministered to, quietly and unconsciously she passed out into the larger life and liberty, leaving three great memorials—the School at Barrien, the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society at Boston, and the Baptist church at Nemuro, Japan.

"Ready to go, ready to wait;
Ready a gap to fill;
Ready for service, small or great;
Ready to do His will."

M. E. S. '56.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Bradley, H. Hamilton, Bailey, Harris, Linn, Shaw, Hall, Davis, Arend, Edwards, Niles, Milliken, Douglass, Shuttleworth, Knight, Lees, Currier, Lewars, Schnadig, Thompson, St. Clair, Rosasco, Utter, Bettcher, Corbin, Meloon, Laurens, Risser, Cox, Plass, Siggins, Farmer, Harvey, Porter, Nelson.

Old girls called: Ida Simpson Bushnell, Anna Christie, Leona Benner, '08, Gertrude Clark Rayner, '97, Mary Stebbins Ingham, Etta Wolfe, Beatrice Whitney, Edna Wheaton, '09, Winifred Taylor, Anna Conant, '09, Cornelia DeGroff Talbot (and husband) Ethel Taft,'08, Evelyn Cheney, Eula Averill, Grace Allen Clark, '95, (and husband), Betty Martin.

Among the recent friendly greetings from old girls are messages from Clara B. McLean, '02, beginning very properly with her LEAVES subscription, and expressing her delight at meeting Dr. Winslow at the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club Reunion.

A like friendly message from Grace B. Ordway, of Monterey, Cal., following her LEAVES subscription with reference to a pleasant meeting with Tryphena Urich Ludwig this summer at Del Monte.

Delia Tripp adds her name to the Lasell LEAVES subscribers, with the important word that she has not missed any number of the LEAVES since she was at the school ('01-'02). Old girl delinquents take notice!



Josephine Bogart has spent six weeks with Winnie Ewing Coffin at Ewing Farms, near Des Moines. Both were in the class of '89, and have had a "rattling good time!"

Georgiana Prickett Burrowes, '85, was married at St. Georges, Hanover Square, London, W., to Henry Clay Pierce, Aug 2. At home after Nov. 1, at 15 E. 57th St., N. Y. City.

The brother of William Batstone formerly engineer at Lasell, now occupying a high position in the public schools of Newton, a man who always did his whole duty and a good deal more, and did it well, called on me October 26. He has come to the West to stay, and is making Pasadena his present home. I was delighted to see him, and delighted with him. He is a quiet man, but of unusual information and force of character. Is going into mining intelligently.

Pasadena is the richer for the coming to it of Rev. Dr. Kittredge Wheeler, late pastor of a Baptist church in Chicago, where he was much esteemed. He has already preached in several pulpits to the delight of those hearing him. He is a man of unusual culture, and of power. Some of our Chicago girls may know him.

Barbara Vail, '05, Professor of Household Economies in Cogswell College, a rich institution of San Francisco, made us a little visit in October, and inspected the schools of Pasadena and Los Angeles. She is looking well, is handsomer than ever, and enjoys her work. She has a brother, by the way, who took the record for pole vaulting—a thing which I do not find myself capable of thinking of Barbara as doing.

Marriott Degen seems to be very busy sewing! !

Nadine Malone of Denver called in September, but I was out! Very sorry!

A boy in whom I am interested is collecting foreign stamps. If you have or get any for which you have no use, send them to me for him.

Now, since I don't have my former chance at you from the chapel desk, I suggest some things which will help show your good breeding, and help the wheels of life to run smoothly, yet which even Lasell girls sometimes forget, and *other* girls often.

First, always enclose stamp for reply when asking it as a favor to yourself.

Second, always be sure that the man who gives you his seat hears your thanks. I am one of those men who cannot remain seated when women are standing, but I do acknowledge that the total absence of recognition of a courtesy makes me hot.

Third, always give your address in letters. Don't presume on your friend's remembering your street and number.

Fourth, if you care to keep relations with Lasell or any of its teachers, send to the school your new address when you make changes. I tried to find Lasell girls, sometimes at a good deal of trouble, to be told, "Why, they haven't lived here for years," or months.

Fifth, if you expect to visit new cities and care to see some of your former Lasell mates, write to Lasell for lists of their addresses. One girl came through Frisco to Pasadena. I said, "Did you see so and so in Frisco?" "Why, no, does she live in Frisco?" And there were two girls in Frisco whom she would have been very glad to see.

Sixth, if you think of visiting Lasell at Commencement time, write (a good while before June so as to give them time to plan) to your "eronies," two or three dozen of them, to eome too. Many girls would go back if they knew their friends were going. And one of the best things about any school's Commeneement is, having a large number of old girls there! You may not know this, but the school *is very glad to have old girls back, the more the merrier!*

Seventh, when you send newspapers to friends, mark the item or article you want them to see. A good way is to put "See p—" on first page, and also mark distinctly the article on that page.

Eighth, don't write of your illnesses or troubles unless to intimate friends. Most of them have troubles of their own. Make letters cheery and bright and so enjoyable.

Ninth, let there be some reasonable relation between the price of your hat and the money you put into a church collection box, and if you were a daughter of mine I'd say make your offering at church as much a part of your worship as your prayers. I notice so many $20.00 hats and nickels in the basket, or nothing. Don't you think God can see through your shut fist?

Now, learn these nine advices by heart. Act on them all your lives, and many people, including yourselves, will be helped and I'll be prouder of you than ever, which is saying a good deal!

Cordially,

C. C. B.

Pasadena, Cal.

Mabel Edna French, an old Lasell girl, has sent to the Seminary through the courtesy of our ever thoughtful Prineipal emeritus, Dr. Bradgon, a most interesting account of her studio of Fine Arts in Manchester, N. H., containing a sepia illustration of the fascinating room and lady. We are proud of her and wish her all sueeess.

Susan Hall Blount, '60, forwards her Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund contribution by the way of Lasell, and incidentally expresses her cordial good wishes for the school.

Louise Paisley, '09, declares "a girl never really knows a good place until she leaves it." Thank you Louise, you always knew the right word to say. We wish you good success in the new Kindergarten course, and will think seriously of your suggestion to add this to Lasell's curriculum.

Lucia Shumway Suffel, '97, is rejoieing over the advent of Shumway Suffel on November first,—a new Lasell boy. Congratulations.

At first glance we thought it was an invitation to Maria's wedding, but find it really is an announcement of her debut. Would like to have joined the friends in congratulating our fair young alumna, Maria Riker, '09.

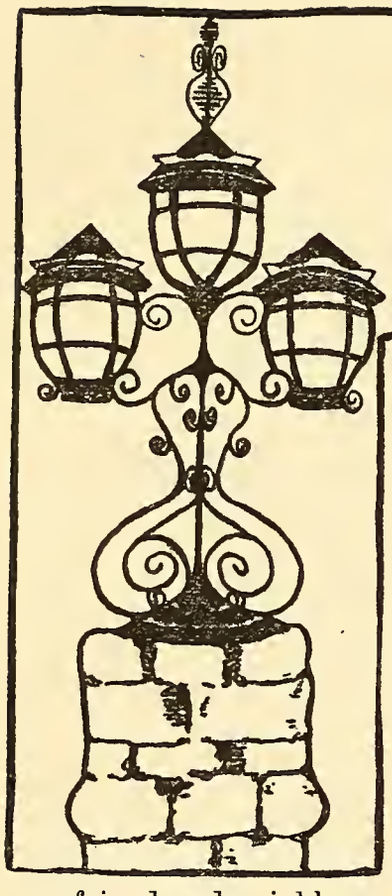
The engagement is announced of Emma L. White, Hartford, Conn., to Mr. Harry L. Welles, Wethersfield, Conn. This announeement is somewhat belated in reaching the LEAVES, but will not on that account be less interesting to Emma's many friends who knew her at Lasell.

HER NAME.

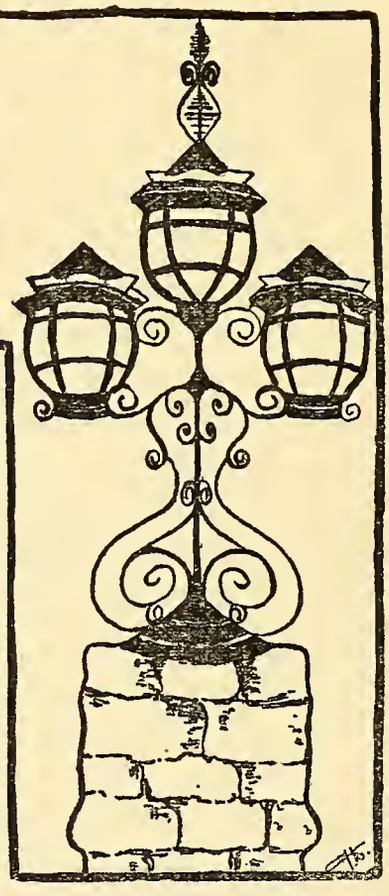
Clad in her little blue rompers,
  Dancing and skipping she goes;
Curls in the wildest of tangles,
  Cheeks like the heart of a rose;
Running and romping and shouting,
  Laughing and all out of breath—
"Tell me our name, little lassie!"
  Quickly she answers, "Just Beth."

Trim in her 'broidered white apron,
  Patiently learning to sew;
Setting the stitches so neatly,
  Each after each, in a row;
Singing in sweet little snatches,
  Softly, just under her breath—
"What is your name, little lady?"
  "Now it's Elizabeth."

—Grace Stone Field, in Little Folks.



LOCALS



Oct. 21. This evening a reading of some of Browning's Poems was given in the Gymnasium by Rev. Robert Van Kirk of Newton.

Oct. 23. A party attended the play, "The Midsummer Night's Dream," given in Boston by the Ben Greet Company.

The Senior Class were entertained by their sister class, the Sophomores, by being taken on a delightful straw-ride through the nearby towns.

Oct. 24. At Vesper's, Dr. Peloubet, our friend and neighbor, gave us an interesting address on the preparation for the coming of the Master into our lives.

Oct. 25. Today a number of girls went to Cambridge visiting points of interest there.

Oct. 28. Tonight we all listened to an interesting lecture on "Lowell, the Critic and Poet," given by Dr. Leon H. Vincent.

Oct. 30. At the magic hour of seven-fifteen, all assembled in the Gymnasium for the Hallowe'en celebration. This year the entertainment was given by the various houses, each having some unique feature. With the girls all dressed in fancy costumes, the Gymnasium presented a very gay picture on this wonderful evening.

Oct. 31. At Vespers, Mr. C. E. Ordway spoke to us on "The Misplaced Emphasis of Life."

Nov. 1. Today a large party chaperoned by Dr. Winslow and Miss Rand, went to Salem, visiting the historic places there. A very enjoyable trip was reported.

Nov. 4. Tonight we had the great pleasure and honor of having again with us, our friend, Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who gave us a most delightful lecture on "My Neighbor." He showed to us in his usual charming manner, sketches of the life in the east side of our New York City. Lessons for all of us may be learned from these glimpses which he has given us.

Nov. 7. At the Vesper Service Dr. Knudson of Boston University gave us an interesting address.

Nov. 11. This evening Mr. Alvah Glover Salmon of New York gave us an interesting lecture recital on Russian Music.

Nov. 12. This afternoon a party attended the Sembrich Recital held in Boston.

A party also attended Grand Opera this evening.

Today indeed was the German Day at Lasell. First a fine German dinner, a complete surprise with its neat menus and little German flags of

the Fatherland. After this the Senior German Class gave a fine little play in the Gymnasium, and then a reception was held in the parlors to all the German students.

Nov. 14. Instead of the regular Vesper service the school attended the Congregational church, where an illustrated address on the Dover Street Rescue Mission and its Work was given by Mr. E. P. Call, the Superintendent of the Mission.

Nov. 16. At Prayer meeting tonight Dr. Winslow gave us an interesting talk on "The Old Religion and the Religion of the Future."

EXCHANGES.

The LEAVES is glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers, and commends their punctuality. "The Spinster," "Dalhausie Gazette," "Commerce Caravel," "Carthusian" (2) "Iris," "Review," "Courier," "Review" (Shamokin High School), "Les Collines," "King Edward's School Chronicle," "Mirror," "New Trier Echoes," "Scroll," "Polytechnic," "Owl," "Tattler," "Bates Student," "Lawrence High School Bulletin."

"The Carthusian" is a new paper to us, which comes from Godalming, England. We are very glad to welcome it, but regret to find that it has no Exchange column. Can't this be added to your most interesting paper, Carthusian? Another point which is borne in upon us quite strongly at the first glance is the fact that you start your new year with an apology. We believe in doing the best we can, and—for the rest—resolving, in silence, that our best will be better next time. The number of pages given over to athletics, testifies to a lively interest in this line, which we are glad to know exists. Your paper seems to be the means of expressing the thoughts of separate individuals in your student body, thus making it a useful and powerful factor in the school.

"The King Edward's School Chronicle" is another new-comer from our English cousins. Here, too, we find only a mention of "Contemporaries." We think that all the papers which have more space devoted to this department, will agree with us that it is worth while, and, therefore, we urge you to try it. The Oxford and Cambridge letters are especially interesting, and, while we do not understand "O. E." or the game of Cricket, we feel that, after all, college life in England and America is very much the same.

"The Iris" has much that is of interest, even to an outsider, and it is, therefore, regrettable that in its Exchange Column its standard is lowered by the items copied from other papers. We feel, with some of the other editors, that the purpose of this section is to help each other, and the jokes which are reprinted can not do this. They are seldom of such a nature as to provoke even a smile. We beg that this point may be given a little consideration.

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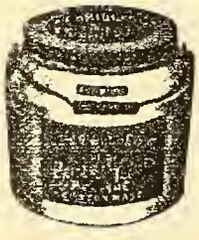
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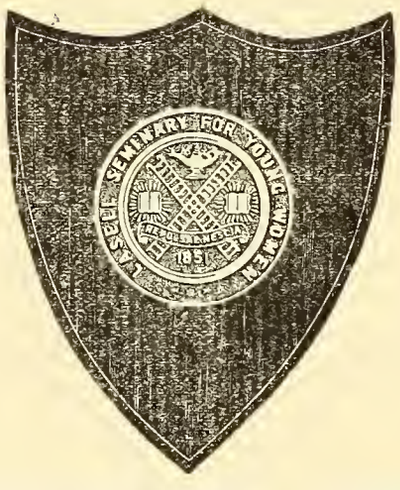
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Editor-in-chief
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IRMA LEVI, '10 GLADYS LAWTON, '11.

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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A Reminder.

As we schoolgirls go back and forth about our daily duties during these last few days of the term, we hear more or less about this season of Christmas, now at the door. It is "in the air," as we say, this lively anticipation of home-return, of the renewal of our pleasant associations there, and of the annual festivities marking this turning point of the year; and for this very reason we listen with more interest to certain reflections made upon the Christmas spirit by sundry moralizers than would at any other time be felt in them. Perhaps this has already alarmed you, and you are on the point of turning this page to seek something more diverting. Don't do it; just let's talk it over a bit, this "Christmas spirit."

There are two varieties of it, and several variously proportioned combinations of these; the spirit of giving, which if you will only consider the matter, is the true Christ spirit; and the spirit of getting, which again, is just as surely the spirit of selfishness that the Bethlehem Babe came to destroy. It is a matter of much importance which of these is yours. Suppose for the sake of argument, we put the matter on a merely practical basis, and ignore any high idealism that may be entreating to be considered. I suppose the question of the Practical is always, What use is it? Does it *pay?* We will submit the matter to this test. Does selfish spirit pay when Christmas is in question? Hardly. Selfishness cannot be long hidden; it will into the light, and will eventually be recognized for what it is. Well, then, if my delight in Christmas is based on what I'm expecting to receive in actual money's worth as gifts; in a much desired release from certain unloved activities, at other times exacted of me; in a round of unusual pleasure, dear to my heart, though too often paid for in weariness and headache,—if these be my sources of pleasure in the season, what profit of it all? It will surely be noted that my gratitude and my delight in a gift may be exactly measured by its probable cost; this reduces Christmas to the commercial basis immediately, and could I overhear my friends as they select my gifts, I should hear remarks like this: "I'm not going to pay a cent more for it; what she gave me last year cost hardly as much as this,"—"I suppose I *must* give her *some* gift; there'll be something said if I don't, though goodness knows I don't want to particularly"; "Oh, don't get that! She doesn't want any thing cheap,—I heard her say so once. Tear off that price-mark; she'll be sure to look for it." You think we should not hear such things? Isn't this just the "spirit *of getting?*" Why should you credit your friends with a sweet, disinterested, generous spirit of giving, when you carefully select their gifts with a view to balancing your indebtedness to them for last year's present? Yet you would not feel exactly happy if you actually overheard such remarks; nor could you take quite so much pleasure in your gifts from such folks rich though these gifts might be. It *doesn't* "pay," then, because, first you must spend as much as you expect to have spent for you—the spirit of getting allows you to spend no more, to spend nothing for the pure love of the recipient, you see, and of giving her this proof of your affection; and because, secondly, it is certain at some time to plant a generous-sized thorn in your heart.

Again, the over estimation of freedom from tasks tends to discredit yet more the value of those tasks in your eyes, and then to rob you of the ability to put into them when again they become necessary that earnest purposeful energy that gives the surest and best returns for the time spent on them; and you must not forget that this certainly spells an impoverished personality later, when what those tasks rightly done would have given you in power

and skill, will be sorely needed. In this ease, then, a short sighted selfishness that judges matters only from the stand point of the present ease, never from that of future needs, does not pay. Nor does it pay any more as regards the headlong pleasure-plunge, and surely the reasons here need not be enumerated. She whose pleasures are taken only for her own sole delight misses always their rarest flavor, and finds the bitter when she sought the sweet. *Something* always jangles in the music, never is everything just what was expeeted.

Is it needful to show up the other side of the pieture? The unselfish girl who *loves* to give; whose every gift is immeasurably heightened by the gift of herself along with it; who is eharmed at being remembered by her friends, because love loves to be loved, and there is absolutely no measure of love save as it gives itself, in myriad ways, to the beloved; who is never so happy as when in some way she ean do you a serviee or supply your want—you have all seen her, though, sooth to say, she is not by any means the eommon type. To such a one others measure baek in overflowing, in unstinted measure, stopping never to ask, How mueh? or Wherefore. Only sueh people really live; the selfish are already half dead:—

"To give is to live:
To deny is to die."

A Snapshot on The Lawn.

Isn't this a fine day to take a picture! I do hope the baby won't ery and spoil it. He seems good natured enough now, but you never ean tell what he'll do next. Would you rather be taken sitting or standing? I suppose it would be easier to hold the baby sitting. Diek will bring a chair for you. Won't you, Diek? That's a good boy! There, there, Jack! you mustn't cry. I'm not going to shoot you. Here comes your chair. Do you want Dick and Sarah in the picture, too? They can stand on either side of you. Thank you, Dick. Run call Sarah now; then you can be in the picture, too. You'll have to sit facing this way. Yes, I know it isn't good to have the sun in baby's eyes, but it won't take long. Let me move your chair over here. I want that flower-bed for a baek ground. You would rather have part of the house in the picture? But flower-beds make good baekgrounds, and this is such a pretty bed. Here eome the ehildren. But Sarah has on her very oldest dress! Hadn't she better ehange? Yes; run upstairs and put on something white, Sarah. And you had better put on your eoat, Dick. You've lost it? Well, go hunt for it right away. I'll wait for you, if you hurry. That's just like a boy. Isn't it? They are always losing or forgetting something. Do you think you ean keep the baby quiet a few minutes longer? He must be hungry. He's just had his milk you say? Perhaps he is sleepy then. I know you think I don't know much about babies because I never had any myself, but haven't I helped you bring up yours? Here comes Sarah in her white silk dress. She'll be sure to tear it. And there's Dick with his good coat on and his sehool pants. Never mind; it won't show in the pieture. Sarah, you stand there, and Dick, here. Put your hand on the baek of your mother's chair, Sarah, and don't look so seared. That's right. Now, are you all ready? Hush, Jack, if you cry I'll spank you! Turn his head this way, so his face will show. Now! All look pleasant! There! I think that ought to be fine. Why! come to think of it, I haven't any films in my kodak. Dear me! I meant to get some yesterday, but I forgot it. Isn't that a shame! We'll have to try it again some other day.

E. E. B.

Her Earrings.

It was an interesting group gathered around the open fire in the den, and Grandma Langsford was the central figure, as usual. Outside, all seemed bleak and dreary, as the huge, feathery snow-flakes came silently drifting down, and not a sign of a person or vehicle could be seen down the long street—just the twinkling of the street lights was visible through the feathery clouds; but inside all was brightness and cheer, and the rosy young faces contrasted strongly with that of Grandma's, which was white and wrinkled, though her eyes were as bright as those of Sixteen, and her little white lace cap with its few ribbons, perched jauntily on her wavy white hair, gave her an almost youthful appearance. On afternoons such as this it was the delight of the younger members of the Langsford household, Sylvia, a young girl of eighteen, and a namesake of her Grandma's; Harry, fifteen; and Ruth, eleven, to have her Grandma tell them stories. These were true, too; they knew it because there was a little chest of drawers in which she kept her relics and remembrances, and each one could choose some article, and on request hear its history. It was Sylvia's turn today, and she held up a pair of diamond earrings. The stones were very white, and the setting exceedingly odd. Grandma stopped for a moment, then taking them tenderly in her own hands, began:—

"My dears, these earrings were worn by your great grandmother, Sylvia, who valued them greatly, as they were the first gift your great grandfather gave her after their engagement. She wore them when she danced the minuet with General Sherman, and it was said that her eyes were brigther and more sparkling than the stones. When I was a little girl it was a great treat for me to be allowed to look at them and handle them, and after I had been an exceedingly good girl, mother would tie them on my ears and I would sit before the mirror an hour at a time, and shake my little curly head to make them sparkle.

"As I grew older, I teased to wear them, but mother would not allow this, although she did promise that I should wear them on my eighteenth birthday. As that time grew near, I became quite excited, because on that very date, the tenth of December, there was to be a ball,—my very first ball." In those days the younger folks abided by the old proberb, "Children should be seen, and not heard," and very few of the girls were allowed to go to a party escorted by a gentleman. However, one of my best friends, Nancy Herndon, who lived eight miles distant, was going to give this ball, and mother, father, and I were going to stay until the following afternoon.

"The day before, it snowed pretty hard, and I grew so worried for fear we should not be able to get through the road; but father consoled me greatly by saying that with our two best horses and the old coach we should surely be able to get there without any trouble. Reassured thus I laid all my things on the spare-room bed for mother to fold and put into the trunk. I had a new dress for the occasion, the pride of my young heart. It was yellow, and the first one of that color I had ever owned. The bodice was of golden yellow satin, laced with gold cord, and the yellow satin skirt had large, heavy brocaded panniers. I even had yellow stockings, and the daintiest yellow slippers with gilt buckles. There was a wide piece of black velvet for my neck and one arm, and for my birthday, mother had given me a wide gold band bracelet, and besides all this, I was to wear those precious earrings. Just to think that the time was so near for that! The excitement was too great to allow me to sleep much that night, and I was up bright and early the next morning, eager to start. We set out at about half past seven, so as to

give us sufficient time to arrive there before dinner, and mother said that I must take a rest that afternoon.

"Arriving without mishap, Nancy took me immediately to her room, where I saw her new gown and 'fixings'. She showed me also through the other rooms, and the kitchen, where all was hustle and bustle, getting the larder well stocked, as there were twelve or fifteen others guests to remain over night. As soon as the evening meal was over, we went to prepare ourselves for the great event, because we wanted to be ready in time to welcome the guests.

Surprisingly soon it was eight o'clock, and we went to take our last glimpse in the long mirror. Nancy looked pretty nice, but when I looked at myself, my breath came in short gasps, and it was necessary for me to pinch myself to realize that this was really Sylvia Arnold. Yellow was even more becoming than I had thought, and there was an extra flush on my cheeks. Chloe, Nancy's colored maid, had helped us dress, and had fixed my hair high on my head, powdering it, and letting one curl stray over my left shoulder. There were three black patches on my face, two in the shape of hearts, and the other a star, and I carried an ivory fan. With one last look, and shake of my head to make sure the earrings sparkled, I went downstairs.

"By half past eight all the guests had arrived, and we were ready to begin the first dance. There were some quite promising youths, and one stranger, who was visiting in that vicinity. Every time I saw Nancy she was with the stranger, John Langsford, and I made up my mind to get acquainted with him, because he was far the best looking one there, and I—well, I was the only young miss with earrings, and diamond ones at that. We were introduced, and about the middle of the evening he asked me for the next dance, a minuet. I was bubbling over inside with joy, and am afraid I tossed my head a little too often during the dance, but I had the least suspicion of a feeling that some of the other girls were slightly jealous of me. I had several other dances with him, and we ate our refreshments together on the stairs. He asked all about my home, and seemed quite interested, I thought. Anyhow when we were bidding the guests "good-night," he lingered longer than was necessary over my hand, and his last look made a delicious shiver run through me.

"Nancy and I were to sleep together that night, and immediately upon reaching our room, we began to talk over the affair, and my main topic of conversation was John, naturally. While we were discussing him, I reached up to take off my earrings, and—one of them was gone! We searched all over the room, but not finding it, decided to wait until the house was quiet, and then to look for it down stairs. About an hour later we crept down the staircase, candle in hand, and hunted in all the rooms, but no earring could we find. Imagine my dismay, and the sickening feeling that came over me. Sleep did not come to me that night, although Nancy did her best to console me. What had I done to have my first ball end this way, and what would my mother say!

"We arose at daylight and searched the rooms again, but not a sign of it could be seen. A little later I went straight to my mother and told her of my misfortune. She was more than kind, and comforted me greatly, but still, I could see that she felt troubled about it. All the way home I was sad and pensive, and wished that I had not tossed my head quite so often; for once, thought I, the saying 'Pride goeth before a fall' had proved too true."

"That afternon I saw someone riding up the driveway and, upon looking closer, recognized John Langsford. For a moment my heart

went pit-a-pat, but when, upon greeting him, he handed me the earring, my spirits rose higher than ever. Perhaps I wasn't glad to see it! Explanations followed, and it seems that the earring had fallen among the folds of his long, lace jabot, and caught there. He had planned to return to his home that day, but felt that he would like first to return the earring in person. That was his first visit,—but no means his last. In a year's time we were married, and then mother gave me the earrings, which I wore on my wedding day. This is why I treasure them so highly, my dears; but I am afraid they will soon have to go to Sylvia on her wedding day."

M. V. G. '10.

Few of us have the conrage to put the small apples at the top of the barrel.

Lasell Morning Song.

(Tune—"My Wife's Gone to the Country.")

Oh, "We are well and happy!
Hooray! hooray!
For Mrs. Martin's with us—
She's here most every day.
Oh, "we are tall and handsome"—
That's what the people say.
And "something good has surely come,"
To make us bright and gay.

To be "refined and buoyant,"
And strong, alert and true—
"Awake in mind and body"
And straight of shoulder, too.
And if we're truly all this,
And never make a fuss
"The good we give out to the world
Will e'er come back to us."

"Build thee more stately mansions,
My soul, my soul"—
"Now say it with some feeling girls;
Don't stand there like a pole."
"Heads high! and lift your chests up,
On this bright sunny day;
And say with voices 'sweet and low,'
Away cares—away."

A. P. A.

Christmas Vespers.

The Christmas Vespers given by the Lasell Glee Club on the evening of Sunday, December 12th, are counted as one of the most delightful occurrences of the year. The gymnasium was filled with pupils and visitors who are so kind as to take an interest in our school. After the prelude delightfully rendered on the organ by Miss Curtiss, the members of the Glee Club came slowly marching in and took their places upon the platform. Clough-Leighter's "Herald Angels" made a perfect processional, and the long line all in white, moving in slow yet perfect time showed a most pleasing and yet somewhat impressive picture.

The program was exceptionally well rendered, and the club shows most undoubted talent. Both the pieces in concert and the solos were greatly enjoyed, and Lasell is certainly proud of her Glee Club members.

Prelude, "Chrismas Pastorale," Merkel
Processional, "Herald Angels," H. Clough-Leighter
"Holy Art Thou." Handel
Hymn 114, "Fairest Lord Jesus"
Scripture
Prayer
"Come Gentles Rise!" Horatio Parker
German Christmas Hymn, "Die Heilige Nacht."
French Carol, "A Minuit fut fait un Reveil." (1703)
Solo, "Away in a Manger," Andersen
Miss Shepherd
Miss Curtiss assisting at the organ
"Gloria in Excelsis." T. Tertius Noble
"The Carol of the Star." "
"Ave Jesu." "
Soprano Solo, Miss Flynn
"The Carol of King Canute." T. Tertius Noble
Solo, "Noel." Adam
Miss Pierce
"Bring Flowers for our Heart's Pure Devotion." Massenet
"The Quest of the Three Kings." Noble
Recessional, Hymn 113, "Angels from the Realms of Glory."
Postlude, "Hosannah." Lemmens
Miss Wessel assisting at the piano

Sir Frederick's Misfortune.

"Well," sighed Sir Frederick, "perhaps it was my fault after all, for being too ambitious is not a good quality in any high-bred fowl." His youthful listener stood quietly by without offering any suggestion, for Sir Frederick was not to be contradicted by anyone.

Now this bantam rooster was without doubt very handsome, and was equally proud of himself and of his long line of ancestors, which he could trace farther back than that of any other fowl in the yard. Since his youth, however, Sir Frederick had become quite melancholy. After the above remark he raised his beautiful greenish black wings, and descended from the perch to the ground.

"My father, the Honorable Sir Frederick, for whom I was named, and my worthy Lady Mother," continued the proud cock, "took great pride in their family, namely, in myself and my younger brother. When Sir Bertram and myself had reached our majority, our honored father thought it fitting that we should learn to use our spurs as knights of a worthy house.

"As chivalry made numerous demands of us in respect to various things, which we in youth had neglected, our father gave us a lesson in the kitchen garden. The results were very pleasing to our revered instructor, and when perhaps ten lessons had been completed, a prize was offered to which ever of us should be victor in a contest soon to be. This prize was to consist of a complete costume with permission to call on a certain Lady Red Wing, a distant relative of our Lady Mother's.

"So long delayed was the decision, and so great the suspense that we finally thought it best to settle it ourselves without assistance. Ah! that day I will never, never forget! With firmness and defiance I armed myself and marched to the appointed spot in the wood. It was an early summer day and a myriad green things were already clad in their most beautiful garb. The spot chosen was near the road leading directly to Lady Red Wing's residence. No one was to be seen, nor was an outsider expected.

"My brother finally made his appearance, and as soon as we had said a sufficient number of unbrotherly things to each other, we flew into furious fight. How the feathers flew! We picked and spurred, and acted in as disgraceful a manner as was possible, with no regard whatever to our recent instructions.

"Even though you do win, Sir Frederick," said Sir Bertram, "you will never ——"

"Cease, gentlemen, I pray you." It was no other than fair Lady Red Wing herself, but alas, too late! The blow I had aimed at my brother was successful, and hurled him across the battleground into a mud-puddle left by a recent rain. Splashing out of his muddy bath, the thoughtless youngster flapped his wings, and—the unclean water covered the adorable lady from head to foot.

"I stood speechless! To have such a thing occur before me was disgraceful enough; but, that I myself should have caused such humiliation to one of the fair sex was unbearable. No apology could atone for the deed. My Lady Red Wing, however, graciously retraced her steps, and holding her head erect as was her wont she proceeded toward home.

"Nor," sighed Sir Frederick, "was that the end. Sir Bertram without the least hesitation put himself in order and returned home triumphantly, that is, apparently. He carefully groomed himself, and called upon the Lady. What occurred there I do not pretend to know, but from that day to this, Lady Red Wing has refused even to notice me."

Sir Frederick looked quite forlorn in spite of his gay plumage. Then some commotion in the rear of the yard attracted his attention, and shortly after a little lady with red wings and nicely poised head marched proudly

past. Sir Frederick raised his wings, and looked his best, but the dame noted not. Then with a crow as of disdain and indifference, the proud bantam flew to the roof of the chicken-coop before all the assembled multitude. Perhaps after all he did not really care.

E. T., '11.

The Crown of the Wise.

"Sa-ay, Tchim, vat's Hen doin' out in the woodshed all the time? I guess he vants to get kilt. Aint so?"

"I ton't know," drawled Jim, who knew all there was to know of anything if anyone did, "folks say he is makin' stuff to plow up things mit—"

"Ya! ya! I know that! But for *why* does he vant to plow us all up, an' know he will? Ain't people enough gettin' kilt without he plows more up?"

"Vell, vy ton't you ast him yourself? There he is."

A quiet looking boy on his way home from high school passed the village store briskly, his books neatly strapped together, swinging by his side. He certainly did not seem so very ferocious. A stranger would have seen a lively, wide-awake youth of evident good breeding and refinement, whose blue eyes were mildly inquiring, and whose sturdy, well-knit frame of remarkable erectness was more evident when the lad approached the bent, toil-worn farmers, over whom he towered like a young giant.

After Henry Hammond had entered his mother's house and had had his lunch, the busy bodies noted with bated breath that he went out to the woodshed on the side of the house towards the store. The gossip began anew.

"They say Hen favors his father in his studies," ventured Jim after there had been at least five minutes of unintermittent silence and smoking. "Old Hen vas always studying about that Dago—Ma-Ma-vell, it sounds like macaroni —vas doing. I ton't see vy for folks study this nonsense. Vireless ach! Whoever heard of vireless telegraphs?"

"Goot Tchim!" chorused the rest.

Graciously acknowledging the approval of his admirers, Jim resumed, "Ya! Und old Hen died from fussing so in his lab-babratory—" the big word had an overwhelming effect, his listeners grew even more respectful, and Jim, not oblivious went on in self-conscious pride.

"And young Hen says Uncle Sam vill be glat for it, and pay him lots of money; and he and his mom will be real swell, I guess, but—"

"There he goes again," interrupted the proprietor, "an' he looks real excited, too."

Meanwhile, the boy in question was running from the woodshed to the kitchen door of the small, neat, dull-colored wooden house in which he and his mother lived. Unlike every other family in the town, they did not rent it from the Company, who besides having the woollen mills, which gave the place a part of its name, owned almost the entire village as well, so that most of its employees were its tenants. As the elder Henry had left quite a small sum in a bank in the city near by, the two were able to live comfortably, and the boy was free to get his education.

"Mother," he said running into the house, "I've gotten it all ready for the final experiment, and I'll make that tonight."

The sweet, little woman, who rose as her son burst so suddenly into her parlor, smiled kindly into the young blue eyes which fairly snapped with enthusiastic joy, and said, with an eagerness almost equal to his own, "Well, Henry, may I see the mysterious workroom now?' '

He had hitherto barred her from it until his work should be perfected, that her first recollection of the place might be a pleasant one.

"Certainly, Mother! And you're to be with me every minute from now until bedtime, and

see every bit of the show. It will be just bully!"

"Henry!"

"Pardon me, Mother; it was a slip; but I'm so happy!" and the irrepressible boy waltzed his mother around the room so rapidly that she forgot to chide him for using the ejaculation so distasteful to her, and was finally forced to beg him, laughing and breathless, to stop.

Out to the woodshed they went, the woman quite as excited as her son, and, when he opened the door, Mrs. Hammond actually ran in like a boy herself. She saw a small room whose apparent disorder somewhat shocked her fastidious taste until Henry had explained the use of the various jars, bottles, and instruments. It was with an indescribable feeling that she saw the place which had weaned her boy from her for the last four years, during which time he had diligently studied and experimented with high explosives and electricity. To be sure, she was grateful for his having wired her whole house for electric lighting, an act that caused a nine days' wonder in that sluggish Pennsylvania village, "for months to come," as he laughingly told her; and yet—

Suppressing a sigh whose cause she could hardly have told, she asked, "But *the experiment,* Henry? Have I seen that?"

"No, Mother; but think! if it is successful the government will be willing to pay 'most anything for its use. I have been trying to explode this "Hammondite," as I've named it, by wireless at a great distance. I s'pose you'll be glad I've stopped using it in the parlor; but I want to use a greater amount this time—three ounces. Come on outdoors, andI'll show you how I propose doing it."

Once outside, he pointed to rods fixed to the roof of the shed.

"That is for my wireless apparatus. By touching the key of the instrument you saw on the table, I hope to make this explosive of mine —which, by the way, is forty times more powerful than dynamite—do stunts. Another slip, Mother,"—and then followed a minute, but to her unintelligible description of electric currents, vibrations, and friction, till the poor mother, having not the slightest idea what it all meant, murmured nodding wisely, "I hope it will," to something of the existence of which Henry was giving his most scathing disapproval.

He saw that it was all senseless jargon to her, and said contritely, "I know you're not interested. How stupid of me to bother you!" to which her reply was almost vehement in its assurance that she couldn't wait to see it work.

About three miles out from Rocky Stream Mills was a large field in the centre of which stood a grand old oak whose stem had been charred and split by lightning. To the top of this tree, the boy fastened his "Hammondite," so placing it that the entire force of the blast might be directed upward.

"Now," he said as they went home to supper, "I shan't do any more till nearly bedtime, for fear of injuring a passerby."

The crowd on the porch of the store had thinned out a trifle but the approach of the young scientist and his mother was the occasion of profound silence broken when they had entered the house by an outburst of mingled Pennsylvania German and English such as only an excited native can use.

"Ach, ye!" Jim was not unmindful of his powers as conversationalist—"To plow us all up iss bad, aber his mother! Ain't not?"

"Well, so long," was the call as, after a heated discussion of about an hour's duration, everyone shuffled off home for supper, with a preliminary hitch to his suspenders; and at last only Jim and the proprietor, with whom the former boarded, and for whom Jim *said* he worked, were left to enjoy alone the semi-hourly whistle of the trolley-car, or the usual nightly concert of the crickets and bull-frogs, the latter dwelling in the lily pond which, together with

the mill race, supplied water for the dye and washing-houses of the mill. At last they went inside at the summons of the storekeeper's wife, and all was still.

At about nine o'clock nearly everyone in the vilage was in bed and asleep, when Henry and his mother, both trembling as though about to do something reprehensible, crept softly out to the little work shop. The light of the boy's lantern showed two pale sober faces in which hope struggled with fear for the success of the undertaking. As they entered the room, Mrs. Hammond sank helplessly into a chair, murmuring, "Do hurry, child; I can't stand this much longer!"

With an unsteady hand the boy pressed the key of the wireless instrument on the table, and waited. An eternity seemed to pass. Had he failed? Was all this labor to go for naught? Surely it had worked at shorter range! Why not now?

A loud crash, a vivid light, and it was done, almost an instantaneous response after he had touched the key, yet it had seemed like hours. A sound at the door made them both look out—the opening was crowded with dishevelled heads whose inquisitive eyes seemed popping with curiosity and fright. In answer to the numerous questions with which they plied him, the boy's reply was always the same,—"Look in Spangs' field tomorrow, and you'll see!"

The lad was certainly crazy, why the field was three miles off! But his answer was invariable.

When the crash had come, Jim had sprung up in bed shouting, "Judgment Day! Ach, I must pay Iky that quid of tobacco back, I loaned off him last summer; and the—" his sins rose before him in numbers legion; in power of attack, like the Furies. Unable to endure it, he dressed hurriedly and joined the crowd hastening toward the Hammond house.

To the surprise and consternation of the country folk, the tree in Spang's field was seen the next morning to be minus the top that was cut off neatly, while the lower part was unscathed; but the ground was strewn with dead sparrows for a radius of a half a mile.

Reporters had flocked out from the neighboring city and were interviewing the rather astonished youth, who seemed to see nothing remarkable in his invention or its yet more wonderful achievement.

"It's so easy, when you know the least thing about it," he said; "but it is mighty powerful, for experts say that if I'd put a pound of it within a mile of Rocky Stream, every building would have been razed to the ground without doubt. I have had telegrams from the government to sell them my 'engine of war' as they call it; but I haven't decided what to do."

Meanwhile, Jim was pluming himself in the sunshine of the smiles of a reporter, who seemed anxious to photograph everything in sight.

"Yes, I am a friend of his'n. Me 'n his pop went to school together, and I knowed old Hen well. I stopped after two weeks of it, but I knowed old Hen well. And Hen favors his pop, too. I always said, 'Hen', says I, 'you'll some day be a boy for us to be proud of. Ain't not?' says I to the boys an' they says, 'You bet, Tchim,' says they!

"We may not know much about books, Mr. Reporter, but we do know a jenny-us when we sees him an' I've always stood up for Hen, and says I to the boys 'Hen's all right," says I; 'you can tchust vait now I tell you,' says I. Have you ever used pepper tea for a cough, mister? It's wery goot."

Having recovered from his fit of coughing, the reporter sought out Henry, and said to him, "Now suppose you should sell that to the government, and get lots of money for it, what would you do?"

The blue eyes became dreary as the boy pondered, then he cried impetuously, "I'd take Mother abroad for as long as we could stay,

and then if we had a cent left besides our fare home, I'd go to college. But," with increasing enthusiasm, "my Mother is going to have a ripping good time to pay for the square deal she's given me in letting me experiment all I wanted to. She's sure treated me white!"

Had Mrs. Hammond been near by to hear this outburst, she would have been deeply grieved over her boy's language; but, as he was only when laboring under intense excitement that he sinned against her good taste, and since even his beloved invention could not inspire so great enthusiasm in him, as the mere thought of his mother, there was surely some excuse for this thoroughly boyish, eighteen-year-old's 'language.'

Did they go abroad? They did.

C. S. '09.

A Christmas Surprise.

Father and mother had gone to Florida to spend the winter, and I was staying at home, keeping house for my two older brothers, Arthur and Earl; an excellent opportunity to put to the test the knowledge which I had recently gained in my Household Economics course at boarding-school. Fortunately, I made no very serious blunders, and quite enjoyed the work, especially that of getting things ready for the Christmas box which we were going to send to the Sunny South.

On the morning of December eighteenth, Arthur took the box to the office with him, and after it was gone I began to wonder what we who were at home should do on Christmas Day. Neither of the boys had said a word about it and I had quite forgotten it also. "I presume we could go to the hotel for dinner," I said to myself; "but that wouldn't seem like Christmas. There isn't anything else to do though, unless we stay at home by ourselves." Just then a happy thought came into my mind. Why not get a Christmas dinner myself and surprise the boys? Since they were both in town all day. I should have plenty of time to make the necessary preparations without their knowing much about it. This I decided to do, and was soon so wrapped up in my plans, that I forgot that the breakfast table had not yet been cleared, and that the tea-kettle needed filling.

Before long the morning work was finished, and I was busy making our usual supply of Christmas candy. The kind of creams that we always made were better if prepared several days before they were to be used, so that, I thought, would be a good thing to do first. As I happened to have all the necessary ingredients in the house, I had, by noon, made four kinds, peppermints, wintergreens, some with chopped nutmeats mixed in, and a few to be covered with chocolate. The question now was, where to put them so that my brothers should not see them, and for this the spare room upstairs seemed best, because it was cool, and I could lock the door. Accordingly the plates of tempting candy were locked in the cold room, and the key safely concealed in my handkerchief box. Then I returned to the kitchen to wash and put away the few dishes which would tell tales if left out until night.

After eating some lunch, I sat down at the desk in the library to make a list of what things I wished for our Christmas dinner. Of course we must have turkey, and it would be best to order it that afternoon. I had seen some hand-painted individual candy boxes at Gilmore's a few days before, that would be just the thing for my creams. But we must have something besides candy and turkey. There were plenty of pototoes in the cellar, besides a large squash, there was some cranberry jelly in the cupboard, but celery I should have to buy down town, as well as nuts and raisins, and ice cream. I had all that would be needed for the dressing, and if anything else prov-

ed necessary, I could buy it later, but the *turkey* must be ordered immediately. With this thought in mind, I started for the market that afternoon, purchasing the candy boxes on my way home.

While removing my wraps, the thought occurred to me that we might have a Christmas tree. Yes, it wouldn't be Christmas without one. But where and how could it be obtained? Ah! I knew. Our neighbor, Mr. Kent, went to the woods every day, and I would ask him to get me a small tree. I could trim it on Christmas Eve, because both Arthur and Earl were going to the Barnard's to spend the evening, and the tree should be put in the parlor and the door locked. The scheme thought out, the rest was easy; and that evening, after the dinner dishes were finished, I slipped quietly out of the back door, and went over to interview Mr. Kent, who promised to get just what I wanted, and to take it to his home on the afternoon of the 24th. When the boys had gone, I was to tell him, and he and his son would bring the tree over, and set it up for me. Returning, I found the two boys in the library, and, after bidding them good-night, retired. It was very late before I got to sleep, however, because new ideas kept crowding into my mind.

Next morning at breakfast I said, "You are both going to be here Christmas Day, aren't you?"

Arthur replied, "Why, of course, Sis, we are going to stay here with you. Have you ordered the turkey?"

"Never you mind about the turkey or any other part of the dinner, I'll see to that," I assured him.

One by one the few intervening days before Christmas Eve slipped by, and still the boys had not discovered that the spare room door was locked, nor had they asked any more questions about the dinner. As soon as they were safely on their way to Mr. Barnard's, I hurried over to Mr. Kent's, where, sure enough, in his sleigh in the back yard, was a perfect little tree. Before long it was securely standing in one corner of my own parlor, and I set to work immediately to trim it. What fun it was! I had made several presents for the boys, and put a few ridiculous trifles on the tree to make them laugh, also to keep the tree from looking too bare, or as though there were nothing on it except decorations.

The next morning I arose early and stole quietly downstairs, without awakening the innocents, who would doubtless sleep late, because they had been up late the night before. It was a good thing to have learned, in the housekeeping class at school, how to build a fire, and this task done, I proceeded, after eating a little something, to get the turkey ready and make the dressing. That over, I heard the men of the house stirring around above and called "Merry Christmas" to them up the back stairs before beginning to make ready their breakfast. We did not have very much that morning, because I wanted them to save their appetites for dinner. The kitchen I strictly forbade them to enter until dinner was over, and they promised to obey.

The rest of the morning was taken up with preparing dinner, and not until I went into the living-room to say that it was ready, did I know that any one else was there. In answer to my look of amazement, Earl said, "Art and I decided that we would not let you do all of the surprising, so we asked Jack to come down and eat dinner with us. Since he was expecting to stay at that pokey old hotel, we brought him home with us when we came from our walk this morning."

"I hope I sha'n't interfere with any of your plans, Miss Crosby," Jack put in, and added, "Here is my contribution to the dinner," handing me a long, narrow box of American Beau-

ty roses. I thanked him cordially, and assuring him that he was very welcome indeed, hurried to lay another place at the dinner table.

My three young men did ample justice to the dinner, pronouncing it fine; but just before we had finished, Arthur said, "What is in the parlor, Sis?"

"You shall see as soon as we are through here," I replied.

"Hurry up, fellows," he said, and they followed his advice with such alacrity, that in a few moments we were back in the living room. When I opened the parlor door, all three exclaimed at once, "A Christmas tree!" Into the room we went, and had, in the next half hour or so, a great deal of fun undoing the packages. We were all children again. Jack was much pleased with the box of Christmas candy I had slipped on just at the last moment for him. We had such a good time that the day was gone before we realized it. Presently Jack, looking at his watch, informed us that he must be going, then turning to me, said, "I have had such a royal good time, Miss Crosby, that I should like to come again. May I?"

"Certainly. You are always welcome," I replied,—and thereby hangs a tale.

The French Play.

On the evening of the ninth of December, seventeen members of the French Department most successfully presented "Les Precieuses Ridicules," a comedy in one act by Moliere. The cast was as follows:—

La Grange Du Croisy	rebuffed lovers	Miss Wessel Miss Schnadig
	Precieuses Ridicules	
Gorgibus		Miss Puchta
Magdelon, daughter of Gorgibus,		Miss Laurens
Cathos, niece of Gorgibus		Miss Brandow
Marotte, servant of Precieuses Ridicules		Miss Lumbard
Almanzoi, lackey of Precieuses Ridicules		Miss McLean
Marquis De Mascarille, valet of La Grange		Miss Goodall
Viscount of Jodelet, valet of Du Croisy		Miss Berman
Two chair carriers		Miss Woodward Miss Pickard
Neighbors		Miss Fies Miss Gregson Miss MacDonald Miss Alexander
Violons.		Miss Woodward Miss Picard

The scene is laid in Paris, in the house of Gorgibus. The story is of two rebuffed lovers, La Grange and Du Croisy, who are determined to revenge themselves upon the Precieuses Ridicules. Talking over how best they can do this, La Grange suddenly thinks of his valet Mascarelle, who is quite a man of the world, and very much given to fine dressing and to versifying. So the two decide they will dress their valets, one as a Marquis, the other as a Viscount, and send them to visit the Precieuses Ridicules, who, as they know, will be delighted and charmed to have a Marquis and a Viscount visit them. While the two lovers are still talking this masquerade over Gorgibus, the father of Magdelon enters and asks what luck they have had, and how his daughter and niece have treated them. They answer that it would be better to ask the young ladies. Gorgibus then calls for the young ladies, and asks what they have done to cause the two young men, that he has chosen for their husbands to behave so indifferently. Magdelon and Cathos answer that they will have nothing to do with marriage. Gorgibus tries in vain to show them the error of their ways, finally gets angry, and leaves the room just as Marotte enters, and announces the arrival of the Marquis de Mascarille, who is received with much ceremony by Magdelon and Cathos. Mascarille is perfect in his masquerade, entrancing

the two ladies by his many accomplishments. Soon after his arrival, the Viscount also calls, and thus the excitement of the Precieuses Ridicules is increased. Thinking to please them the Marquis and Viscount call in several neighbors, and give an impromptu dance which is interrupted suddenly by La Grange and DuCroisey, who make known to the ladies that they have given a ball to two valets. They then show the Marquis and Viscount in their true character, one a cook, the other, a coachman. Just then Gorgibus enters, and demands the cause of all this commotion, on hearing which he angrily upbraids his daughter and niece for their folly, declaring that for it they will be laughed at by all the world.

The Christmas Dinner.

The Christmas dinner, which took place Monday evening, December the thirteenth, was one of the jolliest good times of the term. When the dining-room doors were thrown open, at half past five, as pretty a scene was disclosed as one could wish to see. The tables, grouped about the brilliantly lighted room, were decorated in every conceivable fashion, the girls apparently vying with one another for the most appropriate conception of the spirit of Christmas. By universal consent the color scheme was red and green, with a snowy background formed by the white table cloths and by the banks of artificial snow which supported the centerpieces of several of the tables. Holly and evergreens were conspicuous among the decorations, in several instances the Christmas tree itself being in evidence. At each place were unique favors, those of each table being distinctly original and corresponding with the general scheme of decoration. In addition, one of the features of the dinner was the opening of the packages which were found at each girl's place. These were supposed to be suggestive of some trait of character peculiar to the victim, and were of course awaited with considerable anticipation and possibly anxiety as well. They were given an enthusiastic reception, however, as the frequent bursts of merriment throughout the meal gave evidence, as one or another opened a package which was considered particularly suggestive of some peculiarity.

In one of the few pauses toward the end of the meal, the German table gave us quite a surprise when they rose and sang, "Tannenbaum"; and it was heartily applauded. At the close of the dinner, all were invited to the gymnasium, where the German stunt was to take place. While the final preparations were being made behind the scenes, the girls enjoyed an informal dance, and then seated themselves about the gymnasium. The curtain rose at about seven-thirty o'clock on the pretty little German play. In this charming Christmas scene appeared Cinderella, Red Riding Hood and Hansel and Gretel, all dear to the hearts of the children, and last, but by no means the least, old Saint Nicholas himself with his bag of gifts and Christmas dainties. The scene closed with the song, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," and with cheers for "Fraulein" and "The Cast" by the delighted audience.

A Letter.

Once upon a time, during a confidential moment between teacher and pupil, a Lasell girl shared her home letter with the Preceptress. So impressed was the confidante with this beautiful message, she begged and received consent of father and daughter to share with others this letter to a Lasell girl:—

My sweet and dear daughter:

Your good mother and I are happy that we can afford to give you the benefit of Lasell. We had no such opportunities in our youth. We rejoice in the thought that you fly the

home nest with an intellectual and social equipment sufficient to enable you to get on happily with others of your own age.

As you begin your work let me say that my ambition for you is not great, as many people count greatness, but it is great, nevertheless.

I would have you from the very first opening day, will to become, first, an ever-growing, lovable, Christian woman, a worthy daughter of the King of saints; and second, to become an efficient, benevolent, charming home-maker, the worthy companion of the good man whom God will send to you in his own good time.

"Thou shalt know him, when he comes,
Not by any din of drums,
Nor the vantage of his airs;
Neither by his crown,
Nor his gown,
Nor by anything he wears.
He shall only well-known be
By the holy harmony
That his presence makes in thee."

Among your schoolmates, stand for the right, for that which is kindest and most helpful, and the high Friend whom you have already learned to love will be to you daily more than you can ask or think.

Blessings forever be upon your dear head.
I love you.

Your Father.

The Christmas Concert.

The annual Christmas recital was given by pupils of the music department, Tuesday evening, December 14, in the gymnasium. A number of guests were present to share with us the excellent program which was given. We owe much to the instructors and the girls who made this last evening at Lasell one that will linger pleasantly in our minds for months to come. Everyone who was present to enjoy the selections appreciates the talent and careful study which made such an evening possible.

Pianoforte. Waltz. Op. 64, No. 2 — Chopin
Miss Annis

Voice. Who is Sylvia?
Serenade — Schubert
Miss Prince

Pianoforte. Scotch Poem. Op. 31, No. 2 — MacDowell
Miss Hall

Voice. Roses
Greeting — von Ficlitz
Miss Porter

Pianoforte. Melody in G flat — Cadman
Miss Miller

Voice. The Clover
The Blue Bell — MacDowell
Miss Pierce

Pianoforte. Prelude. Op. 28, No.6
Prelude. Op. 28, No. 7 — Chopin
Miss Brandow

Voice. Damon — Stange
Miss Nelson

Pianoforte. Romance d'Armour — Schutt
Miss Farmer

Voice. One Spring Morning — Nevin
Miss Miller

Pianoforte. Shepherds All and Maidens Fair — Nevin
Miss MacDonald

Voice. Warum? — Tschaikowsky
Miss Aldrich

Pianoforte. Barcarole — MacDowell
Miss Ordway

Voice. Batti, batti — Mozart
(From Don Giovanni)
Miss Hale

Pianoforte. Polonaise in E — Weber
Misses TerKuile, Ordway, Gallaher and Kelsey

The Dramatic Club Plays

On the night of Saturday, December eleventh, the Dramatic Club made its first appearance for this year in two short plays, the "Kleptomaniac" and the "Nettle," and, although given on very short notice, both showed talent and earnest work.

The "Kleptomaniac" illustrates what a "tempest in a teapot" can be stirred up by one woman, and a few well-meaning friends. Peggy Burton discovers upon arriving home one afternoon that her purse containing money and rings is missing, and, failing to find it after a

thorough search, concludes that it must have been stolen. She then remembers having dropped her coat and purse at a recital which she has attended, and this brings to mind the "person" who obligingly replaced her fallen possessions. With the aid of her friends Peggy swiftly decides that this unknown being is the thief. The efforts of these friends to regain Mrs. Burton's property without telling her husband or gossiping the loss broadcast, and their consternation upon the discovery that the thief is no other than the wife of one of Mr. Burton's well-known clients, followed by their swift change of countenance when the missing purse is found in the lining of Peggy's coat, make up a character sketch thoroughly pleasing when so admirably presented.

Josephine Woodward as helplessly agitated Peggy was perfect, while Reva Berman was at her best as independent, quick-witted "Freda," and Helen Mayer carried off splendidly languid "Valerie;" Mary Lumbard, "Charlie's dear little bride" added fresh leaves to her laurels with her delicious drawl, and Josephine Siggins and Alma Dumn made a name and fame, the first, as a polite reporter who knew her trade, and the latter, as "that affected Mrs. Preston Ashley." Last, but not least, Helen Schnadig captivated us all as a charming bit of an Irish maid.

The two characters in Goldsmith's "skit," the "Nettle" were created by Ruth Kelsey as "Guy" and Ruth Burkett as "Dulcie." From the moment of Guy's appearance he held his hearer's attention—he was a perfect man, and, as for Dulcie—we did not blame Guy for his rapid love-making so captivating was her manner, and so winsome her speech. As both are new girls, we congratulate our "veteran players" not only on their own excellent work, but on their selection of new talent with which to uphold the glory of the Dramatic Club.

H. L. S., '11.

Marriages.

Marie Christine Wilson to Mr. Chase Ullman on Wednesday, November twenty-fourth.

Florence Hayden, '02, to Mr. William Henry Lockhart, on Tuesday evening, December the seventh, at First Congregational Church, Denver, Colo.

Etta Eugenie Wolfe to Dr. S. D. Whiting, on Wednesday, December 1st. At home after February the first, Missoula, Montana.

We are pleased to hear of the engagement of Nadine Malone, Denver, Colo., to Mr. Graham Bostwick of Tennessee. The wedding will take place on the evening of January 12th.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—Misses Niles, Douglass, Arend, E. Warner, Thirkield, Currier, Edwards, Mayer, Smith, Pellet, Corbin, Stults, Vicary, Harris, Bailey, Harvey.

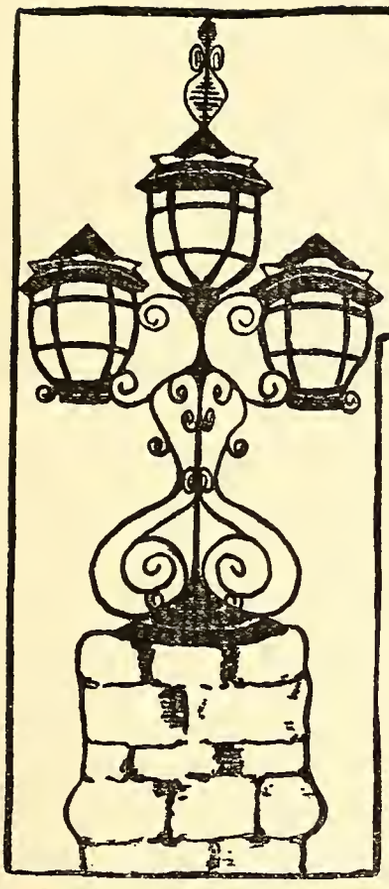
Old girls called:—Cornelia Eaton Prindle (and Mr. Prindle), '07, Helen Close, Amy Copeland, Sallie Ward, Florence Corbin, Lela Goodall, '08, Edna Thurston, Helen Merriam Cornell, Mildred Marshall, Dorothy Turner, '06, Ada Wells Burnham, '05, Anna Conant, '09.

Of the twelve million acres under cultivation in Burma, eight million are devoted to rice.

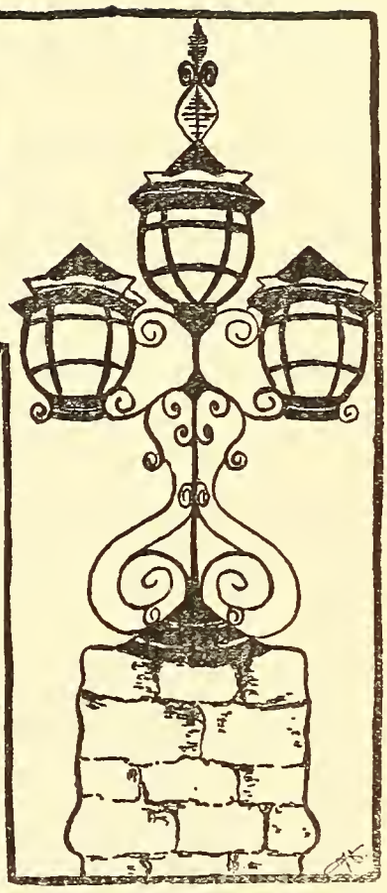
There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. —*Emerson.*

Rats!

Through troubled waters our school-ship steers,—
Pupils and Faculty all by the ears;
Piper has piped and each rat disappears.
Into her mirror Lasell maidens peer;
But the looking-glass only confirms her worst fears,
(Teachers delighted, but maidens in tears.)
Miss Potter can't recognize some of her dears,—
Dr. Winslow inclined to give vent to three cheers;
Outside, the Lasellites are greeted with jeers.
Greatest excitement recorded in years!



LOCALS



Nov. 18.—Dr. Vincent gave us a fine lecture as the closing one of his series here this year, on Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Nov. 19.—A party attended the Opera this evening.

A large number of the girls went to the Harvard-Yale Glee Club concert.

Nov. 21.—This evening the school attended the Congregational Church, where special music was rendered by the choir and selections were given by the organist at Smith College.

Nov. 24.—School closed for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Nov. 28.—This evening, at the Congregational Church, twelve of the Apollo Club of Boston rendered a most enjoyable program, also a fine address was given by the pastor, Dr. Gordon.

Nov. 30.—At prayer meeting officers for the following year were elected as follows: President, Emily Butterworth; vice president, Josephine Siggins; secretary, Margaret Jones; chairman lookout committee, Marion Joslin.

Dec. 2.—Dr. Cooley gave us a most interesting and instructive stereopticon lecture this evening on Greece.

Dec. 4.—This afternoon at the lecture hour Dr. Palmer, a friend and neighbor, gave us a most helpful and practical talk on Odds and Ends of Mental and Social Hygiene.

Dec. 5.—Mrs. Cook of Auburndale gave us a most interesting talk at our Missionary Vesper service this evening on "The Young Girls of Today in India." She clearly portrayed to us the advantages the girls of today have in that distant land compared to those of earlier days, and the great part which we can take to help on in this work.

Dec. 8.—This evening, a party attended a reading of Enoch Arden, by Rev. Mr. Mattison of the Episcopal Church.

Dec. 9.—Tonight the members of the Senior and Junior French classes gave a play entitled "Les Precieuse Ridicules," in the gymnasium. All the parts were well taken, and it proved a great success. Much praise is due Madamoiselle for the careful training given the parts. Later a reception was held in the parlors.

Dec. 11.—This evening the Dramatic Club gave two plays, "The Kleptomaniac," and "The Nettle." Both were well rendered and heartily enjoyed by all the girls, and the guests here for the evening.

Dec. 12.—A delightful concert was given us

this evening by the Glee Club. The solo parts were well rendered, and also the chorus parts.

Dec. 13.—The annual Christmas dinner was held at five-thirty, after which the German students gave an entertainment in the gymnasium. Mr. and Mrs. Call and Kenneth were our guests.

Dec. 14.—The annual Christmas Recital was held in the gymnasium tonight.



That is a unique idea, Leona, just like your original self,—a Lasell wedding. You may be sure you and your "good doctor" have our hearty congratulations and best wishes. This all means that among the recent glad news comes the announcement of Leona Benner's, '09, engagement to Dr. Harrie V. Dunsmoor of Boston.

A friendly word from Edna May Rogers, '05. The most interesting news the letter contains—is about herself. She is, as usual, busy assisting her father, Judge Rogers, as secretary, and, what she terms her "new venture," is a very happy one. She insists that she enjoys her Sabbath school class, and assures us that she is learning more than the children.

Marion Eldredge sends good wishes for the New Year, for which we are grateful.

Cora Danforth, '07, writes from Flatbush, N. Y., for the addresses of new Lasell girls in her neighborhood. She and Edith Harris, the New York Lasell Club president, are enthusiastically working up Lasell's interests in the Empire state.

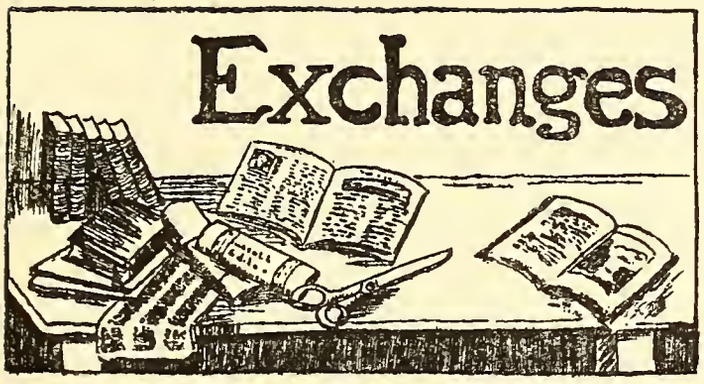
Edna Smith, we have missed her ever since she left, is planning to enter the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing in New York City. We wish her success in her new departure.

Sally Ellwood Gove(here '98-'99) is in St. Luke's Training School for Nurses, St. Paul, Minn.

Is not this just what we might expect from Sarah Caldwell, '06? (She may not expect from us a report of her letter in the LEAVES, but we will venture it). Among other things she writes, "My church and Sunday School work," (We like the order of this report.) "china painting, club work, domestic science practiced three times every day and catering (my latest iron in the fire) keep me busy almost every moment. Some of my married friends who have not been so fortunate as to study or practice domestic science think I make delicious salads and sandwiches, so I have agreed to furnish the same for all their small entertainments. I really enjoy this kind of work and have found it much more profitable than teaching art, as my cousin does. If I had the time, I really might make a small fortune in this way, but as I am not willing to give up the home, church and club work for the sake of the fortune, I have had to limit my orders to one or two a week." We are just proud of you! Sarah, and you do not mind our saying so openly, do you? It seems to us there is a very practical hint in this message to some girls who are "wondering what to do next."

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—*Joubert.*

The desire of appearing clever often prevents one becoming so.—*Rochefoucauld.*



The LEAVES acknowledges the reeeipt of the following for November: "Tattler," "Seroll," "New Trier Eehoes," "Mirror," "Les Collines," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Iris," "College Monthly," "School Life," "Herald," and "Quarterly Tattler." It has beeome neeessary to cut down an Exchange List that had beeome too long to be practical. Our new list, which necessarily omits many of our old friends, numbers twenty-five papers in all, and includes the above mentioned together with a few others not yet reeeived. If any of these find it impossible to exehange regularly they will confer a great favor upon the editor by notifying her of the ehange.

"The Quarterly Tattler," an old friend, returns in its usual neat cover, and general good form. This paper evinces a hearty co-operation from both pupils and faculty, whieh is essential for the good of any school publication. On reading over the stories making up the the first seetion we find many good themes, but are astonished at the very poor English, ineluding punctuation. In one place was a sentenee without a verb, and, in another part, paragraphs were formed most freely, regardless of the relation between sentenees. There was almost no punètuation. We would suggest that your artieles be looked over by some member of your faeulty, and we shall watch future issues with much interest. Where we find so much of worth we always look for better.

Onee more we insist that a new cover would improve "The Mirror" *so much.*

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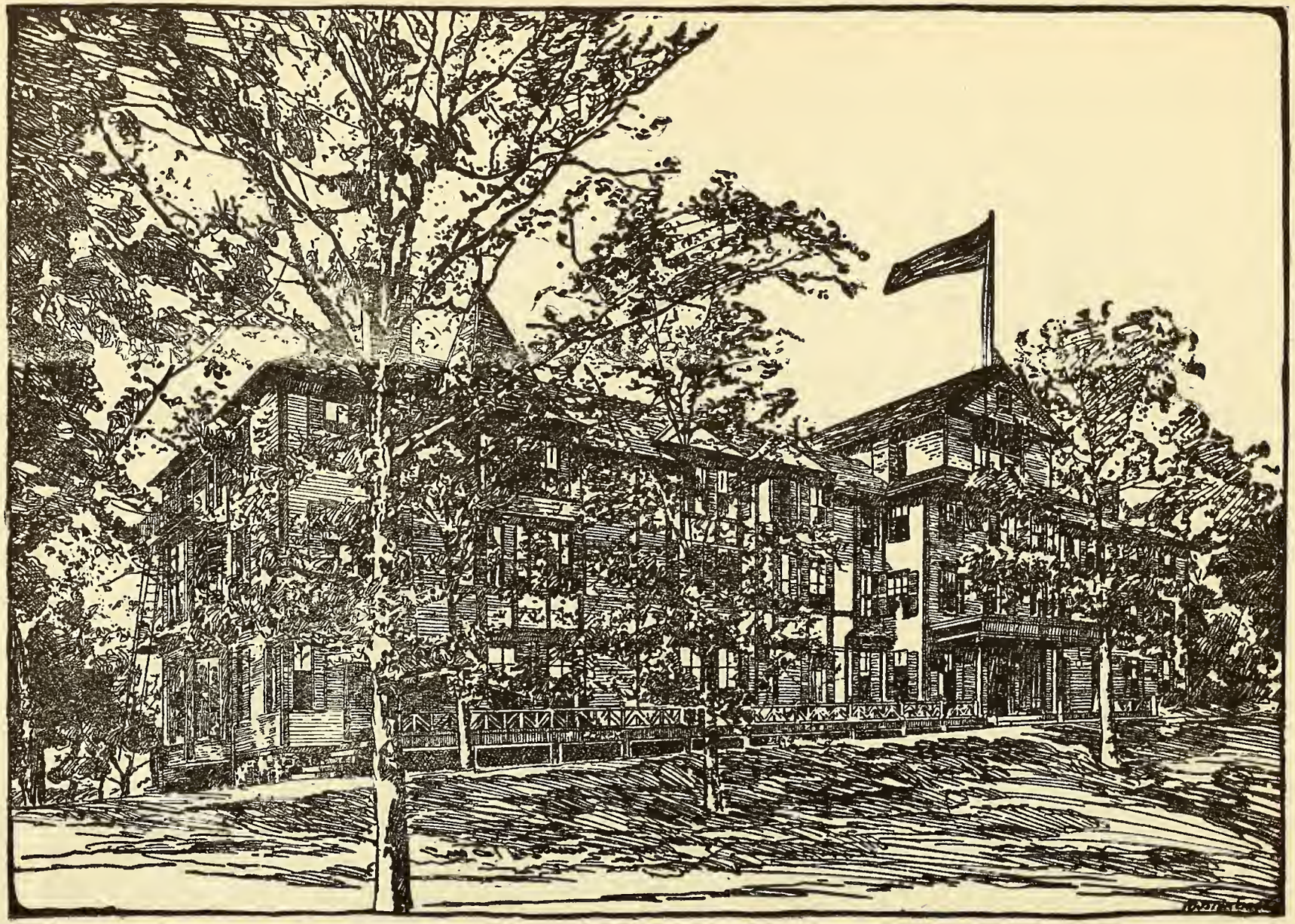
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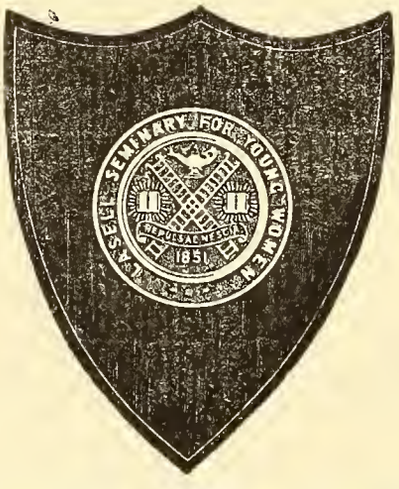
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Winter.

Winter is here in all its beauty, wherefore let us enjoy it while we may. To those who come from the land of perpetual summer, our northern winter with its barren trees, sharp, piercing air, and strong winds may appear to have decidedly disagreeable points; but has not each stripped branch a certain grace of line peculiar to itself, a line which during the summer is hidden from view by the eye-pleasing foliage? Do not let us consider these gaunt and leafless guardians as dead, merely because they lack the fresh green garment which they don in the spring to protect their roots from the parching rays of the thirsty sun, and to aid them in maturing their fruits. See how they toss their heads far above our humbler ones, their naked arms distinctly outlined against the chill blue sky.

What could be more beautifully peaceful than a day on which the snow floats airily down from the clouds, with that slow, and graceful motion which we all know so well. But there are other beauties. There comes a sudden thaw, or the snow changes suddenly to rain, followed by a fall of the thermometer, and next morning, behold! each branch and tiny twig is cased in glittering diamonds, and sparkles in the sunlight like the fire-tipped crests of thousand dancing wavelets. Now advance cohorts of youngsters, their blood leaping in their veins with joy that is unspeakable, and with whoop and halloa they press toward the hill, trailing their motley array of sleds behind them. Directly they pass us again; but this time they whizz by, their loud "look out!" giving warning of their approach. Down the hillslope of yonder field others wrestle with the unruly skis, balancing themselves with their long poles, as they glide over the icy crust.

As we reach the summit of the hill, up which we have been climbing, we see in the valley below the glassy surface of a hard frozen pond, from which, also a chorus of happy voices resounds. There glides the expert skater, moving with swaying, graceful strokes, now and then deviating from his straight course to cut fancy figures. One corner, surrounded by a board fence, is occupied by the hockey players, while in another the younger children make heroic efforts to gain control of the refactory steel-shod feet, that have apparently forgotten how to act together.

These vigorous exercises cause cheeks to glow with rosy warmth, eyes to dance like gleeful stars, and healthy energy to enliven every limb. The season for such merry sport is far too short; we should then hasten to enter heartily into every available sport while the opportunity lasts, in the true spirit of play.

"Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what glorious Summer knows."

"Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me along."

A Great Risk.

In the east central part of New York State is an extremely charming little valley. One gains sight of it through a gap in the hills, which with their lines of grey cliffs crowned by graceful and mysterious looking pine trees extend to the other end, where they appear to merge with the mountains rising tier upon tier skywards. The lowland descends in gradually falling terraces to a river, which glitters brightly as it winds in and out between its willowed banks. Although this region may have been more fascinating in the days when the Indian possessed it in its wild state, it could not have been more beautiful then than now. For the soil is so fertile that in the early summer

everything is a wonderful study in soft, rich greens. On a clear day, the landscape beams radiant, and the hills as if to challenge closer inspection, seem to be much nearer than when in grayer weather, they prefer to withdraw a little behind a soft veil of mist.

This lovely valley was settled in the latter part of the seventeenth century and the towns then founded are still as prosperous and charming as the scenery about them. The streets of the prettiest of these villages are shaded by fine old elms and the houses, surrounded by spreading lawns, are of that spacious type which remind one of jolly Thanksgiving and Christmas reunions. Almost all of them are built with the broadside facing the street, and are generally painted entirely white with the exception of the dark green blinds and the backs of the red brick fireplaces, which show at each end. In one corner of the town is an old stone church, which during the revolution was used for a fort, but which now serves as a historical museum. It is always interesting to read on the walls outside the names of the first members, standing in orderly columns, and carved by their own hands, and to note that these same names are still common in the neighborhood for although no active industry is carried on there now, the prosperity and charm of the region have been sufficient to hold the old families. Satisfied with frequent visits to the city, they are perfectly contented to dwell here in this rather out of the way place.

But while there are so many, who, whenever they wish, can board the rickety little train, whose engine is sometimes before and sometimes behind, connect them with the main line at the "junction" and go wheresoever they will, there are still many others in the valley who relieve the monotony of their lives only by coming down to the village once or twice a year, say, to attend the county fair, or some other equally great event. The fact that this really is a good fair does not, however, lessen the pathos of lives so blunted and narrowed by seclusion and poverty.

In one respect Jim Bouke, one of the humblest residents of this little town, may be numbered in this latter class, for although he had always lived in the village rather than in the hills and had obtained an education equivalent to that gained from a half completed course in grammar school, he had never been outside of the valley in his life. Ever since the death of his father when Jim was a boy of thirteen, he had been forced to use his earnings for the support of his mother, who was ill a great deal of the time. She had lived until Jim was twenty-five, and he took filial pride in the thought that he had supplied her with all necessary comforts until she left him.

Then Jim kept house for himself, and the little four-roomed cottage was always in perfect order. Every morning at half past six he started out on his day's work, which included all sorts of odd jobs; but which he arranged ahead of time in such a way as to give him steady employment. No matter what was the work, whether garden making, breaking in a colt, house painting or harvesting in summer, or snow ploughing or furnace tending in the winter, he was always on time and in the best of spirits; and perhaps it was this variety in his life that kept him so. On week days his short, stocky figure was clad in a pair of large blue overalls, which made him look shorter and more expansive than ever. Everyone on the street knew him and, as he was very polite, he was generally kept pretty busy acknowledging the greetings of his many friends, for always he took off his rough cap with one hand, while with the other he made a painfully embarrassed attempt to straighten his sandy hair, which in spite of all his efforts, *would* persist in standing out in all

directions. Just to see his round face with its blue eyes and stubby features light up, when he grinned and said, "good mornin', Ma'am," one might know at once how honest, simple hearted, and good he was.

As I have said, Jim was always polite, but to see him on Sunday (he was sexton of one of the churches) was indeed a pleasure. Nothing seemed to make him so gallant and self-confident as the wearing of his black Sunday suit, shiny from many pressings and quite out-of-date. Indeed he was shiny from head to foot; for on that morning he had time to make of himself literally a "polished gentleman." He felt that once in the week, at least, his hair should be smooth, and this he accomplished by applying a mixture, which he had himself made, and which he kept in a bottle on his kitchen shelf. Then he would brush his stubborn locks, and smooth them with his hands until he looked very sleek indeed. Carefully shaving his face, he would then rub it until the red shown through the tan. His linen and his black shoes, although rather coarse, were immaculate; and the fact that his soles squeaked dreadfully did not disturb him in the least. With what an air of importance would he ring the bell, bowing elaborately, meanwhile, to all who nodded to him as they passed; pump the organ; or tiptoe carefully up into the gallery to obviate drafts by opening or closing the windows. Jim had a hymn book, and always joined in the singing; he listened attentively also to the sermon, whether he understood it or not. If any of the children, arriving for Sunday School before the service was over, were so unwise as to make any noise, they were quickly given to understand by Jim that they had better not do it again. Sometimes they were afraid of him, and sometimes they saucily made faces at him, but they always obeyed him. On Sunday Jim was, indeed, a master of ceremonies.

But although the honest fellow could do so many things well, he was unusually timid in some ways, for a man, and being secretly afraid of the train, could never be prevailed on to go to the city, where, as he was often told he might easily get a good position. Somehow he failed to be impressed by all the suggestions made for his advancement. One gentleman in particular took much interest in Jim, and thought that perhaps he did not know just what steps to take in applying for a position, so one morning he stopped the man on the street.

"Jim," he said, "a friend of mine over in Warden needs a coachman. He wants a good reliable man, and I told him I knew of just the one who would suit him. And if you can be ready to take the noon train today, I'll go over there with you and see how you'd like the place. How's that? Can you go?"

Jim's face assumed its polite smile. " I guess I ken, Mr. Hally. You're very kind to me, Mr. Hally," he said, thankfully.

Mr. Hally noticed that Jim seemed not especially delighted at the proposal, but attributed his lack of enthusiasm to shyness. Anyhow, he thought it would not hurt to try, and with this he dismissed the subject from mind. After a busy morning in the office, he hastily ate his lunch and started for the station, getting there just in time to take the train. Jim, looking rather pale, was on the platform awaiting him. Mr. Hally beckoned to him and boarded the train. If he had turned around he might have seen with what fear and trembling Jim stepped gingerly upon the platform after him. Instead he went on into the car to get a seat, "Here Jim!" he called, "Guess we'll sit here."

The train had now started, and Jim gasping and clutching violently at the seats as he went, started up the aisle. Mr. Hally darted forward and drew him into a seat.

"Why Jim," he said, "you should have told

me that you felt a little off the hooks, and we could have come tomorrow or the next day. What seems to be the matter?"

Jim looked up with terrified eyes. "Oh—the're—so—*fast*—as you might say. An I ain't never—been on 'em afore!" and he held tightly to the seat.

"What! Do you mean to say you have never been on a train, Jim?" It required a great deal of self control to keep from smiling for it was the first time that Mr. Hally had heard the Valley Railroad pronounced swift, but he looked again into Jim's tragic face and drew the corners of his mouth tightly down. "Did you ever go to the city?" he asked.

Jim was a little more at ease now, for nothing so far had happened to him, and he began to have hopes of even yet being eventually saved from distruction.

"Well," he said haltingly, "I wuz there once, but I went in a wagon, sir. I wuz never on no cars."

Mr. Hally slapped him kindly on the knee. "Well, Jim," he said "you can't say that after this. You like 'em, too, don't you? Why after you get that position, you'll be riding back and forth on them every little while."

The six miles were soon passed over, and Jim took a long breath when he at last set his foot on terra firma, and by the time they had reached their destination he was his old self once more.

It is needless to say that Mr. Hally's friend engaged Jim at once, for a man with such good references was not often to be found. And when Jim said he would take the place Mr. Hally felt that, taking all in all, he had that day done quite a little toward broadening Jim's horizon.

"I'm glad you liked him, Jim," he said, as they turned into the street again. "The pay is high, too, and you deserve it. Well, now we must catch our train."

Jim took inventory of his pluck, and fearing that the balance was hardly sufficient to tide him again through such a physical risk and tremendous nervous strain right away, suddenly stopped. "Mr. Hally," he said, "I've walked most all my life, and I'm used to it. So I guess I'll walk. Thankin' ye the same, an' for yer kindness, Mr. Hally. An this time o' the year the hills is so purty I like to look at 'em."

Mr. Hally smiled. "Oh, you'd better come, Jim. Besides you can see them out of the window."

But Jim shook his head. "Mebby I could," he said, "but somehow I didn't think to do it when I come up."

Jim never could overcome his aversion to such artificial means of locomotion as trains, but when two or three years later he married Lidy Manken, he longed to give her the advantages of travel. She must have a wedding tour, and as in these days every one took them by train, Lidy, he decided, must also have the best. So, on their wedding day, Jim pressed fifty cents into her hard, little hand as they left the parsonage, and announced the startling news that she was to ride to the Junction and back. She was plainly delighted; but thought silently a minute. Then she said, "Jim, ain't you comin' too?"

He smiled mysteriously. "Lidy," he said, "don't you think it would be nice for me to be waitin' ye with a surprise when ye get back?"

So Lidy, asking no more questions, rode on the cars; and, being less timorous than Jim, the bumpty ten mile ride thrilled her greatly. But she could hardly wait to see what Jim would have to show her when she returned. At last at the end of her tour, she saw him at the side of the station, and near him a horse and rather dilapidated buggy. The minute the train stopped she was on the platform and Jim led her proudly to the carriage. What if every one *was*

smiling. He had on his best suit and Lidy certainly was perfection itself.

"See what we're goin' to have now, Lidy" he cried. "I bought 'em both real cheap from Squire Brown."

Lidy was speechless with delight. "An now," he said, as he tucked her into the seat," we're agoin' to Aunt Anne's fur four whole days."

"Four days!" murmured Lidy; "as long es that Jim? Won't ye have to work?"

"No, he ses I can stay that long. Git ap, Major! We ought to get there by eight, Lidy."

Old Major, with his two passengers sitting bolt upright in the buggy behind him, jogged evenly along through the town, and they were soon riding up the valley.

Suddenly Jim broke the silence. "See the sun settin' over there fur us, Lidy!" he said. "An' we're a ridin' right towards it, too."

Lidy leaned back. Her simple white dress, like her brown hair, was rather rumpled, her usually pale face was flushed with excitement, and her brown eyes shone with happiness. "Yes, Jim," she replied; "ain't it *all* purty? An' to be ridin' along in our own wagin is nicer than any cars! I'm not meanin' to say I didn't like 'em, because they wuz grand; but I like this way the best."

"Glad ye like it, Lidy," he said, smiling. "It ain't near so resky as trains be, neither."

E. B. B.

Post Card Travel.

One cold, stormy December evening I found myself at home alone, and thrown upon my own resources for amusement. Feeling rather lonely, I looked through the books and magazines which lay on the library table, for some story with which to divert himself, and, in so doing, chanced upon an album which I knew to contain postals sent to me by a friend, while traveling through Italy. Not having looked at them for some time, I drew a comfortable chair close to the fire, and was soon absorbed in the story they told.

The first card, a view on the Bay of Naples, showed the steep cliffs, with their houses dazzling white in that bright Italian sunshine, rising, as it seemed, directly out of the blue Mediterranean. Here and there the entrances to the steps up the embankment opened like slits in the wall; above them, rising to the level ground, and therefore sometimes five or six stories high, were the houses literally built into the cliffs; while beneath a few rocks and stones projected out into the water. These were probably used as stepping stones—for no pier of any sort was visible—to reach the peculiar native boats anchored but a few feet out from the shore. One of the boats, looking not unlike one of our modern row-boats, with the addition of a sail, was about to put out to sea, and it was not hard to imagine how beautiful the harbor would look on a busy day, with the white sails showing bright against the dark blue water or the grey surrounding cliffs, as the boats hurried by, or drifted to and fro.

Not far from here lay the Island of Capri of which I had many interesting cards. Of these, a picture taken from the Villa of the Thousand Winds, which was situated high on the hills, and overlooking the town lying at its feet, was my favorite. Two Italian cypresses, graceful yet sturdy, stood as if on guard—on the crest of the hill, boldly silhouetted against the sky; below, the green slopes and sunny hills stretched to the city with its crowded houses, narrow streets and busy harbor, sheltered by a high, rocky point, jutting sharply into the bay, half hiding the shadowy outlines of the distant Italian shore.

Now began the approach nearer to the town and the next card showed a group of the typical Capri water carriers. Fantastically dressed

in their gayly colored garments and with their huge earthen jars on their shoulders, they made a striking picture as they stood on one of the narrow paths leading to the spring. Two of the carriers, mere children, it seemed, carried jars nearly as large as themselves, and they seemed especially glad of the unexpected rest, sitting on the narrow stone wall bordering the path, and smiling interestedly at the photographer. The others, older people, and more accustomed to the weight of the heavy jars, stood with them still on their shoulders, stolidly, and apparently waiting for the tourist to pass on.

In the city itself, the scenes were not so pleasant. One especially, showing a Capri family group was not very different from the tenement groups seen so often in our great modern cities. The narrow street, the alleyway piled with rubbish, and hung with drying clothes, and the dirt and filth everywhere gave me a feeling that at Capri, perhaps I should prefer to stay in the beautiful hills—and, not approaching the picturesque looking city, worship there, from a distance.

As I sat there by the fire, wondering if I should ever see all the different places I had so long admired from pictures, I heard a tap at the door, and Nora stood there saying that a crowd of young people were waiting for me in the parlor. Dreams of travels in Italy vanished for the time, as I went to welcome my guests.

M. G. '10.

Sir Robert Ball asserted that every 100 years the sun loses five miles of its diameter. To allay anxiety, however, he mentioned that the diameter of the sun is 860,000 miles, and that 40,000 years hence the diameter would still be 858,000 miles.

All's Well That Ends Well.

It was a cosy little room, in which these two were seated. Plainly furnished it was, yet it had an indefinable atmosphere of refinement. In the grate, a wood fire crackled merrily, casting shadows on the anxious face of the little mother before it; who looking down into the defiant face of her angry little daughter, sitting at her feet, said, "Yes, dear, I am soon going to marry Mr. Langford, and go with him into the far north country, where the snow lasts the greater part of the year, and where we shall not have so nice and comfortable a home as this."

"But, mother, can't I please go with you; I don't mind the cold and lonesomeness, and it would be an awful lot of fun, just like camping out. You know how I love *that*. Ple-a-se, mother, can't I?"

"No my daughter; it is far more important that you stay here in the States and receive a proper education. We should like you to be a young lady of culture, when you're grown. You know, yourself, how impossible it would be for you to get good schooling in Alaska, at least in that part where we are going. When your school days are over, if we are still in the North, you shall come to us if you like. Then I shan't feel as if I had neglected my little girl's education in any way. Just think, if you went up there with us now, you might become like the little Indian girls, rough and wild, talk in an uncouth way, and be anything but a little lady. So, Marjorie, content yourself like a good girl, with the thought of what a fine time you will have in Mrs. Burton's school, for it is there that we have decided to place you."

A vigorous poking of the fire emphasized Marjorie's feelings as she said, "Oh, *dear!* I don't care a hang about your old 'culture' and books. Why can't I be as I like, and not one of these polished, stiff young ladies, who talks as if they

had just stepped out of a novel? I won't go to any old school, so now!" with a toss of her pretty curls.

"That is quite enough, Marjorie. Don't forget yourself" said her mother severely. "Here is Mr. Langford now," as a ring at the door was heard. "You'd better run and do some practising; your lesson comes tomorrow."

A slam of the door and a muttered ejaculation were quite sufficient evidence that Marjorie had heard, and was on her way parlorwards. Not a little flushed and pouting was the face of the girl, who when seated at the piano, began to pound in a way unheard of in musical circles.

"I'll just make such a noise," she said, "Oh, I don't care if I *smash* the old piano. I'd do anything to drive that horrid old man out of the house! Perhaps if I act bad enough and show what an awful disposition I have, he'll think he's getting into a pretty bad sort of a family. Then he'll back out and won't marry mother." A silence for a moment as Marjorie deep in thought looked into space, then a few stinging tears trickled down her face. More and more followed, until with a deep sob, she flung herself passionately on the floor and sobbed heart brokenly. Then there came a silence; Marjorie had cried herself to sleep.

The dinner hour arrived, and no Marjorie to be seen or heard. Mrs. Holmes started on a tour of the house. Snapping on the light in the parlor, she saw curled up in a heap by the piano, her own little tear-stained Marjorie. A spasm of pain crept over the gentle face of the mother, as she lifted the child from the floor, with a murmured prayer for strength to do what was right by her child, for it was a great cross to have to leave her, and go so far away. As she stroked back the damp curls, she little suspected what the next years were to bring in hard and sorrowful lessons.

Two weeks later there might have been seen, leaning far over the rail of a north bound Pacific steamer, a tiny woman in grey. Lovelight shone through her tear dimmed eyes as she waved a last farewell to a sobbing girl on the dock, then turning to the man by her side, she flung out her arms saying, "We must work, work—Oh how hard we must work for her," pointing back to a little speck of a child on the now steadily receding shore.

On the slow passage northward, this man and woman laid brilliant plans for the future, for the rosy hue of love made all things fair and promising before their eyes. Great was their hope and confidence in the new world, which was to be theirs. No matter how humble might be their home, they said, comfort and peace should reign there.

Finally the goal was reached, and when Mr. and Mrs. Langford stepped off the gang-plank, their old life was left behind. Before them misty and vague loomed the untried future. Here in Nome a little four-roomed cottage was found, poor and unattractive, but showing under the skilful hands of Mrs. Langford, capabilities of eventually blossoming into a home. No plants were at the windows, no canary sang there in gilded cage; but it was a place where love and comfort dwelt.

One stormy wintry night as the little wife sat by the window watching for the return of her husband from the mining camp, she was suddenly startled by the sharp bark of a dog coming as if from under the window. Then in came her husband, and from his snow-covered arms sprang a tiny dog, resembling not a little, an animated and overgrown snow flake, so fluffy and white was he. As if knowing on whom properly to bestow his affections, he jumped into Marie's lap, and thrusting his cold little nose against her soft cheek, sealed a friendship, which was to last until death.

"Well, wife," said the big white-coated man, as soon as the little flurry of excitement had subsided. "What do you think of my present? Don't you think he will make a pretty good friend and protector for you during these long lonely days? I just happened to run across a man who wanted to get rid of him, so in the hope that I might save the poor beast's life as well as secure a good watch dog, I brought him along. The man told me that these Siberian malamutes always make either mighty faithful friends, or savage brutes. But how in your presence, Marie, could either man or beast, be anything but gentle."

With that tiny bundle of fluffiness in her arms, what could the young wife say other than, "I know we two are going to love each other."

That night the softest of beds was made before the fire for Bob, as he had already been christened. Little was he used to the luxury of a bed, but as is the custom of all blue-bloods, he settled down without as much as a wink of his brown eyes, thereby establishing himself in the bosom of the Langford family.

The days succeeded one another in quick procession, and fortune seemed to be shedding her radiance upon this, giving to both the strength to bear up under their unaccustomed surroundings. Marie gaily sang about her household tasks, now and then stopping to box Bob's ears when he persisted in getting directly in front of the broom, or when she was in the gayest of moods, to have a grand frolic with the dog who already had learned several tricks under her skilful tutelage.

Then came that never to be forgotten day, when Mr. Langford coming home at noon had great news to tell. There had been a rush to Candle Creek, and should he go? Marie knowing what his going would mean—much money perhaps, and then back to the States—said, "Yes, Henry, go. We still have money enough to purchase provisions and supplies for your journey as well as to serve for my support. Many of the supplies you can probably sell on your arrival at the gold field, in that way getting enough money to make a good start with."

With so few words was the decision made that separated them; and the end of the week, saw him prepared for the long hard trip, which stretched so far into the cold, cold north. Tearful was the parting, for both knew that many never escaped the cruel grasp of the gold fields. Yet each with indomitable courage faced the future bravely, the one going with his pack-dogs and sleds, the other remaining with her shaggy malamute as sole companion. This little animal seemed somehow to realize the increased responsibility now placed upon him, for when his master patted his head with a, "Bob, remember this little woman is left in your care. Protect her!" He wagged his tail and gave a knowing little bark which in dog language meant, "I understand."

One last embrace, and Mrs. Langford with tear dimmed eyes watched from the window, her broad-shouldered manly husband as he strode off beside his dog team. A wave of the hand at the corner, and he had gone. How lonesome the house seemed. Would it be like this always? No, no! she thought; it couldn't be. Soon he would be back, with gold a plenty. Still her heart was saddened, and not till she noticed Bob looking wistfully into her face did she realize that she had yet a friend and faithful companion to cheer her in the days to come.

Many were the desolate homes in Nome, because with the Candle Creek rush went all the strong and able-bodied men, eager for the spoil, which already in fancy they saw lying in gleaming piles around them. Anxious were those remaining at home, and many the re-

ports, true or false, wafted vaguely back from the gold fields, and often increasing the fear of the inhabitants of Nome.

Steadily the days shortened. Soon came the snow, swift and overpowering. Long, cold nights and short lonesome days. Often did dejected Marie look wistfully into the distance, with a prayer in her heart that the man she loved might safely return to his own. Patiently did she tramp each day through the snow to the post office, hoping against hope, that there she would find a letter saying that all was well. Day after day disappointment was her only reward. Many were the women still holding to a forlorn hope, and to Marie they came for comfort and consolation. She alone of all had the courage to stare distress in the face and not give up; yet the strain told on her severely as the season passed without a sign from the north. Her once pink cheeks were pale, and her gaiety was no more spontaneous, but forced. She tried not to listen to the conversation of certain of the women around her, who spoke of the infidelity of men, the cruelty of fate, those things now working against them.

Spring came—no word. Now Marie could withstand the strain no longer. Her husband had proved faithless, he in whom so short a time before all her hope and love had been placed. No longer dared she remain alone with her slender means in this cruel country. She must regain the States while she could pay her passage, so on the first boat sailing south went Marie and malamute Bob. Many were the backward glances, and many the hope that yet the long-looked for word might come. Not seldom did the dog feel her hot tears fall on his shaggy coat as she fondled him, murmuring the name of his giver.

In the camp at Candle Creek was a band of half-starved, haggard men, their project a failure, their food supply gone, and no money left even to purchase eatables should a good angel see fit to send anything their way. When hope was almost gone there came from the southland a man with sleds and provisions, a godsend to those starving souls. No money did he ask for the food, which he brought, all that was his he freely gave. Then he wrote a long letter to the wife left in Nome, telling of the poor fellows he had found starving and penniless, how he had given them all he had brought with him, and how all were waiting now for the approaching spring and success. Until then, must she be patient and still have faith in him. In closing he said, "Don't let Bob forget his master." A man was found willing to undertake the journey back over the frozen trail, with the precious bag of letters, and also bearing instructions to purchase needed provisions, and bring them back to camp.

With the coming of spring Mr. Langford made his way back to Nome, penniless, and with but scant outfit for the journey, but always the thought of welcome in his heart. Home at last was reached—yes, the very house was in sight. But, what was this? No cheerful rays of light shown from the window to greet him. What could the cause be? Was his wife not at home? The door did not open to his knocks; but thinking of course, that Marie must be at one of the neighboring houses, he called at the next house, only to find news which staggered him. Mrs. Langford has gone back to the States, they told him. Stunned for a minute, he was not fully able to understand their meaning, then seeing a peculiar look on the faces of his neighbors, he comprehended. Leaving the house he blindly walked the street for some time, meanwhile going over in his mind the reasons for his wife's desertion. Did she not receive his letter? She must have. Then if that was true she was not the woman he had thought her. After a fierce struggle with his trouble, he saw that he could

not, in his impoverished state, hunt for her now. If she left him on receiving his letter telling of failure, what would she wish of him now, that he was worse down in luck? Nothing of course. He must retrieve himself, show that he was yet worthy of her love and affection, for that he must have.

Lounging into the grocery store the next morning with a "hello, Jake" to the man behind the counter, he sank into a chair before the fire and was soon lost in thought. Startled out of his reverie by a "Brace up, Hen," from Jake, he took courage from the jovial face of the storekeeper, whom he had once helped when in dire distress.

"Hear that you're a little down in the mouth Hen, better cheer up, for I think I've got just the medicine you need. Got a little claim out in the hills a piece. Shouldn't wonder if 't amounted to something. Now, you know business is rather flush just now, so if you want to sort o' look after it, why I'll give you half interest in it."

Langford grasping Jake's hand replied, "Thanks old man, you've helped me out of a mighty tight place. I'll take it and if it doesn't pan out all right, the fault won't be here," with a slap on his chest.

The unexpected is sure to happen, a thing which proved good in the case of Henry Langford. The very day after acquiring part interest in this wildcat claim, he heard of another rush on the goldfields, this time at Fairbanks. Not wishing to miss any chances of regaining his fortune, he decided to go, leaving his grub stake in the hands of an old man.

Here at Fairbanks, was fate still against him. Accidents happened to his machinery, and all hope of success had vanished, when one day as he was walking along he heard a bluff voice call out, "Hello, Lang! How goes life with you? Getting rich?"

"Mighty slow work up here, Joe. Luck seems to be against me lately," responded Langford.

"Oh, you'll be all right soon," said his friend good naturedly. "Luck's sure to change. By the way, how 'bout that claim of yours down at Nome. Want to get rid of it? I'm looking for a place to invest some money, and wouldn't mind taking up the claim, provided you're willing to sell."

A sudden flash of understanding went across Langford's face. If this man, a lawyer, wished to buy his "grub stake" there must be something in it. In reply he said, "You know I hadn't thought about selling. It's hard to decide right away. Better call around tomorrow, and I'll let you know."

Rushing toward the telegraph station went the man who was down on his luck. A message was sent to the grocery man at Nome, asking if anything new had come up about that claim. And this is the message which he received that evening, "Don't sell. We've struck the richest claim on earth."

The morrow saw him on his way toward Nome, after having notified the lawyer that he wouldn't sell right away. At Nome he remained only long enough to make sure that the report was true, and then amid the remonstrances of all and the remarks that "Lang must be crazy," he sailed southward, a certain address in his pocket. His comrades of the Candle Creek rush would not have known him now, so changed were his spirits.

About the time that Henry Langford was alighting from the train in Coopersville, Montana, on the porch of a home in that same city, sat a woman and a tall girl of fourteen, while on the lawn before them frolicked a shaggy white dog. The mother and daughter seemed entirely oblivious of all around them, so intently interested were they in the subject at hand. A listener might have heard the words "Nome" and "your father" frequently in the

talk. It was Marie Langford and her daughter Marjorie. Since returning from Nome they had lived here together. Marjorie had been taken from school. Malamute Bob was, of course, one of the family. Marie's small amount of money had become almost exhausted, so that in order to support Marjorie and herself, she had been obliged to take in sewing. This evening while resting after their day's work, the topic of conversation had turned to the days spent in Alaska and of the man who had gone so completely out of their lives. By chance they caught sight of the tall figure of a man walking briskly up the street. Listlessness soon changed to animation, there was a fusillade of sharp barks, and a minute or so later a woman and a dog vied for the man's attention. It was Henry Langford.

That night neither was able to talk fast enough, so many were the experiences which they had to relate. The first question asked the wife had been, "Why did you lose faith in me? Couldn't you have remained in Nome just a short time longer? My letter explained all; that should have showed you how impossible it was for me to return."

"Letter!" said his wife. "Didn't I wait through all those weary months, with longing heart for just one word from you—and none came?"

"Do you mean to say that the letter I wrote from Candle Creek never reached you?"

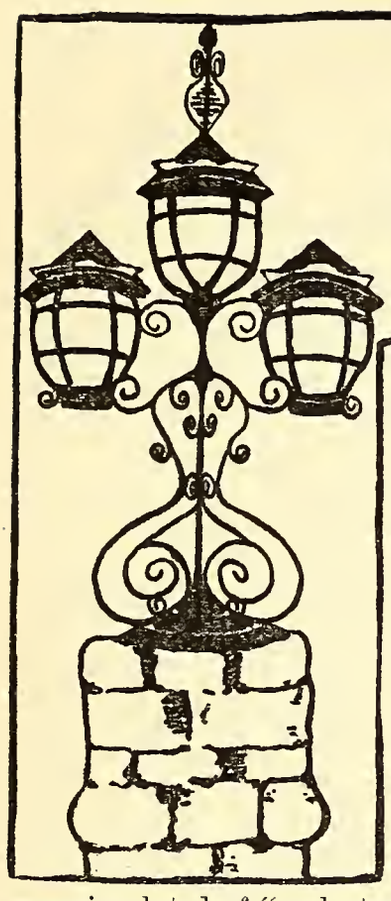
Then came a long explanation, but at the end of it both were still left in ignorance of the reason why the missing letter had failed to appear.

The richness of the vein discovered in that wildcat claim had enabled Langford to borrow all he had needed to bring him down to his runaway wife; and his unshakable confidence in her, after the first rude jostle to his faith given by finding her gone had passed, had sufficed to send him post-haste after her so soon as means were his for the journey. The claim, as the working of it went on, yielded unexpected, almost incredible wealth; and the reunited husband and wife found themselves at last in possession of riches. Marjorie was again placed in school, and taking with them the faithful Bob, the two started on a long travel tour, inexpressibly happy in their reunion, and the cessation of their troubles. During this trip poor Bob, unused to luxury of the sort now thrust on him, sickened and died; and his poor body, given to a taxidermist's hands, was in semblance returned to Langford life-like in appearance, though from the poor glass eyes looked no longer the love of a dog's loyal heart.

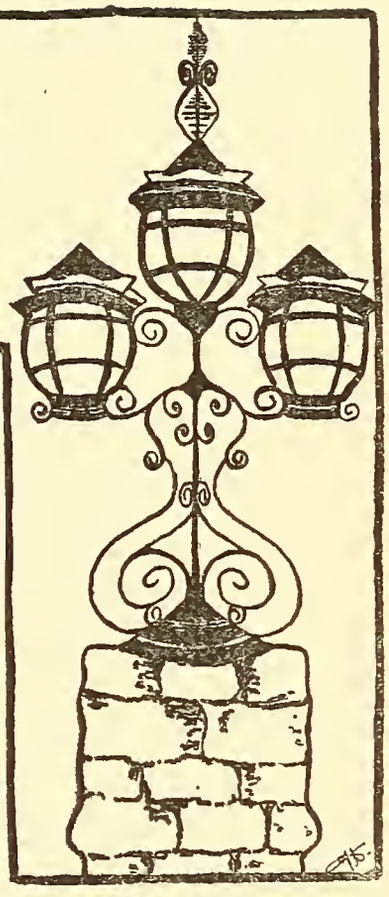
A year or so after the discovery of gold on the groceryman's land, the skeleton of an unfortunate man was found on the trail between Candle Creek and Nome. Beside him lay a leather mail pouch still in good state of preservation, containing the messages those gold-seekers had sent to friends, but which, until now, had never reached their destination. When Mrs. Langford arrived in Nome with her husband to look after their interest, how great was her surprise at being handed the hitherto missing letter they had long since given up all hope of recovering.

D. W.

February 22, Washington's Birthday. (George, not Booker), is remembered by thirty-eight of the states. On this day, in the public schools are shown pictures of George Chopping the Cherry Tree and Breaking Up the Delaware Ice Trust, Valley Forge in Winter and Mount Vernon on a Busy Day. The Pride of the class recites Washington's "Farewell to the Army," Minnie the Spieler belabors the piano with "Washington Post March," and the scholars all eat Washington Pie, made of "Columbia, the Jam of the Ocean."



LOCALS



Jan. 6, 1910.—The girls are returning, ready for the mid-term's work, after the best of Christmas vacations. We trust they *all* registered immediately upon their arrival, especially those whose minds have been taxed by much repetition of "All students are expected to register both before and after," etc.

Jan. 7. Tonight the places in the dining room were assigned, an unusual privilege was accorded the Seniors by being allowed to have their "Supes" with them as assistants.

Jan. 8. This afternoon when the report was circulated of "no lecture," a large number of the girls taking advantage of the opportunity, enjoyed the fine skating at the Cove.

Jan. 9. The Rev. Mr. Smart of the Congregational church, Newton Highlands, spoke at the Vesper service, placing much emphasis on the text: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Cast aside worry and anxiety for no matter how much may be required of one, if the will desires it, all may be accomplished within the twelve hours.

Jan. 11.—A consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held in the chapel this evening, led by the President.

Jan. 13. The first of a series of four art lectures was delivered on Whistler by our own Miss Mulliken. Having studied under this illustrious painter, she was able to give us anecdotes of a personal nature, and a short biography of his life. The lecture was accompanied by stereopticon representations of his most famous pictures, and of the artist himself, giving great prominence to the characteristic gray forelock.

Jan. 14. A party of girls attended the Opera, Tosca, given by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Jan. 14. The first practice of our school songs was held in the chapel this morning. The rehearsal was conducted by the leader of the Glee Club, and a very interesting half hour was thus passed.

Jan. 15. At the lecture hour, Miss Annie Call, one of our Faculty, gave us an introductory sketch of her work in Nerve Training, explaining to us how we could avoid all worry, fret and discomfort through the great power of concentration and relaxation.

Jan. 16. A camp fire meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the Gymnasium this evening. The service was most interesting, as many letters were read telling of the good our money had done in other lands. Letters from Turkey, Japan, two from India, and one from

the Fresh Air Fund, told us exactly what our money had accomplished in these places. After the singing of several hymns the meeting closed with all feeling glad that their little mite was helping on this great cause in those distant lands.

Jan. 17. Profiting by the hint which Dr. Winslow gave us at his chapel talk this morning, the Specials enjoyed a sleigh ride this evening, returning shortly after the "lights out" bell.

Marriages.

Bessie Herbert Dana to Mr. Herbert Elias Lane on Wednesday afternoon December 8th. At home after January 15th, 83 Easton St., Allston, Mass.

Marriott R. Degen, to Mr. Augustus MacDonald on Thursday evening, December 23rd, at 601 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal.

Mabel A. Carter to Mr. John Harrison Good on Wednesday, November 24, at Denver, Colo. At home after January 10th, at The Lincoln, Youngstown, Ohio.

Helen L. Thom to Mr. George M. Kraker on Thursday, December 23rd, at Centralia, Kans. At home after January 15th, at Denver, Colo.

Nadine C. Malone to Mr. Robert Graham Bostwick on Wednesday, January 12th, at Denver, Colo. At home after February 1st, 1756 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

A Wish For The New Year.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;—
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;—
I would be friend of all,—the foe— the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;—
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter.

Manners—A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.



Carrie Steinmetz, '09, writes that she has joined a Sunday School class and belongs to a sewing circle. That Constance Blackstock, '05, spent the Christmas vacation with her. "I never understood before how girls' meeting after the parting from Lasell could find so much to talk about as they described in the Leaves, but I do now. We talked nothing else and when we had exhausted every possible topic, began at the beginning and went all over it again." Carrie hopes to visit Lasell in June.

Lasell extends sincere sympathy to Professor Hogg and his daughters, Nannie Hogg Wynne and Julia Hogg Powell, during these days of invalidism, and hope his prophesy for a brighter day will come true and that they will be speedily restored to health.

The best of New Year's to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graham Bostwick.

In a recent copy of the Boston Budget we saw an announcement of the engagements of two of our loyal Lasell girls: Mildred Peirce, '06, and Grace Tirrell. Lasell extends sincere congratulations to these brides elect.

Leah Couts Anderson, '89, sends for a catalogue. Lasell wishes that some times these dear "old girls" would come for their catalogues, instead of sending for them, because we long to welcome them home.

Barbara Vail, '05, gives some interesting data concerning her college and its proposed extension along the line of scientific equipment.

We are proud that the president trusts so much to the judgement of our worthy alumna. Barbara is looking forward (and so are we) to the Lasell home-coming in June of the Class of 1905.

Frances Ebersole, '09, writes that she is glad we are "well and happy." We reciprocate her sentiment, and will she think us too proud if we quote this sentence from her letter: "If you could see some of the letters I have received from the other 'naught-niners,' you would know that I am not the only one who is homesick for Auburndale." She speaks enthusiastically of her recent European journeyings.

Cora Danforth, '07, writes for addresses of *ought to be* members of the New York Lasell Club. That Association in the hands of such wide awake women as Edith Harris, President, and Cora Danforth, we have no fears but what the coming reunion will be a great success. We thank the Secretary for her good wishes for the New Year.

A copy of the Syracuse Post-Standard (dated Dec. 18) is on our editorial desk. The paper contains an account of the proposed giving of "The Birds Christmas Carol" by the local talent of Watertown, N. Y. We are quite sure of its success when we notice that our Edna Rogers, '05, is to take the part of Mrs. Ruggles.

From Hartford, Conn., comes the news of the engagement of Jessie Abrams to Warren Currier. They are to be married in the summer, making their home in Holtville, California.

Annie Crowe, we learn has started piano lessons with a new teacher, but a Leschetzky follower, nevertheless. She is also keeping up her organ practice under difficulties.

June Hoyt that was, when at Lasell, has been Mrs. F. D. Moore for six years and has three more children, Hoyt, Madelon and Constance, and lives in East Seattle, Wash. She writes: "My, wasn't I a chump in those days! But I had a good time! You were all pretty good to me and I regret I wasn't nicer. By the way, these two girls of mine are going to Lasell some day!"

Elizabeth Lum, '01, is Professor of music in Whittier College, is living in her own new house and happy.

Emilie Kothe Collins, '00, is the proud mother of "The nicest baby ever." She lives at 608 Benton Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Caralyn Ebersole Martin, '85, and family, consisting of two-year-old Edwina, sixteen-year-old Donald and Mr. Martin, (the order is correct) have come to Pasadena for the winter. If it agrees with Carrie here they expect to become permanent residents. We hope it will agree! The winsome Edwina charms everybody and fairly represents the family in this respect.

Ida Sibley Webber, '84, of Holyoke made us happy by a recent call with her husband. She was handsome as ever with the same cheery laugh. Her "lines have fallen in pleasant places!" Reports her sister Emma as well and doing well.

Carline Dederer Townsend and Mr. T. have come to Los Angeles expecting to make their home here. She thinks marriage is not a failure—What Mr. T. thinks is not yet in evidence but he looks satisfied!

Homer Tourjee, son of our own Dr. Eben Tourjee, founder of the N. E. Conservatory of Music in Boston and Father of all Praise Services, has started a Conservatory of Music in Los Angeles, California. I think there is an opening for such a school in L. A. and he seems to be the man to make it "go."

Ed. Prickett, brother of our Virginia Prickett Pierce, '85, with wife and boy of nine years is wintering in Passadena.

Mary Wilson, at Lasell in the "Seventies," is in Los Angeles probably permanently (we hope so) and is planning a European trip next summer. She is a woman to be proud of.

Grace Skinner's boy of ten years is "a boy worth having." Grace was the violinist of Lasell when she was there and her death took from the ranks of fine musicians a notable member.

Carre Fuller of Canaan, Conn., sends a loving greeting, full of fragrant memories of Lasell days.

Hattie Williams Wilson, of Washington, Iowa, writes a dear letter instead of a Christmas card; says Lucy Gray,'06,is enthusiastic as ever about her library work in which she is now finishing a thorough course at the U. of Ill. by field work which means practical work in some library to which she is sent by the University. Lucy's sister Nina entered Junior in Chicago University, intending after her college course to specialize in Domestic Service. Those girls will go far! Nellie Canfield's oldest boy is in Railroad work and the next is in the University of Chicago. Hattie says she celebrated her silver wedding Oct. 7, and Nellie C. hers Oct. 1st, but I find it hard to believe!

Isabella Blackstock, '03, sends greetings from her place of work. The Girls' School, Moradabad, India, with a kodak which shows the same dear face. She is doing hard work getting the languages—Has passed all examinations so far. Of course!

Constance, '09, writes from Reading, Pa., (where she was spending her Christmas vacation with Caroline Steinmetz, '09,) that she is enjoying her work though the college doesn't take Lasell's place in her heart.

Florence Ryan Donallan writes a cheery letter from John Hopkins Hospital where she is taking a long rest and finding decided benefit. She and her husband lived a while in San Diego, Cal., for his good and he gained but it didn't agree with her, so they went back East. First case I have known in which Cal. did not do good. Says she and her husband are "awfully in love with each other," that she thinks money is too much thought of in Cal. (but how is this? You are said to have a lot of money, Florence!) living is expensive and wages enormous (she is right about wages) and "no music, no lectures, no drama." She grants that Cal. has climate and scenery, and she misses her garden, her wonderful roses and violets and fuchsias and all the flowers, but is glad to be home. If Florence had been in Pasadena or Los Angeles instead of San Diego, she would have found music, lectures and drama.

Some one writes that Annie Crowe, '09, is "quite a society girl" but I don't think that will hurt society any or Annie either! Annie called on Mae Pinkham Allyn, found her nicely settled and with "two dear little fair-haired children" and she and Mae became good friends at once on a Lasell basis. Annie wrote me a good deal more but I am not going to tell it all but it was like her and it goes without saying that it was *very* good.

Alice Fuller is a woman you and I may well be proud of. She is "making good" and better. She and her family of which she is the main-stay and braces too, spent the summer in their Lake George camp. Went to the N. Y. Lasell Luncheon and had a good time with the eleven girls of her day: Sees Miss Barrows at the Teachers' College once in a while; has six classes in cooking, the smallest 29 and largest 36, all doing individual work. Also a class in sewing. As her salary has increased each year there is good reason to know she is doing good work. We know she would do good work anyhow, salary or no salary *for we know her.* Alice lives at 504 W. 112th St., N. Y.

A characteristic letter from Annie May Pinkham Allyn, '02, shortly after her arrival in Winnipeg, in which she appreciates the prompt call of Annie Crowe who, "is much in demand," says she hadn't been able to get a maid and adds, "My Lasell training always comes to me in such an emergency but the only criticism I can make is that the Winslows should lend their baby to be used in Experimental Housekeeping, for to do the work when there is nothing to interrupt is a different proposition from doing it when one baby or the other calls mama away three or four times an hour." I submit that the point is well taken and suggest that the Winslow babies be put to use at once. Annie saw Grace Tirrell just before leaving Montreal, who told her of her own engagement and Edith Harris': says that Clare Hammond Partridge has had an anxious time nursing her husband who had a serious operation a month after their marriage but that he was recovering; that Kate Kendrick Cole lost her twin boys who were the third pair of twin boys in 1902 class. (That *is* a record!) That her own kiddies are fine and enjoyed the trip out; that she expects to move again within a year, "so, no telling we may yet get to the Pacific Coast!" Annie's address in Winnipeg is 290 River Ave.

Ada Cadmus McCoy, '98, wrote a most friendly letter regretting her absence when I tried to find her last summer, that I did not meet "my fine handsome husband and my two lovely children." So was I, Ada! She says, "I have such sweet memories of my life at Lasell. I often think I'd love to go back for Com't but I am such a sentimental creature that I fear my pleasure would be counter-balanced by my serious thoughts. I always go to the Lasell Club Luncheon when I can and enjoy seeing the girls. Miss Packard didn't look one day older than when I graduated eleven years ago. She was a dear amiable woman, one I always loved." She writes more but it is too precious to share. Ada has a fine home at 112 Washington St., East Orange, N. J. I shall surely come again, Ada, if I ever can!

Edith Burke Wells writes: "Now I have the Lasell girl and the Harvard boy!" She gives due credit to Lasell saying, "Take away the gymnasium work and I would now be under a doctor's care instead of the mother of two perfectly healthy, happy babies. Take away the cooking lessons and I would now be at the mercy of unskilled help, instead of guiding the household machinery without noticeable jars!" Edith's husband is a member of the House of Representatives. She writes very gratefully of the friendly neighborliness of Amy Kelley Adams "all through Lasell." Edith was born at Lasell while her beloved and able father was teacher so we call her "The Lasell baby."

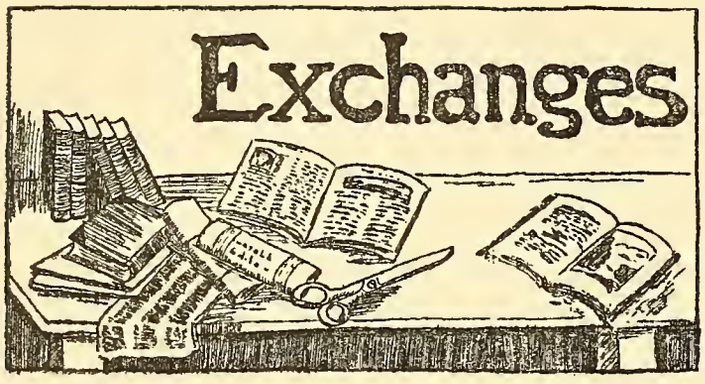
Charlotte Ryder, knows how to write a good letter and makes the pages follow in their proper and sensible order, as Lasell used to try to teach you! Tells of a trip West when she met many Lasell girls and gives news of them, and of her sister's success in settlement work. I am coming to Bangor, some time, Charlotte, to see you, so look out!

Now you have my news up to date.

C. C. B.

Lasell welcomes most cordially to her ranks these latest new girls: Charlotte I. Harris, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mabel Kniffen, Denver, Colo.; Tessa G. May, Minneapolis, Minn.; Helen L. Richards, Montclair, N. J.; Helen Stephens, Ithaca, N. Y.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Gallaher, Harris, May, Richards, Helene Hamilton, Merrill, Linn, Wendt, Butterworth, Thirkield, Parker.



The Leaves is glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following for December:—"Bates Student," "Tattler," "Owl," "Scroll," "New Trier Echoes," "Mirror," "Chronicle," (King Edwards School), "Les Collines," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Review" (Shamokin High) "Review," (Newton High) "Commerce Caravel," "Bulletin," (Wheaton) "College Monthly," "School life," "Megaphone," "Herald," and the "Lal Bagh Chronicle" for November.

In the first numbers of their respective papers the Exchange Editors, with almost no exception, set forth their ideas of the mission of this department. They were agreed that the essential requirement is to help other publications by kindly criticism. To this idea we most heartily gave our assent, and it is, therefore, with great disappointment that we see some of our contemporaries dropping back into the old, careless habit of one-line criticism, interspersed with pointless jokes taken from other magazines. Brace up, fellow editors! Your lot is not easy, but, for all that, don't go back on your self-set standards. Don't leave some of us blindly stumbling along, not knowing whether you have seen aught of our efforts, or, if you have, what you thought of them.

This month we read, with much interest, the review of Prof. Creighton's address in the "Dalhousie Gazette;" a description given of the new Nova Scotia Technical College was, also, much appreciated, both for its facts, and for its splendid phrasing; and so on, through the magazine, we read with pleasure until we reached the Exchange column. Here, indeed, was a lack of effort and energy. Think of an Exchange column composed of two quotations from a monthly magazine, four quotations from Exchanges, and a list of the papers received!

"The Owl" says of us:—"Lasell Leaves" for November is quite up to its usual standard of excellence. Especially interesting and amusing is the story, "My Kitchen Experiences." Now the thing to do is to make the "usual standard" a little higher.

Old girls called: Stella Wadhams, '83, Martha Laurens, '07, Florence Lane, '07, Ethel Lasell Decker (and Mr. Decker), Adelaide Roberts Hewey.

Passed Away.

Lasell is remembering in tender sympathy these days a former student, Therese Dudley Dill, whose father Gen. W. W. Dudley passed away in Washington, D. C., on December 15th. General Dudley occupied many places of trust in Indiana, the state of his adoption.

We extend loving sympathy to our former school mate, Laura Simons, in the recent bereavement over the loss of her mother, which occurred at the holiday season.

A recent number of Zion's Herald contains the notice of the passing away of our Martha E. Avery, of the Class of '96. At the time of her death she was teacher of music in the Co-operative School for Girls at Bedford City, Va. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives and friends.

Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former, and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a life time.

The Two Angels.

The following allegory is told among the Turks:

Every man has two guardian angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. In doing good the angel on the right shoulder notes it down and sets a seal upon it, for what is done is done forever. When evil is committed the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, but he waits until midnight before he seals it. If by that time the man bows his head and says, "Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel blots out the fault, but if not he seals it at midnight, and then the angel on the right shoulder weeps.

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poacher is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaded along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

Never add the burden of yesterday's trouble to that of tomorrow. The one is past; the other may never come.

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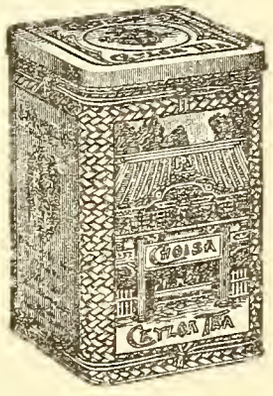
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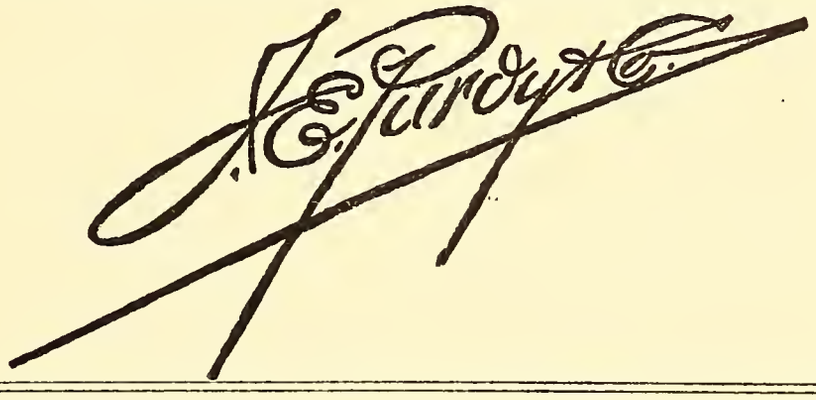
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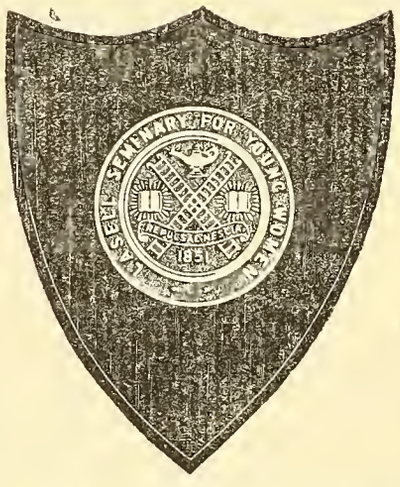
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the stude nts and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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A Friendly Word.

The middle term, the longest one of the school year, is now well on its way, and conditions are very different from those of last September when the greater number of us were new-comers; now, no longer strangers, we live happily together as one family.

The days are fleeing quickly away, therefore let us make the most of our remaining time. These are just the years when a girl should resolve to acquire those finer traits and characteristics which always win esteem and love, and knit fast between herself and her friends the ties of affection. If she ignores or undervalues these years and the priceless gifts they offer, willfully disregarding the question of right and wrong, she will surely lack these qualities, and will sooner or later lose her worthiest friends. This is not an alluring prospect. All of us treasure our friends,—those who understand us and with whom we may be frankly ourselves. But on friendship a word further. Do not allow it to become too familiar, else you desecrate it, as Emerson says. You remember his words,—"I do friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them." And again, "The essence of friendship is entireness and trust."

To me, trust brings honest dealing with others to mind. It is not always easy to be fair and square perhaps, and yet one can never be really happy unless one is so. Be true to yourself first of all, to your very best self. No one will respect you, if you have not the greatest respect for yourself. Among the worst foes to self-respect are sundry habits which at first seem perfectly harmless, but later show themselves to be serious dangers. Among these, is the habit of borrowing our neighbors' possessions and then forgetting to return them; and that of telling bits of gossip about others apparently with no ill-will, or ugly meaning, but pretty soon taking on such characteristics, and eventually becoming ingrained in our characters. Finally, people find out what we are, and our friends one by one drop off. Therefore to be true to one's ideals, to be true to what is best in us, is after all the only real wisdom.

Valentine the Beloved.

The wind whistled and howled through the bare branches of the leafless trees that edged the broad white city street. A few snow flakes fell from the leaden sky to the cold pavement below. It was growing late and the bright lights were beginning to disappear from the windows.

A small, frail, ill-clad figure, a little boy, hastened along the slippery sidewalk, murmuring to himself. If he could only reach, before the doors closed, the great warm building gladly open to receive him. But alas! it was growing very late. All the people in the great houses at his side were slowly extinguishing their brilliant lights, and soon the city would be dark. A snow flurry had set in, and the child realized that he could never reach the "Great Faith Home." Sinking to the pavement and crouching close to the side of a tree box, the little boy began to sob. A night-watchman passed, and grimly bade him move on, and with hesitating steps the child walked slowly towards the water, for the city stood by the sea.

Finally the snow storm ceased, and the moon, showing between the rack of flying cloud, shed its silvery light upon the white earth. The coast stretched away as far as the eye could see, all rough and broken. A cold wind blew and covered the dull green waves with hundreds of tiny white caps, which grew as they neared the beach, until finally they became great foaming billows, and beat madly against the high rocky coast where they were whipped into the finest snowy spray that rose full twenty feet into the air. A dull roar rose from the ceaseless waves

Leafless and Bare.

After a night of storm, the world, decked in garments of silver,
Tempted me, beckoning, "Come, see how fair is the rough mood of Winter."
And I wandered deep in the forest, where the brooklet rippled in summer
Fast bound in fetters of ice, its soft cheery murmur now silenced.
The branches outstretched o'er my head, once veiling the pathway with shadow,
Still arch the snow-shrouded glade, their long, gaunt fingers entwining,
Forming a net-work of lace 'twixt me and the gray vault above me.
Leafless and bare, in their nakedness still is a beauty transcendent;
Fairer than spring in its verdure, the deep summer quiet and calmness;
Rivalling even in grandeur the many hued garlands of autumn.
Never could art of the painter e'en catch but a hint of this glory,
One Master alone could produce it. So rare indeed, was the picture,
I scarce drew a breath as I watched, lest the scene, but a vision of fancy,
Should vanish forever. The tree-trunks, gray and covered with mosses,
Were hidden with soft, clinging snow. The low-growing bushes about me
Drooped 'neath their burdens of white; each snow-laden branch in the woodland
Low-bent. No more grim and eerie-like, woe-begone spectres appearing,
But robed in dazzling whiteness, their outlines softened and graceful.
Over my head, the branches swept with the breath of the chill wind
Glittered with coatings of ice, each tiniest twig, each dead leaflet
Sparkling with crystalline splendor, reflecting the beams of the sunlight
With flashes of diamond brightness, of amethyst, crystal and topaz.
No sound is here save the murmuring wind whistling keen in the tree-tops;
The crunch of crisp snow underfoot—and anon comes a silvery tinkle
As a twig drops its pendant of pearl which falls to the white slope beneath it.
These sounds break the sense of oppression; a feeling of awe overwhelms me,
And reverence for Him, the Creator of splendors sublime and majestic;
Who lifts but His hand and all Nature is garbed in a glory resplendent.
Ne'er twice is the picture repeated, yet His power never lacks for new wonders.

A. K. '11.

The Old Stage Coach.

The stage coach, the successor of the pony express, is now practically a thing of the past, but in its day it was a most useful institution. It originally carried mail only; passengers were extras, to increase the profit of the manager. A contract was let by the government to the lowest bidder to run the stage-line for a period of four years. The routes were sometimes several hundred miles long, and the government required a speed-rate of from six to eight miles an hour, with changes of horses for every twelve to twenty miles, and changes of drivers for every fifty miles. They ran night and day, and must make a start even in the most disagreeable weather. Sometimes the roads were staked out by small ever-greens which stuck up out of the snow drifts to guide them.

Many a time the traveler got up in the chill grey dawn, had a hasty breakfast and took the first car to the stage office. The stage left Great Falls at six o'clock for Lewistown, the centre of the Judith Basin, and at that time the largest town known off the railroad and a hundred and twenty miles from Great Falls. In going to our own ranch, for example, we had to reach a point between the extremities of the route and about seventy-five miles from Great Falls; and we were glad of as many traveling companions as possible, both for company and for the greater comfort that numbers, and especially weight, brought in riding. The box of the stage was swung on leather straps, and the rocking on the rough roads was terrific when but one person alone was inside. The baggage was tied to the back and top, and the driver sat on a high seat in front to manage the four horses, one of which was usually a bronco, and given to more or less excitement.

Much of the trouble due to the horses could have been avoided with proper handling. On one of our trips the off wheelers' harness came unhooked in some way, and the driver, handing me the reins, got out and kicked the horse to get him in place. This frightened the leaders and they started on a run. The only passenger inside the coach half jumped and half fell out of the vehicle and the driver was knocked out of the way. After they had been turned to the hill and had nearly reached the top, the horses finally had to stop for breath, and the driver had then no difficulty in coming up and adjusting the harness. He was more careful and less brutal than before, however.

At another time one poor horse was ruined through the carelessness of the driver. In going down the steep grades when the roads were icy and slippery, a chain was usually wrapped around the rim of the wheel and the ends fastened to the axle of the front running-gear, But this time the driver said we would "shot gun" the hill, this is to run the horses down without chaining the wheels. As they turned a sharp corner almost at the end of the descent, one of the wheelers fell. When he went down the stage ran into the other wheeler and the tongue goaded the leader. They bolted forward and before they could be stopped the poor wheeler had been dragged nearly to death. It was with great difficulty that we reached the nearest station with him. The accident ended his days as a stage-horse.

In a snow storm it was often hard to keep to the road and as our route was not staked, it was at times very hard to avoid straying from it. Once we started from the ranch at about dark, with the inside of the coach lighted by an oil lantern. The snow began to drift down until the prairie was one boundless, trackless snow-drift, alike in every direction. Six times that night we got out and hunted with the lantern, kicking up the snow to find some trace of the frozen ruts of the road. We were about fourteen hours in covering the twenty miles to the next station, and were all so tired and cold that we could not then go on further. In the afternoon it was warmer and we went on to the next station, a small town, from which we took the freight train to the city the next day.

The "old-timers" could tell many more tales about the stage and its accidents and escapes, but all are now things of the past. The railroads have taken the place of the stage and no one is sorry, although in its day its service was greatly appreciated.

J. H. '10.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

There is an odd theory, which many people believe, and which is certainly harmless, that sleeplessness may often be cured in the following odd way: Move your bed out into the room so that no part of bed or covers will touch the wall. Then place under each caster of the bed a piece of rubber or a rubber overshoe, or set the caster in a thick glass dish. Then go to bed, making sure the covers do not touch the wall. Thus the bed and yourself will be cut off from all electric contact with floor or wall. Such absence of electric contact, it is claimed, will make you sleep better. It is said to have cured stubborn cases of insomnia.

So you're 'way down in the dumps—
  Blue, you say?
Think you've played out all your trumps?
  Oh, go 'way!
Life's not like a game of poker;
In this game you use the Joker;
It's the card you hold the longest;
It's the one you find the strongest;
Laugh, and drive the blues away!
  Laugh I say!

—*Century.*

The Bitter Message.

The sun had long ago dropped behind the rosy western hills, and the shades of night were drawing on. In the west swam in the darkening sky, a pale gold crescent, with one glittering star by its side. The day had been warm, oppressively so, but now with the coming night, a cool breeze blew. All evening they had wandered about in the hills, 'mid the tombs of the high priests, and finally weary with roaming, and with the heat, the day now done, Jiro and his mother returned to their little hut, on the top of the hill. This dilapidated little hut was made of roughly-hewn logs, covered with lichen and creeping vines, and in summer time the birds built their tiny nests in and out among the eaves. Time and the cold western winds that had blown from the misty mountain tops during winter's icy reign, had found and somehow widened a little gap in the roof, through which crack drifting masses of white cloud in the purple sky looked serenely down, and seemed as if guarding the occupants of the room.

What a pathetic scene the little dwelling-place now witnessed! In this one bare room, the only one the hut contained, was chilling silence, except for the sobs of the grief-stricken mother. Jiro sank down on the mass of dry cherry leaves, heaped upon the bare brown earth, which served as floor to the little hut, his lithe brown arms, stealing around her waist as he did so, and drawing her down by his side. Through the window from the ocean came the breeze, fanning the damp hair from the boy's forehead.

Long did the mother and son sit there ere a word passed their lips. They could see far down in the valley the gleaming lights of Tokio,—Tokio, the city of a thousand gods! Finally a prayer escaped the mother's lips,—but the gods heeded not; else they did not hear.

Lower, ever lower the pale crescent descended, till the western verge was reached. Sweeter and more fragrant grew the ocean breezes, as they wafted the faint perfume from the blossoming trees below.

"Ah! my son," said the mother, "how sweet had life seemed ere this message came! How, oh, how could the Mikado do it? You were your father's pride and your mother's life." The son pressed her little hand, and his young lips quivered. "Could we not, my boy," she continued, "go to some far distant land? No one need ever know—I can not give you up! You were my gift from the gods, and I have loved you so!"

Once more the boy moved restlessly as he cut at the leaves with a shining weapon. Then he lifted his hand and passed the gleaming dagger to his mother. On the dainty white handle these words were carved: "Better to die in peace than to live in dishonor." This message was the secret of the great sorrow of this mother and her son. He had displeased the Mikado, and this was his reward. It had come earlier in the day, encased in most gorgeous wrappages. The mother in an ecstacy of joy, had clasped the small package to her heart, thinking it to be a new honor for her son. She could hardly wait until he came home that noon. Meeting him at the door, she had placed it in his hand, saying with a joyous smile.

"Take it, my son. It is from the Mikado."

What a blow it had been for the two when the message stood revealed! Not dreaming of disobeying it, the two had wandered forth in the heat of day, into the purple hills to the home of the thousand gods, and now night had come, and, as the mother raised her brown eyes to the gleaming crescent, her heart seemed bursting with sorrow. A faint cry escaped her lips.

"My son, you must not die."

"Dear mother, do not dream of disobeying

the laws of 'The House of Wattomo.' I must die this night and you, oh little mother, will go back and pray for the soul of your only son in the 'Temple of the Thousand Gods.' "

New stars grew and glittered in the sky, and yet the mother and son moved not. Only once she pressed his hand tighter in hers, as she said, "My son, my son."

His arms stole closer around her neck, as he drew her to the doorway, with her hot cheek beside his, and pointed to a white sail far out on the deep blue ocean.

"See, see!" he cried, "'tis the ship of Life. Watch, mother, it will soon fade away."

As they wandered back to the tombs, not far from the little room, where they had spent many, oh! so many happy hours, he drew his arm from around her neck, and pressed a kiss on her hot brow. He stood one moment on the low tomb, held his arms up to the skies, the dagger glistened in the moonlight, and Jiro lay in a little heap on the moss covered tomb!

With one heart broken sob, the little mother jumped from the tomb, and shook her small head like some hunted animal. She grabbed the dagger from the still hand of her son and one moment later it was buried in her soft flesh.

Thus were the laws of the Mikado obeyed. "They had preferred to die in peace than live in dishonor."

And for many years the moon looking down from above bathed the little hut in its light; and touched with its silvery radiance the white gleam of the tomb near by.

N. C. '10.

In a recent test of a new German high speed telegraph apparatus 2,000 distinctly recorded words were transmitted 430 miles in five minutes.

Plants cannot live if deprived of their leaves.

Two Enjoyable Lectures.

On the evenings of February 9 and 10, Prof. Wm. R. Brooks, the noted astronomer of Hobart College, gave two of his popular lectures in the Chapel. "The Morning and Evening Stars" was the topic for the first evening. The speaker discussed the appearance and movements of the planets giving special attention to Venus and Mars. With unusual skill in presenting his subject in simple language, and with the aid of well chosen lantern pictures he made clear the mechanism of the Solar System, and such matters as the phases of Venus, favorable conjunctions of Mars, etc. Much was added to the interest by extended allusions to the romantic history of the astronomical discoveries of Gallileo, Herschel and others, and speculations as to the conditions on Mars and Venus both of which planets Prof. Brooks thinks may be inhabited by living beings.

The latter part of the lecture was devoted to a description and pictures of constellations, nebulae and other interesting objects visible in the evening sky at this season of the year.

The subject of the second lecture was the very timely one of "Comets and Meteors." As the greatest living discoverer of comets, Prof. Brooks speaks upon this topic with peculiar authority; and the fascinating story of discovery and reappearances of comets and meteoric showers was listened to with breathless interest. The pictures showed a fine series of comets, many of them by photographic reproduction. Of particular interest was a reproduction of the photographic plate from which Halley's Comet was first discovered on its recent reappearance last September by Prof. Max Wolf of Heidelburg.

The speaker explained the present position of Halley's Comet in its orbit and by means of a chart showed its changing position rel-

atively to the earth and sun during the next few months, and made the interesting prediction that the earth will pass through the comet's tail.

Prof. Brooks has visited Lasell several times in previous years and never fails to charm his audiences, not only by his enthusiasm and ready command of details but by stately diction and fine platform manner.

"No. 70"

If you've lost a coat or book
  For which you've searched in vain,
In "Seventy," if you will look,
  I think you'll find it again.
Now, "Seventy" must hold some charm
  For articles mislaid,
For if you look, though with alarm,
  Your trouble's e'er repaid.

There on the table, or the shelf,
  Is the book you couldn't find,
How stupid then you call yourself
  To have been so very blind
As not to see it there before,
  When you, with utmost care,
Searched for it! Was it on the floor?
You didn't put it there!

'Tis here the envied Seniors come
  To wait between their classes—
Some come for study, some for fun!
  These stately, black-robed lassies.
Sometimes they hold a meeting there,
  But what goes on inside
To ask them we should never dare,
  Who here without abide.

Comes there a time when hats and coats
  Of strange, suspicious make
Lie all about upon the chairs—
  A sight to make one quake!
"Those hats belong to men, I know!"
  Their presence do not fear—
They're in the parlors all, I trow,—
  A reception calls them here!

But "Seventy" 's most popular
  At chapel-time, and then,
When ev'ry girl impatient hopes
  For letters, one—two—three!
And some, more lucky than the rest,
  In its dim corners find
That "Seventy" 's a place to rest
  And read, where walls are blind!

M. K. F., '12.

Professor Hills' Recital.

Directly after dinner on the evening of January twenty-sixth, an informal recital was given by the pupils of Professor Hills in the gymnasium. This was at first intended for Professor Hills' pupils only, but later it was decided to extend an invitation to any in the school who cared to attend. A large number were present. The programme, although it had been prepared with a view to displaying the regular work of the class only, and not as a concert programme, proved very enjoyable and showed the careful work of both teacher and pupils. It was marked by a finish and careful attention to detail which speaks very highly for his training. The programme was as follows:

Duo, Prelude and Fugue, Voght
Misses Ferry and Knight.

Melodie-Arietta, Schytte
Miss Gregson.

Tarantelle, Pejoncka
Miss Hirshfield.

Will o' the Wisp, MacDowell
Miss Irma Levi.

Romance, Schumann
Miss Stults.

Aupschwing, Schumann
Miss Lee.

I. Un tour de Valse,
II. Du Rouet, Schutt
III. Silence des Bois,
Miss Berman.

Fantaisie Impromptu, Chopin
Miss Knight.

Melodie, Stojowski
Miss Ordway.

Rondo E Flat, Weber
Miss ter Kuile.

Marche, Hungarian, Liszt
Misses ter Kuile, Knight, Ordway, Stults.

New York has 2,000 canalboats of all kinds at present, but the fleet will soon be increased by many large ones for service on the new Erie canal.

Quaint Shops I Have Known.

Of the many, many quaint shops in Mexico, the two that appeal most to me are the meat shop and the bakery. There are many fine stores in that interesting city but the majority are very odd and very foreign, different from any we have in the United States.

The Mexican meat shops are very small indeed seen from the outside, and still smaller seen from within, being in dimensions hardly more than ten by twelve feet, and some even smaller than this. It does not seem possible that there should be room to move about inside so tiny a house, and indeed not many can, for an unusual number of customers makes it necessary that those coming late join the line extending out into the street, and await their turn. Meat shops, as well as all other Mexican stores, have very peculiar names; such for instance as, "The Nest," "Fifth of May," "The Bear," and "Spring." Inside the store is a counter covered with tin, behind which the venders stand. Above this hangs the meat on hooks, suspended from the ceiling; and as each order is given, the men cut it off with large treacherous-looking knives, weigh it on a pair of very old-fashioned scales placed on the counter, and hand it to the purchaser. As no paper is furnished by the storekeepers, the buyers bring their own paper, or maybe a plate, or something in which to carry it home. Meat in Mexico is not cut at all as it is in our country, so one needs to be a pretty good judge of it, to be able to get just what one asks for. Always in one of these stores is a bucket of lard at one side, and by this a man stands and digs it out with a large flat stick as it is asked for by the customers. This, as well as all other foods, is bought in very small quantities by the Mexicans, who never buy at one time more than what is needed for one meal.

There are two classes of bakeries; one for the more substantial bread or biscuits and the other for pastry. The latter is without doubt the most interesting. They are built within a few inches of the side-walk, and the end nearest the walk is left perfectly open, the hut having only three sides. The lower part is of adobe and stone, and the slanting roof is of shingles. They are about sixteen by twenty feet and some have an adjoining bedroom, while others serve as both bedroom and bakery, and are occupied by the family, both day and night. After ten o'clock in the evening they retire, stretching potato sacks up over the open side, curtain-wise, for protection. The bakers are up very early, busily getting their cakes ready for the oven. These ovens, in which all the baking is done, are large mound-shaped things, built of stone and mud. A fire is placed inside and left until the oven is thoroughly heated, when it is taken out and replaced by tins of cakes, which bake in a very short time. When well heated, the ovens stay hot for about half a day.

One who has never seen such shops as these, would think them impossible, on account of their smallness; but the bakers are very much awake, and according to their standards they do a great business.

E. M. '11.

POISONOUS GAS GEYSER.

In the midst of the great faunal wilderness near Nairobi, Africa, is a big blowhole in the earth issuing poisonous gases. Surrounding this hole for many yards are piled bones of dead animals poisoned by this gas geyser. Dogs dragged by ropes over the hole were killed in less than a minute. The gas has been found to be hydrochloric, coming from some volcanic depth. The death trap has been fenced and billed with warnings.—*New York Press.*

America cuts yearly some 20,000,000,000 cubic feet of lumber over and above what is lost by fire and other natural causes.

Mackinac Island.

Mackinac Island, reserved by the United States as one of its national parks, is an historical place as well as a popular summer resort, and last summer I had the pleasure of visiting it. We took the trip from home by boat, arriving in the harbor before six o'clock in the morning, and as we approached the wharf we had a most beautiful view of the place. The sun had just risen above the old fort on the summit of a high hill in the center of the Island; on either side of it were peaceful woods, while along the shore wound a road promising delightful drives. The whole island was enveloped in a blue haze, and was magically lovely.

Not far from our hotel was an old French Mission, founded about 1756 by the French priests, which we visited on our first day. It was a pleasant walk thither, leading us near the shore, and made more enjoyable by the shade of beautiful trees, which, had probably been standing for nearly a century. Occasionally we saw an old house, looking almost as aged as the trees. The Mission is typical of the early Spanish churches of America, and services are still held there. The ancient appearance of the buildings has fortunately been largely preserved. From the hotel porch a fine view of the Straits of Mackinac is to be had, and here we rested after our visit to the Mission.

One who takes the outside place for the drive about the island has the best opportunity of seeing its many interesting features, one of which is Arch Rock, a huge rock poised on a high precipice overlooking the Straits. It has in the center a large hole through which one sees a charming view of blue waters. It has been for many years as it now is, and was once considered so safe that persons have walked across the top of the arch; but this is not now permitted as the rock is crumbling away, and the feat is a dangerous one. After a short drive from here through a cool forest of pines, we come to Sugar Loaf, an immense oval rock, towering above everything around it, and so steep that few attempt to climb it. A little further on in a very quiet spot in the woods, is an old cemetery, where are the graves of Indians and of early settlers. Many of the tombstones have been here so long that the epitaphs are now very faint, and some of them not legible at all. On another part of the shore, on a bluff, are the beautiful summer homes of many prominent people, and driving by these we arrive at the fort. A few of the buildings still stand, but not much of interest now remains. For a century it has stood here suffering meanwhile many things at the hands of Indians, British and Americans.

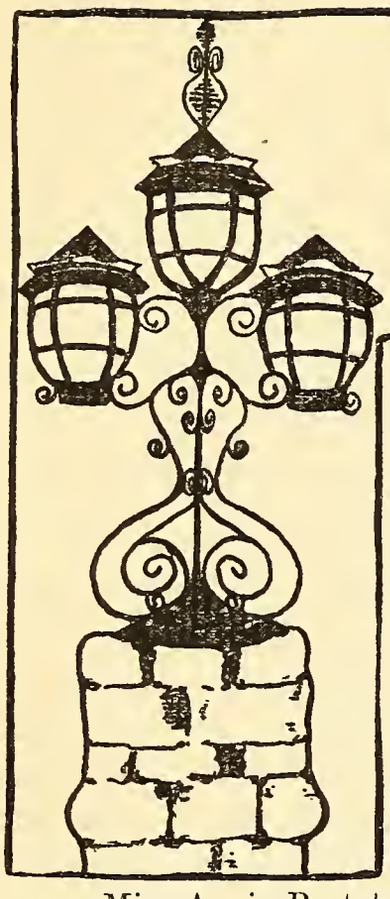
Down near the wharves are the shops full of souvenirs, like those of all summer resorts, and it is down in this part that many of the Indians live, and sell canoes, and beautifully woven baskets made of sweet smelling grass.

During the two weeks of my summer vacation spent here I enjoyed, besides these things, many delightful walks through the pine forests, many beautiful views, and the perpetual freshness of the air, for which Mackinac Island is especially noted.

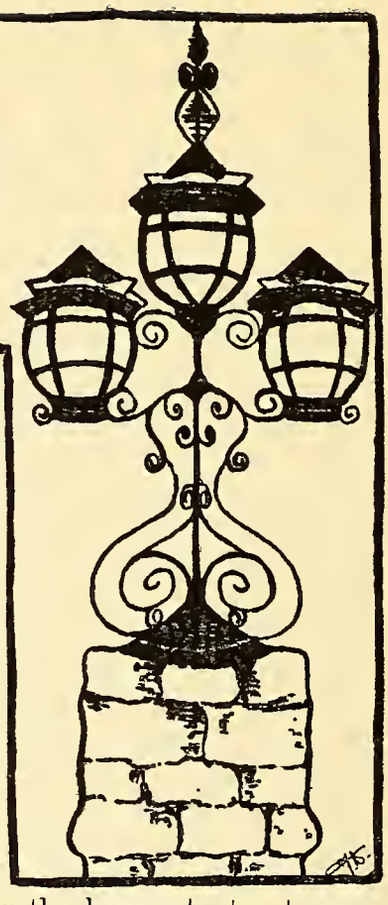
TUNING A BELL.

No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true tone. As a matter of fact, every bell sounds five notes all of which must blend together harmoniously. If one is the least bit out the tone will be spoiled.

The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the second by the vibrations a little higher up, the third still higher up, and so on to the fifth, which is produced quite near the top. As the character of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal, it is possible by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell to alter the five notes until they are all in harmony.



LOCALS



Jan. 20—This evening we were favored with a fine lecture on Michel Angelo by Professor Powers. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon slides. Professor Powers told us of Michel Angelo's early life, and his first works, but dwelt mostly on his great work, the ceiling at St. Peters, Rome. He showed the different pictures representing the creation of man, and explained the meanings of the different sibyls and prophets.

Jan. 22. At the lecture hour this afternoon, Miss Annie Rust told us a little of the beginning of the Kindergarten School System in Boston, of its origin and work.

Jan. 23. Instead of the regular Vesper Service, the school attended the Congregational church, when Rev. Mr. Stocking spoke.

Jan. 26. This evening Professor Hills' pupils gave an informal recital in the gymnasium. A program of this concert has been given elsewhere.

Jan. 27. Tonight we had with us our friend, Professor Bailey, who gave us a most interesting lecture on "Pictures I Should Like to live With."

Jan. 29. Dr. Winslow gave us an instructive talk this afternoon on "The Pests of New England," telling us of the gypsy and brown tail moth, of their life and growth.

This evening the Senior Class gave a banquet to the Junior Class at the Woodland Park Hotel. Seventy of the scholars, also Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter, enjoyed this entertainment. During the banquet, toasts were given. Miss Goodall as toast mistress, gave the toast of class of 1911, Miss Ordway responded with toast for class of 1910, Miss Puchta for the Faculty, Miss Sayre for Friendship, Dr. Winslow for the Alumnæ, and Miss Woodward for Alma Mater.

Jan. 30. At the Vesper service this evening Rev. C. M. Southgate, a former pastor of the Congregational church here, now Superintendent of the Massachusetts Bible Society, spoke to us on "Loyalty."

Feb. 3. Again we had with us our friend Mrs. Coolidge, who gave us a most interesting stereopticon lecture on European cathedrals.

Feb. 5. Under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, a mock wedding was held in the gymnasium.

Feb. 6. The Vesper service this evening was led by Miss Josephine Fisk, one of the Deaconess of Boston.

Feb. 9. It afforded us great pleasure to

again welcome Prof. Brooks, who gave us two most instructive lectures this week on "Morning and Evening Stars," and "Meteors and Comets."

Feb. 10. At chapel Dr. Gordon read us, "He knew Lincoln," a charming little book acquainting us with the beautiful character of that great man.

Feb. 11. A large number of girls attended the play, "What Every Woman Knows" this evening.

Feb. 13. Our Vesper service was led by Mrs. Clark, who gave us a fascinating account of her trip around the world from which she has just returned.

The New England Luncheon.

The Lasell mid-winter Reunion and Luncheon was held at Hotel Vendome, Monday, Jan. 31st, and is a delightful memory to those who were present. Not only were the "old girls" on hand, but many of the teachers. A social hour preceded the daintily served dinner, at which in little groups around the tables the old time stories were told again with a new relish, which the intervening years had given them.

At the close Dr. Winslow brought the greetings of our Alma Mater, and in his quiet way mentioning some of the improvements of the past year. Miss Potter with her usual gracious manner, added others, not forgetting to mention one of the latest Lasell girls, Marjorie Winslow. It was delightful to have Mrs. Winslow with us. A characteristic letter from Dr. Bragdon was heartily welcomed. Miss Ford sang very acceptably for us. We were honored in having with us Miss Gertrude Taggart, who as chairman of the Carpenter Memorial Fund was in Boston to meet the committee. Her tribute to Miss Carpenter was a loyal one that found a response in all our hearts. Surely every girl will do what she can to forward these plans suggested by Miss Taggart and her efficient committee.

A telegram was sent to Dr. Bragdon, and messages to Miss Blaisdell. The following were present:

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow; Mary Shaw Rogers, '56; Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57; Emma Sears May, '57; Carrie Spear, '57; Lillie R. Potter, '80; Jessie J. Macmillan, '82; Sephie Mason Dumas, '83; Lillian Packard, '83; Nellie Packard Draper, '84; Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95; Louise Barnes Douglass, '96; Gertrude Taggart, '97; Alice Jenckes Wilson, '99; Helen Rishell, '99; Ruth Rishell Frick, '99; Elsie Reynolds, '00; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03; Josephine Holmes Perkins, '04; Grace Hardy, '04; Ella Hazelton, '04; A. Katharine Jenckes, '04; Irene Sauter Sanford, '06; Helen Carter Marcy, '06; Edith Anthony Carlow, '06; Dorothea Turner, '06; Mildred Peirce, '06; Maude B. Simes, '06; Ethel P. Wilde, '07; Edna Wheaton, '09; Anna Louise Conant, '09; Anna Andrews Barris; Alice C. Ballard; Edna Cooke Tarlton; A. M. Chamberlain; Marion W. Eldredge; Ruth E. Evans; Jane Ford Amesbury; Bertha Harris Armington; Grace A. Johnson; Pauline Lane Maxfield; A. Lizzie Mann; Elizabeth Peirce; Cora Penniman MacFarland; LaVerne Reynolds Johnson; Gertrude Reynolds; Annie Seeley Springer; Ida Stebbins Jarvis; Edna L. Thurston; Mary Ransom Wagner; Evalyn P. Warren; Emma Wall Pinkham; Grace P. Wells; Beatrice M. Whitney; Prof. Joseph A. Hills; Margaret Rand; Desdemona Heinrich; Frances King Dolley; Mary L. Nutt; Mlle. Jennie LeRoyer; Priscilla White; Louisa F. Parkhurst.

The following cordial message from Dr. Bragdon was read by Helen Rishell, '99, the chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

"Dear Girls—Why can a body of young up-to-date women like you care to hear from an old, superannuated Principal Emeritus? That is my first thought; and the second is *not* like unto it; you care for our famous and beloved school, and are glad to hear from any one who loves it, and its girls, and has had something to do with its up-building. You want to know that his faith is still strong, his ambition for it still afire, his approval of its present conduct hearty and well-founded.

If I am right in thus interpreting your thought, I am the man!

I send you my hearty greeting and loving good wishes for the year to come.

Don't starve yourselves for the sake of getting a chance to vote! And don't forget that I want to see you when you come to this coast! And try to be at Lasell in June and begin early in the year to write to all your particular mates to meet you there!

Altho' in the stress of the days you may not see as much of the Principal or teachers as you'd like, you may be sure that their hearts are gladdened by every beloved face they see, and afterward—at least it was so with me—they think you all over and say to themselves, "Wasn't it *nice* that she took the trouble to come?" and are thankful to you *every one!*

We are all well and happy. So many of you sent beautiful Christmas cards, and they quite brightened the day with a stronger color as I studied them over, one by one, and called you and your school days back again.

Lovingly,

C. C. BRAGDON,

A Jolly Evening.

The following clipping from the Podunk Centre Journal may prove of interest to some of our readers.

"One of the most beautiful of the social affairs of the season was the marriage on Saturday, February the first, in the town hall, of Miss Jerushy Marier Peach, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Abe Peach, to Mr. Hiram Hezekiah Blossom."

The Christian Endeavor Society were certainly most successful in planning a delightful evening for all the girls, when they entertained them, in the gymnasium on this evening, February first, with a mock wedding. Many of the girls wore costumes representing the elite of Podunk Centre; entire families including their maids, also various renowned and talented personages were present as guests. After a vocal solo most remarkably rendered by Miss McLean, the bridal procession marched down the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, vigorously and wonderfully elicited from the piano by Miss Woodward.

At the head of the procession was a fine German band, led by Miss Kelsey, who gracefully brandished her staff in the air like a genuine drum-major. Following this band were the bridesmaids and ushers, after whom came the maid of honor, a wee girl with an extensive train and a bunch of four pink rosebuds. Immediately preceding the bride came a flower-girl, curly-haired but rather overgrown, who carried a basket of—fruit! The bride, Miss Gladys Stults, came in leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Beth Brandow, and was met at the front of the hall by the groom, Mr. Josephine Siggins, attended by the best man. Mr. Emily Butterworth officiated, using an extremely clever and original ceremony. The assembled friends were all most enthusiastic in extending their congratulations to the happy couple. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. At a late hour the bride and groom, amid a shower of confetti, departed on a short honeymoon trip.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Plass, Cox, Bailey, Hirschfield, Flynn, Nelson, Harvey, Hall, Utter, Schweppe, Nahigian, Wright, Dike, Edwards, Crafts, Wendt, Terkuile.

Old girls called: Charlotte P. Ryder, '08, Helena Radcliffe, Alice Ballard, Gertrude Tag-Dike, Edwards, Crafts, Wendt, ter Kuile.

Novice.—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest.

Old Stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—*Chicago Tribune.*



Sibyl Webb sends a friendly message, in which Glenna joins and sets the hope before us of having at least one of the sisters at Lasell again another year. Baby Marjorie thanks Sibyl for her cordial welcome.

Minnie Chase, '07, sends for a catalogue to show to friends. Lasell wishes Minnie would "show herself" again at the old school home, for we would like to see her.

From Moradabad, India, comes a word of greeting from Anna Blackstock, '06, and also the annual dues of herself and Isabel, '03, to the Lasell Alumnae Association. Anna signs herself "Your loyal old Lasellian," and she and her sister have shown it in a very practical way.

Alice Grafe, here in '04-'05, sends for her credits, and she is anticipating entering a home University. We are glad to hear from her, and are pleased in looking over the records to find that her standing was most creditable. We wish her all success in her "forward movement."

Our Principal and Mrs. Winslow regretted that they were not able to accept the joint overture of Edith A. Harris, President of the New York Lasell Club, and Edith Allen Thayer, '99, to be the guests at their Lasell Club luncheon. Those present reported as usual a most delightful meeting. An interesting item in Miss Harris's message was the announcement of her engagement to Mr. William Henry Seward of Middletown, New York. Hearty "congratulations are in order."

Etta Wolfe, Mrs. Dr. S. D. Whiting, has set a good example for all girls, according to my way of thinking. First, in marrying without ostentation. Second, in starting at once in her own little home without "help!" Third, in immediately joining the church and taking hold of church work, Etta teaching in the Sunday School, and Dr. Whiting, who is a fine musician, playing the organ. I predict success for that couple. Already the doctor is getting hold professionally. Good!

Anna Howe Shipley, of Lafayette, Ind., is here with two daughters, the third, married, living in Los Angeles. Anna is a trifle grayer of hair than when she was at Lasell. Life has been kind to her, apparently, and she is sweet and gentle as ever.

Lucy Sampson Livermore, of Flagstaff, Arizona, has been spending an anxious series of weeks, Mr. L. being just now convalescent from pneumonia. It is not impossible, as I gathered from Mr. L. (Lucy was out when I called) that they may settle hereabouts. Lucy Roberts Jack, '91, of Bisbee, Arizona, is sorrowed by the recent death of a child in L. A. I haven't particulars, but I am sorry, as all Lucy's friends will be!

Mr. and Mrs. David Parker of Auburndale, (Mrs. Parker was Miss Julia Pickard, whose former home is a Senior Hall this year) are enjoying Pasadena in a very hearty way, and we hope will become permanent residents, tho' the present plan is to return by way of the coast northward, visiting all good points, and taking the Canadian Pacific eastward.

Carrie George, '03, I have heard is here, and Helen Darling, '05, is expected soon.

Katherine Wadsworth is chaperoning on morning rides Marion Hanscome (a cousin of Gertrude Clarke Rayner, '97), who is spending the winter here and making friends all around.

I acknowledge with much pleasure a telegram from sixty-seven teachers and pupils, bringing remembrance from the Midwinter Alumnæ Reunion of Jan. 31. Also an invitation to the

Luncheon of the New York Lasell Club for Feb. 5th, too late for the letter of greeting I would gladly have sent.

The So. Cal. Lasell Club will give its Luncheon on Feb. 25th, at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. Private car and all the "fixings." Hope for a jolly time!

Nellie Hugus Caldwell, of Omaha is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carroll here.

Pasadena, Feb. 2, '10.

C. C. B.

Born February fifth, Theta Frances, daughter of Bessie Roper Conant and Hamilton S. Conant, weight, 9 1-4 pounds, at 43 Mt. Pleasant avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

SPRINKLING A TRESTLE.

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.—*Popular Mechanics.*

A Curious Barometer.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southern-most province of Chile. It consists of the castoff shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Canada has 100,000 Indians among her population of 6,000,000.

The wind gauge on shipboard registers up to 105 miles an hour.



We have received for January:—"Tattler," "Owl," "Scroll," "New Trier Echoes," "Mirror," "Les Collincs," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Review," (Newton) "Commerce Caravel," Bulletin," (Lawrence) "School Life," "Megaphone," "Quarterly Tatler," "Allen Tatler," and "Lal Bagh Chronicle."

To the "Mirror" we extended our heartiest congratulations because of the neat and tasteful cover in which it appears this month. In general, the contents is bright and interesting. The story, "Peggy," is good, although some what bare of detail, and hurried in progression. Our feeling of admiration suffers a sudden death, however, when we come to the Exchange column. Here we find a whole page devoted to a list of magazines received, and—nothing more. It is easy to make a list of acknowledgments fill a page, by putting in the school and address of each. But, if the Editor of this section had used the same amount of energy, devoted to filling up space, in a few criticisms she would not have so materially lowered the standard of her paper.

The Exchange editor of the LEAVES has a faint impression that few of the papers keep any record of Exchanges received. Of course, there is the *possibility* that Uncle Sam does not faithfully perform his duty. However, the fact still remains that month after month the above mentioned Editor works assiduously at addressing, and mailing the LEAVES only to get back papers stamped "Please Exchange." It does

seem as though the red ink, and rubber stamp could be used with more discrimination.

It is interesting, and, at the same time, disheartening to compare the work now being done by many of the Exchange editors with the first articles written by them in the fall. They have, undoubtedly, found that "it is easier said than done," and have, therefore, given up.

In the "Lal Bagh Chronicle" of Lucknow, Indiana, we find the following notice in regard to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Agra in October:—"Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clarke came (to the Isabella Thoburn College) accompanied by some twenty of their American fellow travelers." We are sure that the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke gladdened the hearts of the girls in that far away school as such an occasion never fails to do, here at Lasell.

The "Scroll" says of us:—"The literary department of the "Lasell Leaves" is beyond reproach. Such a wealth of good stories is exceptional.

In "School Life" we find the following:—"We are glad to receive "Lasell Leaves" again as it is a paper worthy of commendation. You are to be congratulated on the many bright and interesting stories in your November issue."

Passed Away.

We are holding very tender thoughts these days of our Lela Goodall, '08, and her sister Mildred, who are mourning the loss of their grandmother, Mrs. Ruth Goodall, who passed away very suddenly in Daytona, Florida, on Sunday, February 13th.

On December 5th Judge Walter B. Cope, formerly of the Superior bench of Santa Barbara County, California, and recently president of the San Francisco Bar Association, died at his home. Judge Cope was the husband of our Dasie Hartson, '94. Our sympathy is extended to this bereaved Lasell girl.

IN PILGRIM PLYMOUTH

EVERY PERSON interested in one of the most entertaining sections of New England is invited to send for free sample copies of the Old Colony Memorial, the weekly newspaper devoted to the "doings" of Pilgrim Plymouth.

Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, Mass.

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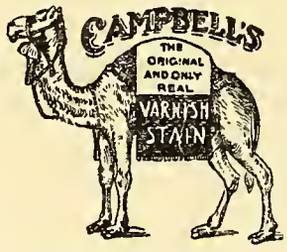
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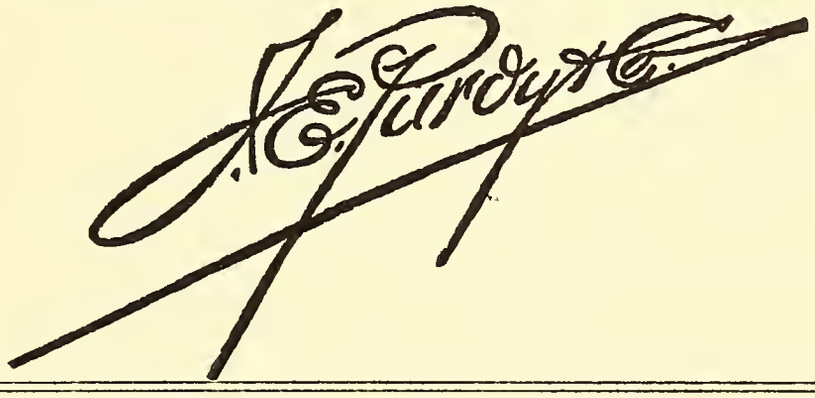
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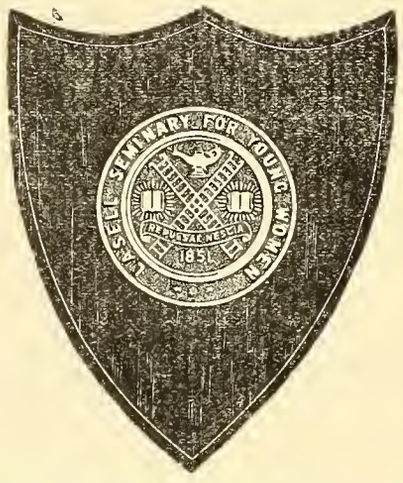
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VOL. XXXV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., MARCH, 1910. NUMBER 6

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

We have here at Lasell, a well-equipped libray, at our disposal. It's books are catalogued, and the catalogues conveniently placed for our use. Lest any student should not understand how best and most advantageously to use these helps in study, a full lecture period was recently given to making this clear to us. Moreover we were asked to be careful about putting the books back in their proper places after using them; but judging from their usually disorderly condition, not much heed has been paid to this request certainly. Though some girls may protest that they always put back the books where they found them, there are apparently more who, after having used a volume, forget the place it was taken from, and, having finished with it, either leave it lying on the table or, and this is worse, push it carelessly into any handy, empty space. Once when I was reading at the library table the girl next to me, hearing her name called outside, jumped up, thrust the book of poems that she had been studying in among the encyclopedias and started off. Another girl just entering the room stopped her, and said, "You are a great one! If I hadn't noticed where you put that book that we have to read, I should never have found it." The other girl laughed lightly, replying, "Oh, what's the difference! You can't ever find anything in this library anyway." And that is just the point. We never shall be able to find anything in the library, unless each girl takes pains to replace the books she uses, where they properly belong, and to have a little courteous regard for the librarian. For it is in no small degree upon her that the trouble falls when we allow the library to get into such disorder, for she must take extra time and pains to straighten it all out again, a long, tedious task lessness and the laziness of those who should and entirely needless, due wholly to the carefeel ashamed of such inconsiderate selfishness. We should uphold a mother who scolded her small daughter for putting her Mother Goose in with the set of Milton; but to recognize the justice of the librarian's action when she reproves us, the "big sisters" of such little girls seems to many of us of very little consequence. If we ourselves are not inconvenienced at the moment, we do not care. But in the end, we are inconvenienced, often seriously, too; hence for this reason as well as for the sake of common justice and right, and for the neat and orderly appearance of the library, can we not—will we not, be considerate and thoughtful hereafter in our use of our library?

This, however, is not the only thing to be thought of when we visit the library. One of the teachers has said that she is reluctant to assign library books for outside reading to her classes, because of the terrible condition in which she afterwards finds such books. Is it not a shame to us, that we young girls from refined homes, presumably, should give cause for having such a statement made about us? We might expect to find little regard for the care of books among the ignorant in the public schools of the slum districts, or among kindergarten children whose little hands will get sticky and grimy; but to find greasy spots, dirty thumb-marks, ink stains, grotesque pencil tracings, torn pages, mutilated covers and jammed corners in a library, used almost solely by young ladies is evidence both of a lack of refinement and of wilful disregard for the property of others. None of us would think of borrowing from a friend at home, a valuable book, turning down the corners of its pages, beating a tattoo along the margin with our pencils as we read, tearing open the pages with our fingers, if they chanced not to be already cut, and when interrupted in our reading, of jamming a pencil and a pad of paper between the pages to keep our place, before we closed it. Yet that is what is every day done to the books

which Dr. Winslow kindly lends to us in the library.

The magazines as well as the books receive their share of wanton destruction. Many times I have seen two girls, intent upon getting the same new number, reach together for it, with the result that one secured the magazine and the other the cover. And this might have been only the next day after the magazine had been put into the library, in which case it remained coverless for the rest of the month, unless the librarian had time to extract the cover from inside some old magazine, where as likely as not it had been thrust, and fasten it on again. Often when it is thus found, the edges are torn into fringes, so that as far as usefulness and beauty of design are concerned it has no value. The period between lunch and chapel is a favorite one to look over the magazines. One day, shortly after the bell had rung, I found four or five magazines thrust into a small pigeon hole, meant ordinarily for but one. You can imagine the conditions when taken out,—the leaves creased, several pages torn partly off, and the cover badly rumpled. One of them had already dropped on the floor from the over-full box and loosened the cover. Another jumble for the librarian to straighten, work wholly needless but caused by our lack of attention in handling the magazines.

Girls, our education will continue to be sadly lacking until we have learned to respect what belongs to others, and to use with care what is lent to us. A little common sense, thought and courtesy are all that is needed on our part; and now is the time to begin to show these, and prove ourselves something more then selfish, careless children. Shall an appeal to our sense of what is womanly fail to find in us any womanly response?

Individuality—a harmless trait possessed by one's self. The same trait in others is downright idiocy.—Selected.

The Little People of My Desk.

One night I had a very peculiar dream, or at least they tell me it was a dream, though to me it seemed very real at the time. I wakened, as I thought, in a room dark except for a dim, red light coming from the hall. A few minutes later the church clock struck twelve, when, presto! a sudden and surprising transformation took place on my desk. This desk, by the way, is a small mahogany one, and stands always open and ready for use with its big red blotter on the writing-shelf, above which are its three convenient pigeon holes, where I keep my letter paper, envelopes and unanswered letters. A small drawer beneath the middle pigeon hole accommodates my stamps. On the top of the desk are two small brass candlesticks, a clock, and several photographs. Now on this particular occasion, when I had so unaccountably wakened at midnight, I noticed hanging over my desk strings of red electric lights, which I had never before seen there, and as I was looking at them, suddenly they were illuminated, and I heard faint sounds as of an orchestra tuning up. In one of the pigeon holes, from which the envelopes had mysteriously disappeared, I saw my favorite Pencil somewhat stiffly seated at a piano, my Faber Eraser near by with a violin, and my Pen Knife tuning a viola. My desk had been littered with French books and tablets the evening before, and these the Ink Bottle, Pen and Pen Tray were removing as quickly as possible. The French dictionary gave them so much trouble that finally they were forced to call to their aid the Brass Candlesticks, now acting as pompous butlers. When finally the shelf was clear, they swept it with a brush which the Mucilage Bottle generously lent for this purpose; and, after Eraser had vainly attempted to remove the ink spots, the clever device was hit upon of pasting penny postage stamps over them. Everybody was talking like mad. Pen complained loudly,

because he did not have a new point, saying that he had written his very worst the day before, but that I had only grown impatient, and had never thought of giving him what he wanted. Ink Bottle told him he should be ashamed of himself, for she happened to know that the note book in which I had been writing at the time was very important; she had heard me say it was for Miss Witherbee.

"Perhaps so," agreed Pen, "but it was not half so interesting as those letters she writes every Sunday." Here Pen and Ink-Bottle, walking off together, sat down in a corner; and I could hear no more of their chat. I had been wondering where in the world Letter Paper and Letters were; and now they appeared, each Envelope walking in with a sheet of Writing Paper, and the whole grouped themselves around my unanswered Letters, who seemed to be the honored guests, being travelers, and told in quiet well-bred wise of their former homes and long journeys. Presently the music commenced, and all chose partners for the first dance. After several dances, the two Candlesticks served refreshments; but while they were still eating the clock struck one, and everything became as suddenly dark and still again as Cinderella's elegant robes had changed to rags.

In the morning on wakening, I looked immediately at my desk; but found all as it had been left the evening before, French dictionary, books and tablets in as great a confusion as ever. Surely the postage stamps must still be pasted over the ink spots; but no, they were in my little drawer as usual, and the ink spots once more in evidence. R. B., '11.

THE MEAT STRIKE.

Strange is the rule's reversal
Now with the boycott grown,
Starve, and the world starves with you,
Eat, and you eat alone.

—*Judge.*

Day of Prayer.

In accordance with the custom established by schools and colleges throughout the United States, Sunday, February 27, was appointed at Lasell as "the day of prayer." In order to be in the right spirit for the next day a short "goodnight" service of prayer and song was held on Saturday evening in each of the houses; and, so good was its effect that not only Cushman Hall, but all of the outside houses were well represented at the "morning watch," held in the library at eight o'clock Sunday morning, Miss Fletcher, one of Wellesley's Christian Endeavorers, who had been lent us for the day, told us in a few words the meaning and object of the morning watch as established in her college, urging us to begin not one, but every day of the year with at least a few moments' communication with God, and assuring us that days so begun would pass more smoothly.

At ten-thirty we, as usual, attended church. At three forty-five Rev. James Austin Richards of Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, spoke to us, taking as his subject the call which comes to each of us from God sooner or later. Mr. Richards used his knowledge of youth when he appealed to our spirit of adventure as the motive power to start us following the "interior voice."

The day closed with the Vesper service in charge of Miss Fletcher, whose simple heart to heart talk fully persuaded us that her definition of school-life Christianity is an excellent one, and that we might do well to make it our own. Her description of the earnest endeavors of her schoolmates to make religion, in its true meaning, lived out in their college, caused not a few of us to make firm resolve to do all in our power to further its interests at Lasell, and particularly to do our share in making each "day of prayer" as attractive and pleasant as the one of 1910.

My First Visit to the Clouds.

It was a hot, dry summer afternoon, a day when every one felt lazy, even the dogs in the street. People seemed restless, and I, like the others, went roaming about, seeking relief from the monotony. I wandered out to one of the summer parks and sat down upon a bench under two beautiful willows, beside a little artificial lake where three swan swam back and forth, each trying to out-do the other in graceful swayings of its supple neck. I watched them with some interest, since they seemed the only things alive about the place except one old man, idly smoking his pipe. Presently the blue clouds became visible, and I watched them floating by, musing dreamily on their peculiar shapes. One in particular of these vapory masses was taking on the form of a hand, which every moment became plainer and plainer, till finally the resemblance was almost perfect. Then—was I mistaken? or was this hand beckoning to me? Surely not—but, yes, there was an unmistakable gesture. Suddenly I felt myself gently rising, gradually higher and higher I went, till all at once came a jerk, a stop, and there I stood upon a silvery cloud of enormous extent. Beside me stood a beautiful lady, who immediately put me at ease by telling me that it was through her that I had been brought hither; she had wished me to come and pay her a little visit. I discovered that she was the daughter of the King of the Clouds, and that if I would but look in the distance, I could see her father's palace. At her invitation, I stepped into the gondola by her, and we sailed out over the beautiful blue water, for I now discovered that the blue of the sky, which I had so often seen on earth, was only this deep, quiet sea on which we were now sailing. We glided over its calm surface until we reached a majestic castle, the home of the Princess.

A mysterious palace was that; it seemed to be made of clouds, as did everything else, yet, on ascending its broad staircase, I did not fall, but only sank a trifle—just enough to make me feel as if I were floating. A maid prepared my bed, and after she had tucked me in nicely, and thrown a delicate blue eiderdown coverlet over me, made the light low and softly closed the door. Presently the Princess appeared again, and stood by my bed, wishing in the sweetest voice in the world, that I might sleep peacefully, and telling me that she would meet me next morning, and show me around. I thanked her, and she left the room. Bewildered, yet happy, I tried to think of all that had happened since the day began, but the bed was so soothingly soft that I fell asleep before many minutes had passed.

Next morning a dazzling light awoke me, and I stepped out upon the balcony by my window, to see what this bright light could be. There stood outside a huge golden chariot, and in it, holding the reins of the six prancing white horses, sat the King. I now saw that the sun, which we are accustomed on the earth to regard as a big glowing star, was nothing more than this beautiful golden chariot, and in haste to make trial of this splendid conveyance, I dressed as quickly as I could, and descended to meet the Princess. She led me out and presented me to her father, who, as soon as politeness allowed, left us, driving away in a cloud of dust, at which I saw that it was this that made those wonderful clouds with golden edges about which poets write, and which are so beautiful seen from the earth below. My drive I was not to have then, it appeared; but there were so many wonders to see that I soon forgot my disappointment.

As the day grew older, I saw, in the distance, the King approaching once more. He hardly spoke to me, but quickly drove to the rear of the castle, where the chariot was securely housed. Of course I knew now, that it was evening, and the sun could shine no more on earth that day.

Later His Majesty came to me and apologized in courtly wise for what had seemed like rudeness in leaving me so abruptly in the morning, explaining that it was his duty to ride across his kingdom daily in his chariot and so to make for us the beautiful sunshine. After dinner we sat out upon the broad and stately piazza, but the comfort of the place presently caused me to become drowsy, and now I was afraid, lest they should think me rude. We had been seated only a short while, when I saw millions of lights, flashing to and fro. As they came closer and closer, I distinguished little fairy forms, each carrying a torch, which she waved about, as the train mingled in a sprightly dance. They danced and danced, seeming never to tire, and I was on the point of asking if they never stopped, when the thought came to me that these were what we called the "stars," which shone so brilliantly below. After awhile the King made a signal, and the company dispersed. I was even more tired than I had been the night before, and slept rather late, in fact, I did not awaken until the Princess herself came to my door. This time I saw that there was no sun, and that the Princess was weeping bitterly. She replied to my questionings that her father was angry, and refused to ride that day, and that consequently, there would be no sun. All the little fairies that had been so happy the night before, were weeping, and all day long they wept. I thought to myself that it was a very sad state of affairs, till suddenly I bethought myself that it was very fortunate that the King did get angry now and then, for otherwise the little fairies might never weep, and we earth-folk would never have any rain.

Descending the stairs to the breakfast salon, I stumbled and fell. It seemed as if I could never, never, never stop. On and on I went, flying through space, when, plump! I came down on the same old bench I'd risen from, and around me a thunder storm was raging. Home in haste I ran to tell my friends of my most remarkable dream—my first visit to the clouds.

A. A. '10.

The Seniors' Party to the Sophomores.

Last Saturday night, the 26th, the Seniors gave a "Tangle Party" for the Sophomores at Pickard House, and a most novel evening was enjoyed. Among the unique games played was that of writing telegrams of six words beginning with the letters, T-W-E-L-V-E, significant of nineteen-twelve. For the funniest message a prize was awarded. Then all were given gum and a card upon which was written the name of an animal. The object was to form the gum upon the card in the shape of the animal designated. The results caused gales of laughter. Next came the "tangle" part. The girls were taken upstairs where, starting from the hall, was a bewildering net-work of strings. At the end—far distant—of each was the name of the Senior with whom the finder was to go down stairs for refreshments. Such miles of string! And at the end, another puzzle; the letters of the Seniors' name so mixed that it required some little thinking to arrange them in correct order.

Yellow ice cream with green candies was served—the Sophomore colors—and the loveliest of fudge-cake and hot chocolate with whipped cream.

Upstairs, in Julia's and Mary's room, profiles of all the Seniors adorned the walls, and the Sophomores were to guess who they represented. This was difficult, for, truly, the Seniors are *lots* better looking than the profiles made them!

All too soon it was time to go home, and reluctantly the Sophomores left after having spent a perfectly delightful evening at their sisters' home.

The Runaway.

"Maw," said a small lad of probably ten years, "Maw, kin I go in swimmin'? Tim Jones's maw said he could!"

"Now looky here, Thomas Martin Green, don't you ever let me hear of you agoing swimming in that mud hole! You come back home dirtier than when you went—mud all over your clothes, and then expect me to wash 'em for you! No, you can't!" Thus mother Green.

Knowing it was useless to waste time arguing the matter, Thomas Martin, or Tom, as he was commonly called, slunk out to the back yard, where his best boy friend and chum awaited him. "I ain't agoin' to stay here no more!" he declared, "Maw, she won't never let me do nothin' tall I want to, and I'm going to run away! So there!"

Tim agreed with Tom; for, having himself been allowed to do exactly as he pleased, he thought Mrs. Green was entirely too hard on Tom. Tom's plan was to climb out of his window about ten o'clock that night, and walk over to Ramsley, a town about five miles from his home, there join the circus, and presently astonish all by his brave and wonderful deeds!

That night at supper Tom was so unusually quiet that his mother became alarmed. "Don't you feel well Tom, honey?" she inquired anxiously.

"Nonsense, Mother," exclaimed Mr. Green, "He's all right! Jest wants to go over to see the circus in Ramsley. We'll go over there, son, sometime next week!"

At ten o'clock that night there might have been seen a little figure stealing out of Mr. Green's back gate leading out upon the Ramsley highway. Once out, the boy rather uncertainly started on his stolen journey, stopping and gazing fearfully around him at each and every unusual sound. Poor Tom! It was not quite so nice a plan at night as it had seemed in the daytime. Hist! What was that? O-o-oh! A bear! Where could he hide? His heart almost stopped beating. Pooh! It was nothing but Cy Snyder's old dog Pete!

"Creek! Creek!" went the little frogs. "You'd better go back! You'd better go back!" croaked the big bull frogs.

Four more miles to go. How could he stand it? He was so tired already, and it was getting cold. He had eaten little supper, and was famishing. Should he go back? No, he would never go back! What was that white thing in the woods growing steadily larger. Oh! It was coming towards him! He turned and fled not stopping long enough to discover that he had seen through the trees the slowly rising moon, and not a ghost. Would he never reach his home! Ah, there it was at last! Breathlessly he climbed the tree and clambered over the window sill into his own room. Hastily undressing, he crawled into bed, there to shiver off into a dream of being a "sure 'nuff" runaway and meeting with all sorts of dreadful adventures.

H. S., '13.

I am always rather chary of publishing unintentionally humorous answers to school examination papers. We see so many of them, and those many so often. However, I think there must be something fresh in the following examples from the "University Correspondent"; "George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii;" "Tennyson wrote 'In Memorandum'"; "'The Wealth of Nations' was written by Adam Bede"; "Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada"; "Sir Walter Scott's firm of publishers liquified, and he had to pay off the National Debt before he died. This wore him out." I should think so!

The date palm requires a hot, dry air, but moisture about the roots, and plenty of it.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 860, oak 1,600 and yew 2,880.

The Junior-Senior Party.

The party given the Seniors by the Junior class was an affair which will be long remembered in the annals of 1910. Fortunately for us the invitations were not actually inscribed in the Japanese language, but they gave us a hint as to the nature of the coming entertainment. "In the gymnasium at eight o'clock on Saturday evening," they read—but we did not know the plain, prosaic old gymnasium so great was the transformation.

A barred gate, entwined with flowers, gave entrance to a viritable fairyland of light and color. Over the trellised walls climbed chrysanthemums of delicate hues, while overhead a low lattice work bore blossoms whose gleaming centers were tiny electric bulbs, pendant sprays of wistaria and Japanese lanterns. At one end the recesses of a tea pagoda gave inviting glympses of a well-filled bowl, flowing with that harmless tho' refreshing beverage, punch. Along the walls, draped settees invited a moment's rest, or an enjoyable seat might be found among the pillows on the floor. But where were our friends the Juniors? Could they be these bewitching, daintily-gowned little Japanese ladies who greeted us so charmingly and busied themselves for our entertainment! A second look assured us of this fact, and surely there could not have been a more universally becoming costume.

Securing cushions on the floor in true Japanese fashion, we were delighted with the production of a clever little farce given by some of the talented members of the Junior class. "A Flower of Yeddo" was particularly appropriate for the time and the occasion, and Beth Brandow, Nina Dietz, Marie Hibbing and Gladys Dudley certainly established their reputation as theatricals stars.

The grand march was followed by the serving of refreshments in the form of salad, ices, sandwiches, tea and bonbons. This was followed by a program dance, and one of the intermissions gave an opportunity for the taking of several flashlight pictures of the scene itself and of various groups.

Even the best of things and times must have an end, and loath as we were, "Home Sweet Home" warned us that this festive occasion had come to a close, and all that remained to us was to tell the Juniors just what a really good time we had had, and how the remembrance of this would stay in our hearts even long after we are no longer the Seniors of 1910.

Rosemary.

Once upon the earth's green bosom
In the ages long ago,
Close where seaside voices calling
Tossed a murmer to and fro

Came a little errant wanderer,
Love his name. He lingered there;
And where e'er his footsteps rambled
Sprang a garden passing fair.

Smiled the moon through vapory veilings,
And the sun, tho' dull his powers,
Felt his old heart growing younger
In the fragrance of the flowers.

Love was happy wand'ring idly
Where the trees swayed to and fro,
Drinking in the fragrance of this
Winsome garden long ago.

Days crept by and Love, aweary,
Sank asleep where mosses crept
O'er some ancient, timeworn gravestones
'Neath which generations slept.

While Love slept the place grew loveless,
Garden paths were rough and worn.
"Love is dead," wept roses sinking
In the arms of waiting thorns.

Day by day the flowers yielded,
Died—their hearts with sorrow wring;
And the great red sun no longer
Felt his beating heart grow young.

Daffodils alone kept calling
"Love! Sweet Love! Wake at my cry!
Love but sleepeth, 'Tis immortal,
And we know Love cannot die!"

'Twas a sad forsaken garden.
In the sea of time the years
Melted gently. Love lay dreaming,
Troubled not with doubts and fears.

To his drowsy ear came finally
Sound of voices pleading low.
Love awoke, and saw the ruin
Of this garden long ago.

"Wake, oh garden! Bloom, oh flowers!
Come again, paths garbed in green."
Love's tears falling touched earth's surface
And at once the silvery sheen

Of the sweet Rosemary blossoms
Gleamed afar. The moon smiled 'mong
Blooming flowers. Then the great sun
Felt his heart grow strangely young.

And Love kneeling near Rosemary
Kissed the flowers the spell to break.
"Love is living, sweet Rosemary
Bloom for sweet remembrance's sake."

In our hearts, tho' love has left them
Sweet Rosemary's blooming still,
And its subtle fragrance, mingling,
Weaves remembrance's dreams at will.

H. B. H. '10.

Chaos Did It.

People often wondered who Mrs. Sawyer really was. They knew she was "a dear, sweet, eldly lady," but that was all. They just kept on wondering and loving her. Her fellow-boarders knew, too, of her cheerful sitting room on the third floor, with its quaint mahogany, books and pretty things; and they knew, besides, that they greatly missed her sweet smile and cheerful words to them at meal time when she chanced to be absent.

In this room she spent most of her time sewing, dressing dolls for the sick children, was one of her pleasant pastimes. She was a loving auntie to every one. Why such a gentle soul had taken up her abode in a boarding house was a question? To be sure, it was a thoroughly respectable place, and the people there were of good class, being mostly school teachers, retired business men and their wives, and several old bachelors. These seemed there of right; why was this charming elderly lady, Mrs. Catherine Sawyer, living thus practically alone, except for the company of a shiny black cat, my Lord Chaos. Hers was a lonely life, although it was hard to believe it when one saw her presiding genially at an afternoon tea party given to a few of her friends. They all enjoyed those parties in that pleasant room.

"Do you know I always feel sort of uplifted after an afternoon with Mrs. Sawyer," said Mrs. Browne, the wife of a gouty retired banker, "I feel so rested like and—"

"But you know," interrupted Mabel Holly, her maiden sister, who was visiting her, "there seems to be something mysterious about the woman. She certainly keeps strictly to herself all about herself; and, Ann, she *is mysterious.* Now did you notice today, she had some violets before a picture of a young man? I was wondering—"

"Well, Mabel, you keep on wondering and talking, and your ice-cream will melt and run all over the table-cloth. As I remember you never could eat and talk at the same time."

This was part of a conversation that took place in the corner of the Brown's dining room.

Poor Mabel! she was curious. She had been with Mrs. Sawyer just enough to have her curiosity aroused to the point of vexation.

They had had a pleasant afternoon indeed. Mrs. Sawyer was a charming hostess. She made one feel so at home, and the room seemed radiant just because she was in it. As she sat at the tea table, the room presented a pretty picture. She was a stately lady, her silver hair done high, and harmonizing well with a bit of old lace at her throat. Her dress was plain, but becoming, fitly setting off her noble face. A sweet, pathetic face she had, with a sad expres-

sion, and an appealing, searching look in the eyes. She was as a good mother to all who knew her, and gave all a blessing. Her little room showed her personal touch and undividuality. There were no stiff chairs, no cluttering bric-a-brac. It was her home, and there she had lived for a number of years, making happier through her gentle friendliness the other boarders who came and went during that time, yet who knew little of her after all. Did they know the grief that was breaking her heart, *crushing* it?

Often at night when all was quiet, if one had listened carefully at her door, they would have heard the deep sobs of the lonely mother sorrowing for her boy, and had they dared to enter would have found the dear little lady kneeling before the table on which was his cherished picture. The secret was this: Many years ago she and her husband had parted, it matters not what the cause, but they had parted. The father and her little son had left her on a bright spring day, after which the lonely mother had for some years sought by travel to dull her pain; but for the last ten years had called this place her home. It was away from all those who knew and blamed her. She felt freer; but her burden, her secret, was still with her.

One morning as she was looking out of her front windows, she noticed a family moving into the apartment house across the way, and on the following day, as she was lowering Chaos in his basket for his morning airing, she said, "Now, Chaos boy, don't go over there till we get properly introduced to the new comers." But no sooner had she said this, than up to the opposite apartment a hack drove from which stepped a man, carrying a little girl. They were followed into the house by a lady, apparently the mother of the child.

"Poor little lamb!" remarked Mrs. Sawyer. "She looks so ill. Chaos, you black cat, just run over there and take the dear some good luck."

Whether he did or not his mistress did not know or question, as she pulled him up in his elevator an hour or so later. This improvised cat elevator was lowered every morning, and it was evident from the dignified manner in which Chaos took his morning walks that he thought himself better than any other cat in the neighborhood; *he* had a private elevator.

* * * *

"Oh Daddy! I do not like this house at all. It's not like our Sunnyside a bit. Where are the trees? And, Daddy, where are the yards, and the flowers, and the——"

"There, there, dearie! Daddy knows its different, but it's for you, dear heart, we came. Listen to me, and then you will understand. Now, just around the corner lives the doctor who has been coming out to see you, and he hopes to make your little back strong again, so we brought you down here to be near him, where he could see you every day. Now, you want to get well, and I know you will we glad when you can go back to the orchards and the little white house, and—well we'll live happy ever after, just like Cinderella."

The child was smiling by this time and looked quite radiant. "Daddy," she said contentedly, "you can be the Prince and I will be Cinderella, and—"

"That's it exactly," rejoined her father, slapping his knee;" and now I know my Beth is going to be happy from now on. Mother and I will give you this front room where you can see all that's going on. Come, Mother, let's fix her cot right by the windows, just so. That's right! Put that fat pillow behind her back,—there! Isn't that splendid?"

"Beth, you look quite at home already," exclaimed her mother, as she bent and kissed the little maid on the forehead. "See!" she said

to her husband, "she is smiling away those sly tears. They are all gone." Gone they were; but it is no wonder the child had cried when she had seen her city home, for that she had left, in the country, was ideal.

Thus, her city life had commenced, and the next morning as she kissed her father on his leaving for his office, she said:

"Daddy, I'll try to like this place, truly I will." And truly she did, as the days passed. She was a loving child, and ever since her injury had been a very sun-shiny patient. Her room was the family shrine. There, father, mother and daughter spent many hours. During the morning while her mother was busy, Beth would amuse herself with books or with paper dolls, which she made for herself; but much time was spent in looking out of the window. She knew the time the grocery boy made his rounds, the time each maid swept the front walks, in fact she was a little time piece, but mostly, she watched for Chaos, who much amused her. Thus she came to know by sight and to admire the cat's mistress, and one morning she called her mother to her, and said "Now this morning I want you to watch and see my dear lady. I have seen her many mornings, and about this time she lets down her cat in a basket, and then after a while the cat jumps into the basket and then she draws him up. He's a terribly black cat, and looks like a good-luck cat. You just watch and you will see her. She is a very sweet old lady."

"Well Beth, most old ladies are sweet."

"Yes, but mine is extra so. She has the prettiest face, and the whitest hair, and—there Mamma! Look! there she is!"

That evening when Daddy came home Beth's mother spoke in a casual way of her little girl's friend, and also remarked upon the impressive appearance of this new neighbor, winding up with the remark, "She must be exceptional."

Her husband replied, "You are surely her captives, both of you."

"Well Irwin, she is exceptional, and I agree with Beth that if the child had a grandmother we should like her to be like this gracious looking lady."

Irwin sighed, and immediately changed the subject. He was glad for the slightest thing which gave his two loved ones pleasure; what was their joy or their sorrow was his. To-night, however, he was tired and thoughtful.

Beth was not the only one who was watching the opposite house every morning. Mrs. Sawyer had become interested also, and she was quite eager to see daily the face of the bright little girl at the window.

One morning she had about made up her mind to take Chaos to call on the little crippled girl, when Chaos himself unwittingly decided the matter. When she had drawn up the basket and had taken him out, she noticed with astonishment that his paw was bleeding. "Why, Chaos, what has happened? You are a naughty cat to wander off into some broken glass and cut your paw." This and more, was said while with tenderness, she bandaged up the wounded paw. Tomorrow I will take you out myself and watch you, bad Chaos!"

So that was the reason why the next day Beth missed her lady, for Mrs. Sawyer had indeed taken Chaos out into the back yard where he could not run away, and where others might not see her foolishness as she called it.

Three days passed, and still Beth was watching for her dear lady. That night when Daddy arrived, Beth told him that her neighbor friend was no longer to be seen, and that she thought her probably ill. She had not seen her for ever so long. The fact was, Chaos was receiving his mistress' whole attention.

"Now, Daddy dear, won't you go over and see what's the trouble, please."

"You mean you want me to go across the street to inquire what has happened to your friends as you call them?" said her father with a puzzled expression, adding, "But, she is a stranger lady, dear!"

"Yes, that's what I mean, now that's a good Daddy, never mind if she *is* a stranger."

"Well, you do work your old Dad," pinching her cheek. "I am off and if I do not return soon—you may—well maybe you will see me hanging in that basket."

As he went down the steps he thought, "I might as well humor the child. It won't do any harm, I suppose."

It goes without saying that as the man was ushered into the reception room of the boarding house he felt a trifle embarrassed, yet he was doing this for his little sweetheart daughter, and of her he was thinking, when the maid interrupted his revery, by saying,

"Mrs. Sawyer, the lady you have reference to, the one that owns the cat, sir, is at dinner now, but will be finished in a very few moments, sir, and she says, sir, that I am to take you to her sitting room, and—"

"I think I'll wait here, please. Just tell her that I'm here. It's nothing very important."

"Mrs. Sawyer always insists that her callers be taken to her own rooms. This way, sir, please," persisted the maid.

Without further protest, the caller followed to the cozy room. After the maid had lighted the lamp and left, he recovered himself enough to look around. His eyes wandered from mantel to book case, then to the pictures, and then to a mahogany table. There it found an unexpected something. What could it be? Was it possible—with a start he crossed to the opposite side of the room. Yes, it was, he was sure. This picture was like the one he had at home; it was the very same.

He did not hear Mrs. Sawyer as she entered. There were tears in his eyes; he was standing like a statue before the table. At first she was startled; she did not understand. Then he, realizing her presence, turned toward her. Suddenly, like a lightning flash, it came upon her, and with a low, choking cry, "Irwin, Irwin." She stood trembling. Only they know what followed; but sometime later there was a very happy little Sawyer girl. As she sat in the evening twilight patting Chaos, who was purring contentedly, she murmured to herself, "Chaos, you and I will soon go back to the country, and there we will live happy ever after. The Doctor says, I will be able soon, and then what a good time we'll have all together: Daddy, Mamma, Grandma, and you, Chaos." Then with a good squeeze she exclaimed, "And Chaos, you did it all!"

F. S.

An Interrupted Nap.

It was an early spring day when the laughing sun, peeping through the clouds, kissed the boughs of the many tall and stately trees. The touch was soft and magnetic, and sent a thrill through the seemingly dead limbs. They stirred, nodded their drowsy heads as though welcoming the sun after their long winter nap. They looked about, swaying to and fro in the breeze, greeting their neighbors as if semi-conscious of their own importance in beautifying the earth.

"Are you ready?" asked the tallest twig of its smaller sister.

"Almost," drowsily answered the angry twig; for like human beings, the twigs did not like the idea of being awakened by even the dearest friend.

During the long, cold, dreary days of winter the trees had stood staunchly and unshrinkingly, braving the cruel sleet and hail, which beat unmercifully upon them. The wind moaned and whistled through their tops, vainly trying to frighten them. But firmly and command-

ingly they stood; they had nothing to fear. Oftimes had our leafless friend beckoned to the fur-clothed people, who hurrying past into warm houses seemed to dread the cold biting winds of winter; oftimes had they called and begged them to enjoy, rather than hate, the mischievous winds of winter. At length the trees, tired from their exertions, fell asleep. How calmly and peacefully they slept! The moaning wind, the biting sleet, and the sheltering snow seemed to fade away gradually and gradually, until they became mere visions, dim dreams.

And now the trees, glancing upward, saw their friend, the sun. He was surely a true and faithful friend, coming to cheer and brighten them up after each shower and each storm. They glanced downward and beheld the earth, once so brown and bare, now budding forth into life and beauty. They began glancing all about them—all was life and gaiety. The wind whispered notes of encouragement to the newly formed leaves. The lifeless tree awakened by the sun was again aglow with life and beauty. The bluebirds chirped merrily among the branches; the squirrels ran busily to and fro among the blades of green grass, now blinking at the trees, and then at the sun.

Thus the gentle touch of the sun awoke the trees, and so it is that, by a similar magic touch, we become conscious of the life and the beautiful things in this world. M. M. Sp.

A Song Recital.

On the evening of February the twenty-fourth, the school had the pleasure of a song recital of Twentieth Century composers by Wilhelm Heinrich, the brother of our Fraulein Heinrich. Before the first song was ended we realized that we were listening to one of the finest tenors it had ever been our privilege to hear. Professor Heinrich played his own accompaniments and won the hearts of his audience not only with his voice but with his charming personality. His program was as follows:

PART I.

Claude A. Debussy Songs.

(a) 1. Les Angelus, Poem by G. Le Roy
2. L'Echelonnement des Haies, Poem by Paul Verlaine
3. Les Cloches, Poem by Paul Bourget
4. Mandoline Poem by Paul Verlaine

(b) 1. Le jet d'eau, Poem by Charles Baudelaire

PART II.

Benjamin L. Whelpley Songs.

(Poems from Tennyson's "Maud".)

(a) Birds in the High Hall Garden
(b) Catch Not My Breath (Recit.)
Go Not, Happy Day.
(c) I Have Led Her Home
(d) Tears, Idle Tears, (Tennyson's "Princess").

Mrs. Henry M. Rogers Songs.

(Two Browning Poems)

(a) My Star,
(b) Love Me Forever,

PART III.

Max Reger Songs.

(a) 1. Des Kindes Gebet, (Poem by L. Rafael)
2. Beim Schneewetter,
3. Strampelchen, (Poem by V. Bluthgen)

(b) 1. Hans and Grete, (Poem by L. Uhland)
2. Minnelied, (Old German)
3. Schmeichelkatzchen, (Poem by Jos. Huggenberger)

PART IV.

Miscellaneous Songs.

(a) Rosa Rosa, (Blair Fairchild)
(b) Farewell, (Elizabeth Cheney)
(c) The Foxglove, (George Chadwick)
(d) The Cobbler's Song, (Felix Weingartner)
(e) The Loreley, (Franz Liszt)

Mr. Heinrich was requested to speak of his acquaintance with these composers, and played his accompaniments as suggested by them.

Following the recital, a reception in Mr. Heinrich's honor was given by Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow, in the school parlors.

As many as 368 new rocks and shoals dangerous to navigation, were discovered last year.

The Southern California Lasell Club.

The Southern California Lasell Club held its annual luncheon at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, February 25th. A perfect California day, and thirty-seven enthusiastic Lasellians combined to make an event of rare pleasure. The elegant private car "El Peregrino" had been chartered for the day, and had for happy passengers:

From Pasadena. Mrs. and Mrs. Bragdon, Martha E. Ransom, Fraulein Adele Roth, Belle Bragdon Barlow, Charlotte W. Alley, Katherine and Mary Wadsworth, Bessie Matteson, Carline Dederer Townsend, Kate Wheldon Plumb.

From Los Angeles. Bertha Gray Richards, May Church Cottle, Mary Wilson, Louise Whitney Weaver, Emilie Kothe Collins, Isabelle Bowers, Ellen and Laura Chase, Ruth Young, Anita Wade Ambrose, Lois Thomas, Sarah Bonner, Daisy Curtis Edwards, Mary Johnson Whitney.

From a Distance. Elizabeth Lum, Whittier, Cal.; Lillian Douglas, Covina, Cal.; Anna Howe Shipley, LaFayette, Ind.; Florence Wilbur Heckler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Helen Darling, Pawtucket, R. I.; Roberta Clark, Frankfort, Ind.; Marie Shellabarger Crowder, Spokane, Washington; Winnie Ewing Coffin, DesMoines, Iowa; Laura Conger Buchan, Omaha, Neb.; Florence Smith, Fitchburg, Mass.; Agnes Wright, Milwaukee, Wis.; Caroline Ebersole Martin, Avondale, Ohio.

The run of one and a half hours to Long Beach was quickly passed in renewing old acquaintances and exchanging reminiscences. Arrived there, the most important thing—the luncheon—was next in order, and such a luncheon! A violet one! Great baskets of violets as center and end pieces, and the table simply a mass of these beautiful flowers. Certainly never did Lasellians have a more charming setting, and there with the surf of the Pacific roaring in our ears we lingered long over the memories of happy days spent by the far Atlantic. In the parlors after luncheon, Dr. Bragdon read many letters from the girls who could not be with us, and the girls of more recent date gave the Lasell Ho-i-la. I shall not say what we of the good old Rah! Rah! days thought of it. No account of this meeting of old Lasell girls would be complete without a word about Dr. Bragdon. The Southern California Lasell Club counts itself most fortunate in having him for its President, and under his guidance and with his magnetic personality, should easily rival its Eastern sister associations. To all of us old timers, Dr. Bragdon is Lasell, and to express an appreciation of his ever loving interest in each and every one of his old girls, is almost beyond our power, but we cannot let the opportunity slip to say that appreciation lies deep in the heart of every loyal Lasellian. Long live Dr. Bragdon.

WINNIE EWING COFFIN, '89.

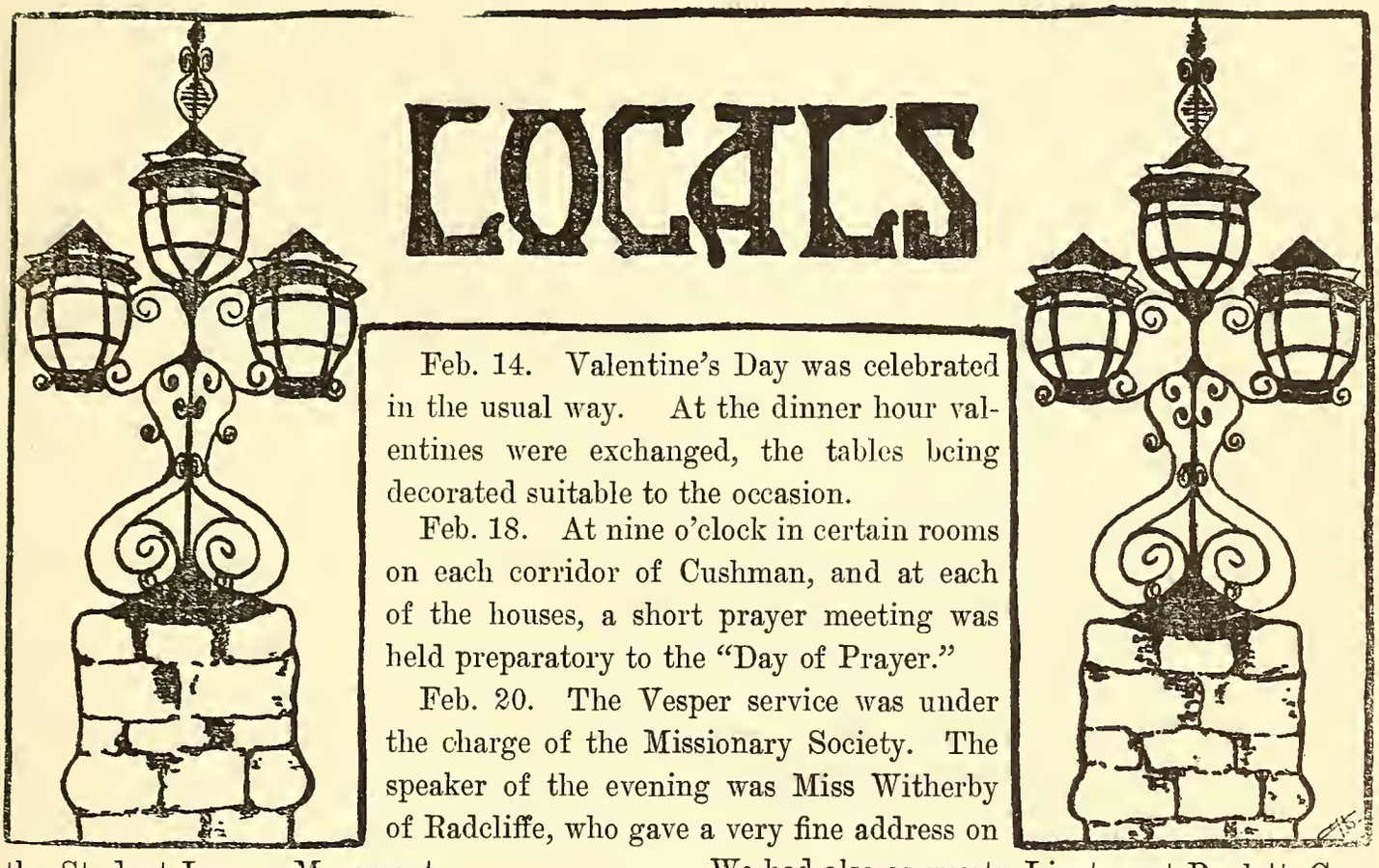
The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—The Misses Flynn, Pierce, Milliken, Douglass, Russell, Edwards, Strain, Meloon, H. Hamilton, Utter, Schoverling, Brooks, Richards, Scott, Alexander, Vicary, Merrill, Arend.

Former pupils called:—Maude Simes, '06, Phyllis Merrill, Anna Conant, '09, Elsie Fengar, Ruth Kettlety, Evylyn Cheney, Anna White Drake (and husband), Helen Moffatt, Katherine Jenckes, '04, Grace Hardy, '04, Fancher Sawyer, Hazel and Pauline Orcutt, Florence Stark, Agnes Bullard, '08, Marjorie Carlton.

"How do you suppose she manages to keep up appearances on her husband's income?"

"What is her husband's income?"

"I don't know; but, of course, it can't be as big as it would have to be if they could afford to live as they do."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



Feb. 14. Valentine's Day was celebrated in the usual way. At the dinner hour valentines were exchanged, the tables being decorated suitable to the occasion.

Feb. 18. At nine o'clock in certain rooms on each corridor of Cushman, and at each of the houses, a short prayer meeting was held preparatory to the "Day of Prayer."

Feb. 20. The Vesper service was under the charge of the Missionary Society. The speaker of the evening was Miss Witherby of Radcliffe, who gave a very fine address on the Student League Movement.

Feb. 22. The holiday was celebrated here in a very pleasing manner. At chapel patriotic hymns were sung, and a short sketch of what Philip Brooks once said of Washington was read by Miss Potter. The real celebration came at dinner. Nearly everyone dressed in fancy costume, and many were the stately dames who presented themselves at dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow honored us by dressing as George and Martha Washington. A flag was held by the Presidents of the Senior and Junior classes at the center of the dining room and every one, led by the Senior class, marched down and courtesied before it, passing thence to their respective places. As a souvenir, at each place was a hatchet with the menu and the program of the music, which the orchestra played during dinner, printed thereon. After dinner all went to the gymnasium, where original George Washington conundrums were given, after which dancing was enjoyed for a long time. We had also as guests, Lieutenant Ranlett, Captain Easton and Lieutenant Hodges.

Feb. 24. We were greatly honored this evening by having with us Wilhelm Heinrich, the brother of our Fraulein, who gave us a most delightful evening. He sang to us songs of the Twentieth Century, telling us of his own personal acquaintance with the various composers, likewise playing his own accompaniments.

Feb. 26. This evening the Seniors gave a Tangle Party for the Sophomores, of which a more detailed account is found elsewhere.

At 9.45 prayer meetings were again held at the various houses in preparation of the Day of Prayer services.

Feb. 27. Day of Prayer was observed today by schools and colleges all over the country. Here the Morning Watch held at eight o'clock in the library was attended by a number of the girls. At the afternoon service, Rev. James Austin Richards of Mount Vernon Church, Boston, preached to us. He encouraged and ex-

horted us to be adventurers in God's kingdom and, upon hearing the call, to go whither it led, tho' we knew not, perhaps, where it would be. At Vespers Miss Ruth Fletcher of Wellesley spoke to us of the one strong element which prayer makes in our lives, and that religion is merely living as near as we can as Christ did. She also told us of the work that is done at Silver Bay each summer.

March 3. A reception was held in the parlors, being attended by the scholars who were not included in the French one given a few weeks before. The Misses Gallaher, Shepard and Herrick assisted Dr. and Mrs. Winslow in receiving, a large number of guests being present. 'Cello selections and vocal solos comprised a musical programme of a delightful nature. Later refreshments were served.

March 5. At the lecture hour Miss Caswell spoke to us about the Frances Willard Settlement and its work in Boston. She gave a little sketch of Miss Willard's life, and then told us what the Settlement is doing for the poor children and women.

March 6. At Vespers Mr. Douglass described a famous picture of Christ before Pilate, pointing out the powers of these two men. The personal application might be the way in which teachers and scholars should help and influence each other, aiming for higher ideals.

March 9. This evening the Orphean Club gave its annual concert, assisted by Mrs. Kilduff and Mr. John E. Daniels. The first part of the programme was composed of solos by these two artists, the second part being the choruses and solos of Hadley's "A Legend of Granada."

March 10. Mr. Henry Turner Bailey presented to us in his clever manner the subject "Not Fancywork but Handicraft." He explained the difference between handicraft and fancywork, showing specimens of both; also stereopticon slides of samples of the ancient handicraft were shown.

March 12. Tonight one of the great events of the year took place in the gymnasium. The Junior class entertained the Seniors at a Japanese Party.



In a graceful little personal note to our Preceptress, Glenna Webb, of Springfield, O., announces her engagement to Mr. Charles Tilton, of Tilton, N. H. Lasell expected some such happy ending! Our most cordial congratulations.

Among the guests of honor at the George Washington party were Mr. and Mrs. Durant Drake (Anna White). If possible, Anna is more charming than ever. We are glad she lives nearby and only wish she were more neighborly.

One of the most interesting and delightful letters received from "old girls" was the message of Louise B. Funkhouser, '09. Sorry that she is so homesick for Lasell, and yet, strange enough, Lasell kind of rejoices in that particular tribulation, knowing that it proves the loyalty of her "old girls." Her glimpse of "Billy and his mother" (Julia Funkhouser Mellin) is delightful! Louise has (spasmodically) visions of working afield, but a wise father, she tells us, listens, and usually decides for her in these words, "Your place is in the home." We are quite sure from her report that the father is correct.

That was a glad day which brought unexpectedly to us the Florence (Swartwout, '09, and Rogers). As they say *Up North,* "It was a sight good for sore eyes." Only, it was altogether too short. They are women of affairs and making a success of life, just as we expected they would.

Among the Drill inspectors on a recent Tues-

day were Ex-Captain Grace Hardy, '04, and Katherine Jenckes, '04. These girls are both "making good" the promise of their school days. Grace is especially interested in her pupils, who are at present members of noble families from Japan, who are to be educated on the indemnity money paid at the close of the recent war between Japan and China. Katharine reports her bride-sister, Alice, "well and happy."

An invitation to an illustrated lecture on the Fletcher Music Method by its originator Evelyn Fletcher-Copp was received by our Principal. The courtesy came through Bessie M. Robinson, who is a full-fledged professor in this new method, devoted especially to the music training in Kindergartens. We wish our former pupil all success.

From Guanajuato, Mexico, has come the announcement of the arrival of Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pratt Smith (Josephine MacDonald). This latest member of the Lasell grand children's role receives our cordial welcome.

In June Rosalie A. Bennett (Lasell 1900-01) will be graduated from Pratt Institute, in the department of Domestic Science, and will be ready to serve any institution in need of a Domestic Science instructor. We wish our former pupil deserved success.

Ella M. Hazelton sends a friendly message from Montague City. She is busy writing a paper on "Scandinavians in America" and is anxious to consult one of the books in our school library on this subject. After the paper has been given to the Woman's Club of Montague City, we shall be very glad to have it repeated at Lasell Seminary.

Mabel Martin MacGregor, '01, sends the welcome news that she and a number of the Lasell girls here in 1901-02 are planning to return in June for a reunion, Katharine White Wolfe, '00, and Ruth Talcott being among the number. We shall look forward with genuine pleasure to welcoming these loyal girls.

We are not surprised to find that Annie M. Crowe, '09, is devoting herself to music. On a tasty program of a musical given in Winnipeg in February, we find the name of our former Lasell pupil.

A very cordial, delightful message from Charlotte Alley reports her busy in many good works. We are glad of that sentence, Charlotte, "My two beautiful years at Lasell." Lasell will always remember gratefully and lovingly her '09 senior from Pasadena. We were especially pleased to receive the greetings from Charlotte's mother, whom Lasell loves to count among her "adopted daughters."

A specially interesting letter from Avila Grubbs Fales, '99, sent to us from Asheville, N. C., her temporary home. As usual, she is speaking a good word for Lasell and asks that a catalogue be sent to a chance acquaintance. But the item of greatest interest is the announcement of her engagement to Mr. John Lafon. Our prompt and heartiest congratulations to both.

Attractive invitations have been received bidding us to the reunion of The Southern California Lasell Club. Rumors have come from a number of girls of the great success of this reunion and the promise of a full report "on the way."

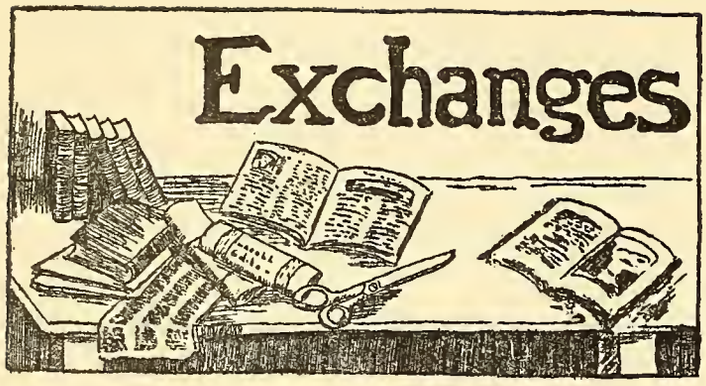
He—You mustn't believe every beggar who comes to your door.

She—But this was no common beggar. He was a sea captain who had lost everything in a shipwreck.

He—How do you know he was?

She—He told a straightforward story about how his ship went to pieces on the coast of Switzerland.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by concentrated common sense.—*Frances E. Willard.*



The LEAVES is glad to acknowledge the receipt of these papers for February: "Bates Student," "Tattler," "New Trier Echoes," "Mirror," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Review," (Shamokin), "Iris" (Philadelphia), "Spinster," "Commerce-Caravel," "Magpie," "College Monthly," (Maryville), "Megaphone," (Dean), "Herald" (Holyoke), "Kyote."

In behalf of the new editor who will next month take up this work, we beg that our exchanges will be more systematic and punctual. In January we failed to receive the Holyoke "Herald," "Maryville College Monthly," "Magpie," "Wheaton Bulletin," "Spinster," "Iris," "Review," (Shamokin), "Chronicle," "Carthusian," and the "Bates Student." As one or two of these publications have not been received for several months back, we feel safe in prophesying that they will be dropped from the list, if they do not appear more regularly.

Our first thought as we glance through "The Kyote" is "a thoroughly alive and up-to-date paper." The very name is original, and suggestive of the glorious West land from whence it comes. Nor do we meet disappointment as we read on. "St. Valentine's Day" is interesting, and happily different from the annual article of that day. Although it is not new as to theme, "How We Found the Treasure" is well told. Our interest is greatly aroused by "A Western Story," in spite of its first two sentences which are not very good, and we will be glad to learn of the outcome of "Laura" and "Shorty." Your cuts are amusing, and among the jokes and personals we found much that was original. Your plan of devoting to each class a page seems to us especially good. There is always more interest in a thing in which you, yourself, have a part.

The paper on which the Shamokin "Review" is printed almost discouraged us from reading it. It seemed improbable that anything of worth would be found. "A School Boy's Diary," is, however, very clever. "A Portrait of Herself" is well told, but its plan is rather sensational. Your "Snapshots" are, perhaps, humorous to those of your own members, but, to us, it seems that the greatest test of such a department is whether it amuses others or not.

The "New Trier Echoes" says: "The cover design of the December number of Lasell Leaves is very good. Your stories are numerous and well told. We should like to hear the sequel to "A Christmas Surprise," which you hint at in the last of the story. Your many school affairs are reported in such a way as to be interesting to anyone. (We take ourselves to represent anyone). Your notes of alumnæ are an adequate proof of school spirit and loyalty."

"'Lasell Leaves' is a most interesting paper published by the girls of the Lasell Seminary. We note with regret the absence of cuts."—"Kyote."

"'Lasell Leaves' contains some interesting stories."—"The Magpie."

"Christmas Vespers with its beautiful selections must have been a delightful service at Lasell. The readers of the 'Spinster' also enjoyed the account of 'Les Precieuses Ridicules' as indicating what the school is doing in its French department."—"Spinster."

"'Lasell Leaves,' your cuts improve your paper immensely, but wouldn't a few jokes brighten you up a bit?"—"Mirror."

The Back Yard Beautiful.

A large newspaper, interested in the welfare of Los Angeles, sent a man on a tour of inspection up the back yards of that city, with the result that he found entire blocks in which the rear portion of every lot has been transformed into a veritable park, with walks lined with every manner of semitropical shrubs, flowers and trees, almost completely hidden from the roadway, while the individual instances of such character were found by the thousands. One industrious citizen said to the investigator:

"This is what I call my living yard. The front yard corresponds to the parlor, where we are supposed to go only on special occasions. But in the rear I have endeavored to arrange it as I would a living room—for comfort and pleasure—and where I can go, if I desire, in negligee costume for a quiet hour with a book beneath the shade of a tree or for a cigar in the open air, and occasionally we entertain our intimate friends with a luncheon on little tables brought from the house, and at the same time enjoy the privacy which adds so much to the pleasure of meeting one's old acquaintances. Yes, I believe, now that you have mentioned it, that Los Angeles residents have improved the rear portions of their homes to a greater extent than in any other city of the country. But to tell the truth, it might be called either pride or selfishness, or possibly both. At any rate, I believe that I get more real enjoyment out of this little space in the rear of my home than I do out of the front of it."

Many were found who expressed similar views, and also have hesitated about declaring that the rule of keeping up the rear lots is more general here than elsewhere until they have paused to consider the question, when they would be forced to admit that the soft impeachment undoubtedly was a fact.

Lady.—"What do you want, my little man?"

Little Boy (carrying a cat)—"I want that five dollars you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird."

Lady.—"That's not a canary; it's a cat."

Little Boy.—"I know it; but the bird's inside."

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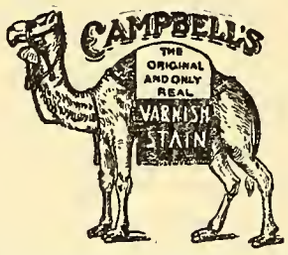
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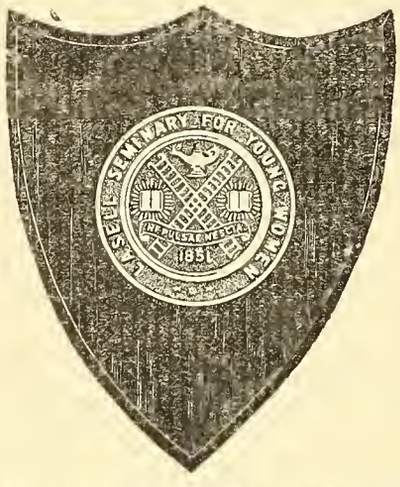
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

As we had been awaiting for some time the arrivel of Spring, this charming annual visitor who does so much for Lasell, and as we had been assured over and over again that she would come soon, we were not surprised when, on returning from our ten merry days of vacation fun and freedom, we discovered that she had preceded us and had already begun to beautify not only our campus but all the surrounding country as well. What a number of trunks this fair lady must have brought with her to accommodate all the greenry for trees and lawn, all the different birds and bird-songs, the many-hued flowers, the rosy sunbeams, and the breezes! Another and perhaps the best gift that she brought to us, one that we thoroughly enjoy, and that we hope to retain, is almost indefinable: a certain happy restlessness, a feeling of being equal to anything, and a desire to "be up and doing."

It is needless to say that we were enthusiastic in our reception of such a generous and beneficent guest; had we been boys we would doubtless have tossed our hats in the air to show our delight, but those new Easter bonnets being too precious for such rude treatment, we had to content ourselves with expressing our appreciation in other though perhaps just as strenuous ways. When a girl rises at five a. m. to take a long walk or to play tennis, it is unnecessary to ask the season of the year; you may be certain then that winter has gathered up his snow-banks, ice crystals, and chilly winds to depart for other and less favored regions.

And yet, although Spring is so gladly welcomed there must needs be also a trace of sorrow in this welcome, because the last term is at once the happiest and the saddest of the whole year; joyous because the weather makes possible many "good times" that cement more closely friendships already strong, and sad because we cannot help thinking of the time all too near at hand when the long vacation will scatter us all over the United States. It is sometimes true that a girl who is desperately homesick for home in September, is almost as desperately homesick for Lasell the following July or August. Of course home friends are first, and home gaieties may perhaps not be equalled even by boarding-school good times, but days are quite sure to come when we shall miss all this that we have now,—friends, fun, community spirit, and even the studying.

If we believe this (and "old girls" nearly always testify to its truth), then it behooves us to do better than our previous best toward improving to the utmost the remainder of our time here at school. Like us, spring has returned, freshened and invigorated by her vacation. Are we going to allow nature to shame us in rounding out the year with such a wealth of color, sunshine and song? Shall we not, rather, work even as hard as these so-called inanimate forces have worked, that both April and May will see something definite accomplished by everyone of us; that we may be wiser, stronger and broader minded when we leave; and that finally June may bring the springtime and a really profitable Lasell year for us all to a glorious end?

A Belgian Wedding Dinner.

"I've an invitation for the family," said my father one day upon entering the house, "and you can't guess from whom?"

After several futile attempts at guessing we all gave up, and father proceeded to enlighten us, chuckling to himself as we gave vent to little exclamations of mingled mirth and despair.

"I ran out to the hill farm this morning," he explained, "to look over that carload of cattle Pete Van Cowenburge has ready to ship Monday, and, as I was coming by the house, Ida came out and asked me to bring you all out to her wedding dinner next Wednesday at twelve

o'clock. I don't know that I have told you, but she is going to marry Modest Catalini, out on the old Hardy place. His father is King of the Belgians, you know, so Pete is quite set up over the match. It's likely all of the Belgians in the township will be over to make a day of it, and they killed two hogs this morning, so you may know what to expect."

"Godness! I only hope that they are a little cleaner out there than at Van Huilles," said my mother, who had begun to treat such surprises somewhat calmly after twenty years of experience at the birth, wedding, and funeral festivities of all the nationalities who tenant the farms of the middle west. It all went in the course of a year to her, and she was resigned to the fact that one could never think of not accepting, for to quote from father: "These tenants are pig-headed, but don't you suppose that they have feelings as well as the rest of us?"

As for my sister and me, this was our initial invitation into this particular circle of "society," and we were not wholly pleased; for although the novelty of this event was an inducement, we knew that our first appearance out would be a signal to bid us to the weddings of all the other Tina's and Marie's and Lillie's on my father's farms.

Gently but firmly, however, mother convinced us of our duty, and so when the appointed day came, eleven o'clock saw us well on our way into the country. Six miles from town father slowed the auto down and turned into a gateway, coming to a stop at some distance from the small red farm house perched on a slight knoll near by, and surrounded by a rough board fence to which was already tied a string of long haired, well fed plough horses, hitched to hay racks, lumber wagons, carts and other farm vehicles. Here and there a covered top-buggy, its wheels caked with layers of rich Illinois mud, told that some young gallant had brought "his girl" from out "Tradin' House Swamp way."

The bride, a stocky rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen, her hair sleek and shining from a liberal amount of wet brushing, smoothed out her very much ornamented stiff brown silk dress, and came forward, leading her newly-acquired husband by the hand, and said, "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Newton, and the ladies. This is Modest," and she pointed to the object of her affection, eyeing him proudly as he hung his head and awkwardly tendered one of his great, calloused red hands.

After addressing a few words in broken English to us, he hastened away to take care of a team that had just driven up, and we could but note the evident discomfort expressed in his swarthy, perspiring face with its dull, blue eyes, over which his thick, greasy hair fell in confusion, and the nervousness of his movements, hampered probably by the brand new store suit and the stiff paper collar into which he had wriggled himself for the occasion. Then Ida led us towards the house.

As we neared the porch steps, mother, who was walking with me a little behind the others looked up saying, "Better take some good long breaths of fresh air; it's your last chance for awhile."

And a moment later, when we entered the small, tightly closed parlor, crowded with hot, excited people, jabbering confusedly in Belgian, I was glad that I had taken her advice. After Mrs. Van Cowenburg, tagged after by three or four little Van Cowenburgs, had escorted us to another box of a room, filled with the smell of cooking onions and cabbage, and we had laid aside our wraps, we returned to the parlor and were introduced to a few of the people, all of whom were curiously regarding us. We never knew how or why this select few who were chosen to meet us were selected; they seemed no more intelligent or better versed in English than the others, but at the time they chattered very easily with us about the good traits of the

newly-wed, their prospects, and "the grand weddin' day Idy's pa was a' givin' 'er."

Just before the dinner was served, as father had gone down into the orchard to mingle with the men who were playing roly-boly, a favorite game of the Belgians, Ida took the opportunity of showing us her wedding gifts which were laid out in one of the bedrooms upstairs. Such a display! I am sure no town girl's could have outnumbered them. As we looked them over, I could not help noticing a brown carpet rug in the center of which three bright orange cats played on some St. Patrick's green grass with a ball of vivid pink string. Similarly striking was a set of four blue and yellow crocheted chair-tidies, edged with tiny tassels and marked by a grimy card bearing the names "Mr. and Mrs. Alonso Du Brach, Helle and Annah Du-Brach," laboriously written in English. The united generosity of the "Mud Creek" Belgians had purchased a most beautiful water set of thick pink glass, the goblets as well as the pitcher flaring at the top into a ruffly edge, spattered all over with tiny flecks of real gilt, guaranteed not to wash off for ten years, or so Ida happily told us. A very highly varnished and uncomfortable looking Morris chair upholstered in cheap pink and green plush, bore the tag of the bridegroom's family, while the more sensible mother of the bride had chosen for her daughter two downy comfortables, the prevailing color turkey-red. Finding that we had overlooked the gift of her better half, which she had been wearing, Ida produced for our close inspection, an elaborately chased gold plated watch, dangling from a long chain, the clasp of which held an enormous brilliant.

After we had admired this and all of her other gifts to her satisfaction, she led us down stairs again just as the neighbor women, who were helping in the kitchen, gave the first call for dinner, and assigned us seats of honor at the first table with the bridal party, the parents of the bride and groom, and the priest. The table was set the length of the kitchen, and we found ourselves with our backs to the red-hot stove, and packed in like sardines around a board which looked ready to collapse at any moment, so heavily was it laden. The centerpiece was a pile of fruit stacked fantastically upon a platter, the end pieces unusually large cakes, highly colored by sprinklings of differently colored sugars, while dark and light breads, greasy doughnuts, pale thin little pies, small cakes, gay "boughten" cookies, pickles of every variety, large, small, and mixed, besides sauer kraut, cold sliced pork, and Frankfurters, saucers and saucers of mussy-looking jelly, dark spicy preserves, and dishes of dried stewed apricots, apples, and prunes were crowded on so thickly that scarcely an inch of the coarse, white tablecloth showed itself. But this was only a small part of the wedding feast; for no sooner had the priest spoken the blessing in his low, monotonous voice, when five or six buxom young girls pressed at our elbows proffering steaming pans of tender boiled pork, hot brown sausages, starchy potatoes still in their jackets, great kettles of mushy boiled beans, undrained cabbage and onions, green peas and string beans, savoring of pork fat, very strong, black coffee and various other dishes wholly unfamiliar to us. These hard working people, used to vigorous exercise during the whole day, are hearty eaters, and although our appetites seemed diminutive by contrast with theirs, we managed to make way with considerable portions of the often not unappetizing food, so differently cooked and flavored from that to which we were accustomed.

The conversation during the meal was loud and cheerful, as becomes such a festive event; and the endeavors of the bride and groom to entertain their guests and to keep their plates well supplied, persistent. Succeeding in their efforts they kept us nearly an hour and a half

before we rose to make room for the next table who awaited their turn in the adjoining room, a band of boisterous, red-faced men, stout impatient women, with toil-stained hands folded over their stomachs, and soiled and bawling little children, pulling at their mother's apron strings or fingering their coarse print wrappers. Pushing through the crowd we re-entered the parlor where the young folks were assembled, some standing about the organ listening to a pretty girl playing "Blue bell" in jig time, and singing at the top of her rather shrill voice, while others were discoursing hilariously in a mixture of Engilsh slang and Belgian peasant speech.

We did not linger long after dinner as it was growing late, but wishing the bride much happiness and good fortune, hastened hot and tired from the close, unhealthful air of the house out into the fresh sweetness of the summer afternoon, leaving our farmer friends only well started with their round of merry making, which had begun early in the morning with the ceremony at the church, and would probably endure far into the night, or even into the next day, if the food and other supplies should last.

G. L., '11.

Silent Comforters.

Can we doubt for a minute that inspiration comes from great books? Even the lesser ones are not seldom the means of uplift, new visions, quickened ambition. In the nursery, for example, this influence can be seen. The wee boy who has perhaps been listening eagerly to the tale of some big brave knight, springs impulsively down from his mother's knee, and in childish rapture strides up and down the room. "Muvver, when I'm big, that's what I'm going to be! I'll pr'tect you, Muvver; no big, ugly lions, nor tigers, nor bears can get at you. I'll kill em! I'll—" Oh yes, we say, but that is only the childish fancy. Yet, consider. His fancy is just as real to the child as are his games. For the present his whole ambition is to be a "big soldier man," an inspiration drawn directly from the story. How many of us, I wonder, can think of like inspirations of our own, due to the influence of some acquaintance made in the realms of bookland?

Again, when we have grown older, and our friends of the nursery travel away to the Land of Childhood, do we not often long, as we sit awhile alone, for some friend to sweep the cobwebs of loneliness off the gloomy horizon of our too prosaic present, as the dear old woman who swept the cobwebs down from the sky? If we could only find some kindly, noble sympathizer who could understand what we ourselves cannot express in words! How we wish we could have known some great and noble and inspiring characters, such as Lincoln or Emerson, for instance; if we could have had them for friends. Or, if only fairies, we think, would appear in the dancing flames of the firelight of the library hearth, in answer to our wishes! Then we smile as we think of our little old friends in our childhood's books. Surely the magic powers are there still, but, like the fairies of those vanished days, they are too delicate for our more grown up eyes. Consider the marvelous things which we take as a matter of course, just for the reason that they are so closely connected with our lives that we do not get a perspective. "What is more wonderful than the magic of the page?" says Carlyle. "It is the greatest invention man has ever made, this of marking down the unseen thought that is in him, by written characters. It is a kind of second speech almost as miraculous as the first."

Even now our wishes may be fulfilled as in the days of our fairy godmothers. We turn to Emerson, perhaps, and find the help we need; or to Lincoln, and see his life so beautifully revealed that of him also it might be said, chang-

ing a little the familiar words, "He was noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, even now rises up to meet his own." We close the book containing his words, nobly heroic, feeling inspired and refreshed.

Or maybe we are frolicsome today, we want a jolly companion. Can we not find her in our Mrs. Wiggs, dear, merry philosophical soul, or in the influence of similar other friends that we can call to mind?" Fairies dance before us at our will, or gallant knights ride forth to conquest bold, or some sweet, quiet friend we find who gives us just the help we need. We make our own book-friends, select them as in life, and they have their due influence. But we cannot influence them in turn. It is wholly theirs to give.

This feeling of the influence of books has been shown by Longfellow, when he says:

> "Come read to me some poem,
> Some simple and heartfelt lay,
> That shall soothe this restless feeling
> And banish the thoughts of the day."

These friends know just what, and when, and just how much to say. It is ours to choose. It is by this means, in large part, that the greatest thoughts have come down to us from the greatest masters in all parts of the earth.

Christianity itself—the wide o'er-spreading beauty of our world—what would it have been had we not had the Bible? Handed down by word of mouth, how might the words of holy inspiration have been changed in the coming? Truly one of God's greatest blessings is the written page.

E. B. M.

Master Spot.

When I opened my eyes after that memorable battle and looked up at the men and boys who crowded around me, there was one face which in my dazed state I thought belonged to my mistress. I shut my eyes, put my tail between my legs, and crawled towards the face, expecting to get a whipping, for Miss Martha always whipped me for fighting; but instead of the taps from her riding whip, I felt a gentle hand on my head, and heard a strange yet half way familiar voice say: "Whose dog is this? He is no ordinary street cur; he looks as though he belonged to rich people. He has an expensive collar, but the only thing on it is his name. 'Master Spot' suits him, doesn't it?" (for I was all white except one very prominent brown spot on the back of my neck.)

Then I remembered where I was, and just what had happened. My mistress was at that moment picnicing with a jolly crowd, about two miles from the village where I now found myself. The party had started out on horseback that morning, but on the way Miss Martha had dropped her handkerchief, so when the party reached the picnic grounds I was sent back after it. This was a favorite pastime of my mistress. She would drop her handkerchief in the bushes along the roadside and show me the place; then about a mile farther on she would send me back after it while she rested. This was "to test the memory," as she put it.

Today the handkerchief was about three miles back by the road they had followed, though I had taken a short cut through the village. On my way back through a dirty, narrow street, I came upon something which always makes my blood boil,—a big dog whipping a little one. The little dog was crying and yelping for mercy, and a group of boys who had gathered around were only laughing at him. It is strange that people cannot distinguish a yelp of real pain from a yelp of fear. I rushed at the big dog, and before he knew what had struck him, I had him by the throat;—the safest way to tackle big dogs, who are usually slow and easily beaten, unless one gives them time to think. He put up a better fight, than I expected, though, and I came out of it half stunned and with a big

cut on my shoulder, which, if not attended to immediately, might leave such a bad scar that I could never win another medal at the dog shows where every scar counts against one.

But the boy who had spoken when I first opened my eyes sent to the nearest drug store for some medicine, which he put on the wound, covering it with his handkerchief.

"Why are you taking so much trouble with a strange dog?" asked one of the men.

"And his wound is not half as bad as that he gave the other dog," added another.

"Oh! I don't know; I have taken a fancy to this bull. Isn't he a beauty? Look at his chest and legs."

"You can't keep him, though, for if anyone saw you with that dog they'd think you had stolen him. He's too swell for you."

At this the boy flushed. He was about eighteen, rather tall, with a well shaped head, and grey eyes very much like Miss Martha's.

"I am going to keep him for the night," he replied, "and send him home in the morning, since he is too weak to go now."

With that he picked me up and walked off, and five minutes later I found myself before a fireplace in a plain but very neat room. Jack, my benefactor, had gone off to work, but his mother, a sweet, little old lady, was cooking some meat for me. Already I felt very much at home, but I wondered if Miss Martha missed me. It was the first time I had failed to get her handkerchief for her. Would she cry if I never returned? She had other dogs, but I had reason to believe she liked me best, except perhaps, for that good-for-nothing little poodle. She called me her trick dog and said I was as smart as a human being. Jack did not have any dog at all, and I liked Jack. He seemed to understand me better even than Miss Martha. Would it be very wrong not to go back to Miss Martha? After much pondering, I decided to stay with Jack, and then went to sleep to dream that Miss Martha was calling me.

The next day my new master tried to send me home, but I would not go; and the next day, and the next, without better success. Every evening Jack searched the lost column of the papers,—in vain. I would have obeyed and left him, but I knew he wanted me to stay as much as I myself wished it.

Jack and I were very happy together that winter. I used to take him to and from the office where he had a minor position. In the evening we always had a frolic and then I would take a nap while he read to his mother. It was quite different from my life with Miss Martha. There I had been obliged to take a bath every day, and I had never been allowed in the house except to amuse callers.

One Sunday, when I had been with Jack about a year, I was taking a walk with him in the park on a beautiful day when everybody was out of doors. I was quite a way ahead of my master when I saw a familiar object,—a girl on horseback,—coming towards me. I looked a second time, for something about the way she rode made me think of Miss Martha. Why, it *was* Miss Martha! Yes, I was not mistaken! I ran out and barked at the horse's head, which made Jack quite provoked. Miss Martha did not pay the slightest attention to me, and I don't believe she would have known me if she had not heard Jack call me "Spot." I suppose I did look different, for my coat had not received any attention for a year, though no other dog has a spot like mine.

Well, that is about all there is to tell, for you know the rest. Jack and Miss Martha are own cousins who had never known each other up to that time, because of a misunderstanding between their mothers years before the one married a rich American, and the other a poor Englishman. These marriages separated still further the sisters, who finally lost track of each other altogether. Now all is changed. Since the meeting in the park Jack and Miss Martha

have been like brother and sister. Miss Martha's father has been very kind to Jack, too, for he has given him money to go to college.

But I am the happiest one of all, for I now have *both* a master and a mistress.

E. E. B. '12.

The Charm of the White Horses.

Little ten year old Harry Thurston had considered himself the man of the family for three years, for although his mother took in sewing since his father had gone to war, Harry helped out by selling papers and running errands generally. So it was a manly little fellow that scornfully laughed at his companion when the latter said, as he "stamped" a white horse, "Sure it brings good luck and after you stamp six white *hosses* you can wish anything you want and you'll get it."

"No matter what *it is?*" questioned Harry.

"Sure as I'm living," was the confident reply.

"Aw, go on," came from Harry, "I ain't got time for such stuff now Dad's fighting those old Spaniards; I got to keep busy."

"Your father ain't fightin' no more; the war's over, and your father didn't come back," the heartless youngster retorted.

"Well, he will come back," Harry answered pluckily; cause he wasn't shot. No, sir; my Dad's a brave general, ridin' on a black hoss. You wait 'till he comes back, and you'll see." But he had no time to waste in words, and hastened on his errands.

Yet, in spite of his plucky answer and brave voice, our little man's heart questioned whether one of those soldiers who had been shot could be his father; whether the big, broad-shouldered man he called Dad could now be one of those weak, white-faced men. But, no; his loyal little heart, thrilled with the mental vision that he had pictured so long,—the blue uniform, shiny buttons, prancing black steed and drawn sword,—refused to believe that this splendor could be anything less than actual.

"Well, anyhow, I do wish Dad would come back so I could show Billy," he thought. "My, won't he have stories to tell me."

He looked up from his revery just in time to avoid being run down by two beautiful white horses. Billy's story flashed across his mind. After six, anything you wish will come true. Six—that's a lot to see! But two—two white horses—that is a good start for six. He wavered. Yes, he would, and he'd stay out until he had finished the six, and then he would wish his wish. But he had no time even to think what he would wish as he hurriedly imitated Billy's motion, and then rang the bell of the house where he had been sent.

His errand being done, Harry wandered around, through the busy streets bent on his purpose, but seeing only one more white horse, finally decided to go over on the boulevard where on pleasant summer evenings many people drove. At last he had seen all the six but one, the last one necessary to complete the charm, and his determined will refused to allow him to go home without fulfilling his expectations. Suddenly he dashed around a corner, thinking he saw the tail of a milky steed, but in his haste he ran into a great tall man, though he did not stop to apologize until he had made sure of his precious six by this last stamping, and hastily closing his eyes, had wished aloud, "I wish Dad would come home."

There, he had wished his wish, and now he must apologize to the stranger whom he ran into. As he looked up with the polite words on his lips, he suddenly forgot all such formalities, and he cried choking with joy, "Dad! My wish came true! My wish came true!"

Sure enough, it was his father, a weak, bloodless-looking soldier, worn out with fever. In his extremity he had been unknown and uncared for, and entirely unable to send word to his family, but had finally recovered, and had now returned;—not, indeed, on the prancing black

horse, and not in the new uniform with shiny buttons; but at least he had come, and that precious fact was worth everything. Even now Harry counts his six white horses when he has his heart set on attaining something that only the Fates can bring.

G. W., Sp.

A Vision.

A moonlight night in spring,—a balmy breeze
Blew from the south. No night for study this.
And sudden through my open window came
An elfin figure, clad in cloudlike robes
Of misty blue, and bearing in her hand
A golden sceptre, starred with many a gem.
One hand she raised and beckoned me to come.
I followed, by a strange attraction led,
And in an airy chariot, drawn by steeds
Snow-white and fleet of foot, was borne aloft—
I knew not whither,—neither reck'd nor cared.
The zephyrs from the south upon my face
About me cast a charm; and sweet oblivion
Soon far removed from me all thoughts of care.
How long we onward rushed I cannot tell,
But of a sudden, through the shades of night
A light appeared, and urging on our steeds,
We hastened on to see from whence it came.
An open door, and from within was heard
The sound of music and a merry din.
My guide threw down the reins, and with her hand
Upon my arm, she led me in with her.
As in a trance my eyes could scarce behold
So much of splendor as was there revealed.
The walls of crimson and the gilded dome,
And myriad dazzling lights were multiplied
By crystal mirrors set on every side.
A banquet table, in the center spread
With silver and with snow-white napery,
And laden with rare blossoms. As we watched,
The great doors opposite us rolled aside,
And through the portals came a stately throng
Whose faces, ne'ertheless, I seemed to know.
The first, in garb of Revolution years:
Who could he be but courtly Washington?
In poured the throng immortal: Dante next,
And Beatrice, made immortal by his song.
Imperial Cæsar, Shakespeare, many more;
And still they came. But sudden, as I gazed,
One face I saw that made my blood run cold.
I drew my trusty blade, and with one bound
I met him face to face. "At last we meet,
Oh Petrarch! I will have redress at last!
Thy Sonnets! Wretch, defend thyself or die!"
My arm was raised to strike, but e're the blow
Descended, came a sudden mighty crash
Swift darkness followed,—silence,—and I woke.
Upon the desk before me lay my pen,
Where my clenched hand had dropped it; and a trail
Of ink, still fresh, across my unfinished theme.

K. M. K., '11.

Sitka, The Indian Boy Dreamer.

The morning was dreary, and to Sitka the dreariness seemed heightened by the fact that he was shut up in the class-room instead of being free as in the early days of his life. If those happy days could not return, however, he could dream of them; of the long rides across the desert at the head of a bunch of cattle; of the summer evenings when the moon lighted his way and he sang softly to the cattle to prevent a stampede; and of hot days when water was scarce and when beautiful lakes seemed to appear far away near the mountains, though the thirsty cattle, roaming all day, would in the end find only vapor where they had hoped for cool waters.

Sometimes the little sister Koma had accompanied Sitka on these rides, and he thought of her now. She used to sit with the old squaw mother in the little hut far up on the mountain side, singing, and weaving baskets. Koma had been weaving baskets for years, and every day she would ride down to the town to sell these baskets to the passengers of the overland train, sending all the money earned in this way to her brother, so that he might have the education which she lacked. Some passenger might try to take a picture of the pretty little maid, but if possible she dodged and ran away because, were she caught by the black box, the great sun god would be displeased and would send famine and sickness to all her tribe.

Finally the day when Sitka left for school came to his mind. It had been a great day, though sad. Many of his tribe had come down to the town to see him off,—even his mother had

put on her best cape, made of rabbit's skin, and had ventured near the train, but the old chief, his father, had ridden away with the cattle early that morning, for he could not bear to see his son go away.

But great changes had come to the home country since Sitka left; first, government men drove the tribe from the ground it had owned for centuries before the white man came to this land; then the old chief was killed,—the news arrived only this morning,—and the leaderless tribe was driven far into the mountains. No, it was not fair that these white man who had so much,—beautiful homes, schools, and parks,—should take away the little territory that was the property of his people. And following this thought came a resolve to go back this very night in search of his sister and the tribe, to take his father's place as chief, and, with the few men that were left, to make trouble for these intruders.

But something suddenly called him back from his dreams. The teacher spoke sharply for she had twice asked him a question and received no reply. "Sitka leave the room!" she ordered; and Sitka left, never to return.

P. S., Sp.

Mount Wachusett.

Mount Wachusett is in the central part of Massachusetts not far from the boundary line between this state and that of New Hampshire. The mountain is covered with woods, and on three sides the state reservation extends for quite a distance. On the fourth side is a rocky ledge which gradually slopes down to what is known as Wachusett Lake. To my knowledge there are four different paths all leading to the summit of the Mountain. There is one called the Indian trail, because, a long time ago, the Indians were supposed to have lived on the side of this mountain and to have made this path. There are also, the Harrington trail, and the brook path. The brook path is on the southern side, and as I have always lived on this side I will tell you about that one and not the others.

From the main road we go through the grounds of one of the summer hotels and up into a flat, open pasture. In summer this pasture is filled with blackberry bushes, and a rocky cliff on one side is covered with small, green ferns, and moss growing in the crevices. In the Spring you would see a very different sight when the water comes rushing down from above and falls over the cliff making a pond at its foot. We go through a turn-stile into a second pasture and follow for some time a grassy path, fringed on either side with bushes. Then we come into the woods, where the character of the way again varies. Here we have only the bed of the brook for our path, and it is not very easy walking. There are many rocks, large and small, worn smooth in the passage of years by the constant washing of the tumbling water flowing over them in the spring time. After walking for a few minutes over such paths, it is a question whether one ever reach the top of the mountain. Half way up a fallen tree blocks our advance, and this tree is generally a welcome sight to most people, since it affords a place to rest. This is known as the half way place. After resting here for a few minutes we keep on, climbing up rude rocks that suggest a stairway, apparently laid expressly for our benefit; though, to be sure, the steps are not very regular. This, of course, is much easier walking. Soon we come to a shelf-like part of the mountain where is an open place whence we can look out over the country in all directions, except to the north.

Beautiful, indeed, are the little villages, the farm houses scattered here and there, and the small pond in the distance, with the sunshine falling full upon its surface and reflected in brightness as from a mirror. In the autumn the glory of the view to me is the multi-colored

foliage of the trees, some green, some red, and some almost golden in color. Here one may see a place where the grass has been recently cut and the new grass first coming in looks very bright and fresh. But we must not linger here too long.

After walking for about ten minutes more, over a soft, grassy path, we find ourselves on the main road and see the Mountain House in front of us. In great excitement we hurry on, as fast as we can after our strenuous climb, to get to the very top and sit down on the piazza to rest. The house at the top of the mountain is large enough to accommodate the many guests who spend the summer here. From the observatory, with the aid of a telescope one may see Boston Harbor very plainly, and also look over into the state of New Hampshire.

One dislikes to leave this charming place and descend the mountainside homeward, losing thus the exquisite view to be had at the summit. The sunsets here are especially beautiful, and it is no rare occurence for a party of young people to walk up the mountain and take supper on the summit for the sake of this panorama. They usually stay late, but do not attempt to go down by the same way that brought them, but by the winding road that leads down into the valley.

If ever you have an opportunity to ascend Mount Wachusett, it will be well worth your while to do so.

M. D. '11.

Marriages.

Ella Agnes Ebeling to Mr. John J. Wolfersperger on Saturday, March the twenty-sixth, in the city of New York.

Grace Blanche Ordway to Mr. Albert J. Miller on Wednesday, March the second at Riverside, California.

Mary Simms, daughter of our Charlotte Snell Simms, '82, to Mr. Alpheus O. Waha, on Wednesday evening, January twelfth, at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

On Thursday evening, April 14th, at the Second Unitarian Church, Boston, Maude Burbank Simes, President of the class of 1906, was married to Robert Harding, of Portsmouth, N. H. The ceremony was followed by a reception at her Brookline home, where one of the charming features of this informal meeting was the singing of Lasell and Dartmouth songs by the bridal party. This Lasell bride was attended by her sister, Marjorie, as maid-of-honor, and six bridesmaids gowned in pink and carrying large bouquets of pink sweet-peas. Four of the bridesmaids were Lasell girls: Margarita and Meta Buehner, '06; Mildred Johnston, '06, and Helen Huntington. Among those present at the reception on the Thursday afternoon previous, was a large Lasell delegation, including Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Misses Nutt, Packard and LeRoyer. The list of "old girls" include Katherine Washburn Peyser, '06; Helen Carter Marcy, '06; Margaret Fuller, '06; Edna Thurston, Edna Rogers, '05; Elizabeth and Mildred Peirce, '06.

Our Trip to Washington.

The last few days before Easter will probably be long remembered by some Lasell girls, not only because of the good times, but also because they felt an excited impatience at thought of the pleasures so soon to come.

A trip had been planned for those who wished to visit the Capitol City, and so it was that when the five-thirty train arrived at Auburndale on Friday, March the twenty-fifth, fourteen happy, jolly girls, with their chaperon set out for Boston. At seven-thirty we reached Fall River, where the boat was in readiness to steam along the lovely Sound. After dinner we were glad to go out on deck, for there was a beautiful moon which made the night lovely, and Lasell songs were sung until a late hour, when our party retired; but alas, all did not enjoy repose, for one of our number was in so

sad a plight from the combination of the motion of the boat and her thoughtless indulgence in bananas that she was put in the tender care of Miss Potter. We all arose very early the next morning to see the entrance into New York harbor, and there we had the unusual experience of witnessing the setting moon and the rising sun at the same time. Our luncheon at the Hotel Rittenhouse in Philadlephia was followed by a shopping tour to Wanamaker's, after which we boarded our special train for Washington.

Upon our arrival at the handsome new station in the Capitol City, we were taken by taxicabs to the Hotel Gordon, which we made our headquarters. As Sunday morning was bright and fair our party went to St. John's Church, where we saw Mrs. Taft. In the afternoon an auto conveyed us through the city which was beautiful with its green lawns and many flowers, after which we visited Arlington, the Curtis-Lee mansion, and the National Cemetery, where sixteen thousand soldiers lie at rest.

Our first detailed view of Washington was on Monday, and we certainly spent a strenuous day. Making an early start, we inspected the State War and Navy building, the Treasury, with its cash room, and lastly the beautiful and majestic Capitol proved of vast interest. The afternoon was spent at Mt. Vernon, the famous and lovely home where the "Father of His Country" passed his last years, and one does not wonder that he found a special charm in the surrounding views and quaint house, which in bygone days were graced by many a gallant gentleman and beautiful lady. Marie Tempest in "Penelope" proved a pleasant diversion for the evening.

Tuesday brought the long anticipated trip to the White House, truly memorable although we were disappointed at not being able to meet our President. Later in the day the Corcoran Art Gallery, with its wonderful statuary and beautiful paintings had its share of attention. We were especially delighted with the Congressional Library, where we spent the evening, and after viewing its beautiful frescoes and rotunda, we all voted this building the most wonderful of all those we had seen.

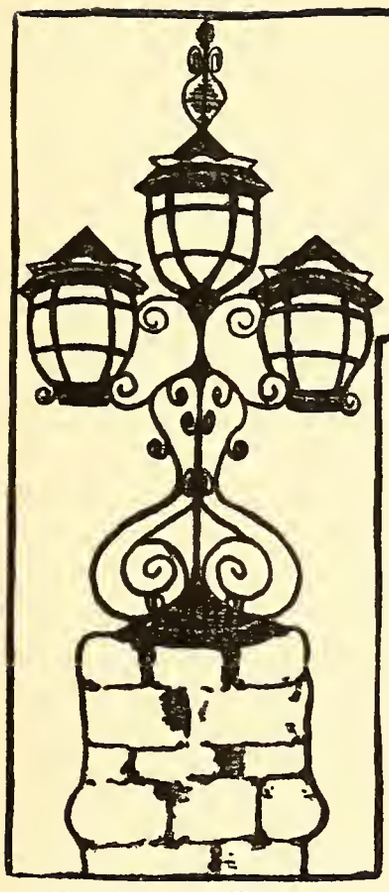
While in the Capitol next day, our party had the pleasant experience of seeing both the Senate and the House of Representatives in session. In the latter a lively discussion was going on. Following this some of the girls went to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where it was interesting to see the processes used in stamping bills. The rest of the day was passed quietly and the girls had an opportunity to amuse themselves in their own way. I should not be surprised if Huyler's was rather popular between the hours of three and eight.

This was the end of our sight-seeing in Washington. Early on Thursday morning we started homeward and arrived in Philadelphia soon after finishing our box-lunch, which we ate while on the train. As we had quite a wait in that city we visited the United States Mint, as well as Independence Hall with its ancient relics. Then leaving behind us several girls who wished to visit with friends or relatives in New York and Philadelphia, we set out for Lasell, spending another glorious night on the water, and arriving at the school on Friday morning.

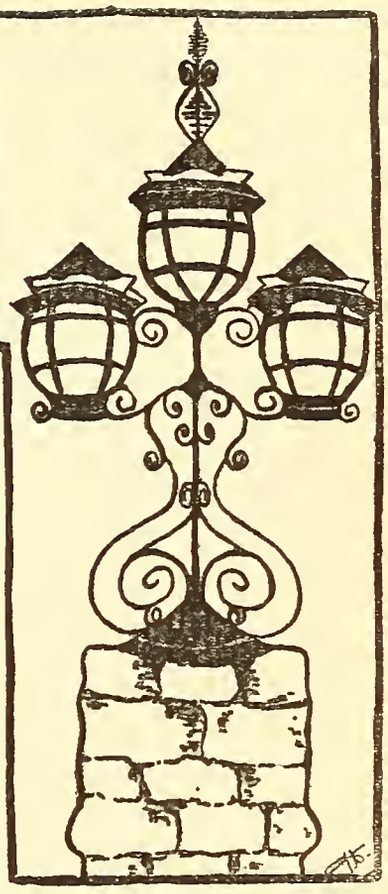
Now nothing is left of our happy vacation except its pleasant memories, and these will last for many days. Often when some girl looks dreamy during a recitation, we others of that blissful excursion know that she is thinking of the lovely city left so far behind.

"That friend of yours never comes round unless he has an ax to grind," said the politician.

"Worse than that," answered the other. "I not only have to turn the grindstone, but I have to lend him the ax."



LOCALS



March 13. Contrary to the usual rule there was no vesper service at school this evening, in place of which the girls attended the evening service of some one of the three churches in the village. At the Congregational church a member of the "Seamen's Friends Society" told us something of the wonderful work being carried on among the sailors, about which we so seldom hear.

March 14. Mrs. Wagner entertained several members of the Faculty and the Clark Cottage girls at a tea this afternoon.

March 17. Every one, including many of the faculty, appeared at breakfast wearing dresses, belts, or bows of brightest green in honor of Ireland's patron saint. At dinner some of the tables were appropriately decorated in honor of the day.

March 18. One of the most delightful events of the term took place this afternoon. Mrs. Winslow entertained the entire school, faculty and pupils with a reception at Karandon.

March 19. As it was very beautiful out of doors today many were glad to take advantage of the opportunity offered for walking at the regular lecture period.

March 20. This evening at Vespers Seniorita Marcielle told us of the work being carried on in Spain among the young girls, in which work she is very much interested.

March 21. This evening the Seniors took their table. Miss Genn's and Miss Nutt's tables had been pushed together forming one large table in the shape of a letter T, around which stood the Seniors in caps and gowns when we underclassmen came down to dinner. After all the others were seated the Juniors appeared on the balcony and sang an appropriate song to which Seniors responded.

March 23. Tonight the annual Easter concert was given in the gymnasium in which various vocal, piano, and violin pupils took part.

March 25. School closed today for the Easter vacation and great was the excitement as the girls and their trunks departed. Many, of course, go home, others visit relatives, and a few remain at Lasell where many good times have been planned for them.

April 5. School opened this morning, beginning the last and best term of the year.

April 6. Tonight the places were assigned in the dining room. We feel more settled now that we have our regular tables.

April 7. This afternoon the entire German department went into Boston to see a German play, "Nathan der Weise," given at the new Schubert theater.

April 7. This evening Miss Best lectured in

the chapel, her subject being, "True Stories from Real Life." She told us in a very realistic manner something of the life in the East Side of New York City.

April 9. This afternoon Mr. Allen gave a law lecture, the third of his series of five.

April 10. At the Vesper service this evening Mrs. Merrill told us of her work in Turkey. As she and her husband have lived there for many years she was able to give us many interesting features of Turkish life and to tell us of the pitiful struggle the young Turkish girls are making to obtain an education.

The Easter Concert.

The Lasell Easter concert given on the evening of March twenty-third, was one of the most pleasing events of the school year thus far. The program was as follows:

Organ. Fantasie in E-minor Merkel
Miss Snyder
Voice. Marguerita, Old French, arr. by A. L.
Miss Bensinger
Pianoforte. Sous Bois, Staub
Miss Wessel
Song. Whither? Schubert
Miss Eisenstaedt
Pianoforte Quartet. Nocturne from Serenade, Gurlitt
Misses Berman Goodall, Kelsey and Stone
Violins. Priere en Fa, Guilmant
Misses Watkins, Shuttleworth and Burke
(Accompanied by Miss Snyder, Organ, and Miss Wessel, Piano)
Voice. The Wood Pigeon,
The Owl, Lehman
Miss Scott
Pianoforte. Ase's Tod,
Anitra's Tanz, Grieg
(From Peer Gynt Suite.)
Miss Dietz
Voice. To a Messenger, LaForge
Miss Halstead
Pianoforte. 2d Mazurka Echeverria
Miss L. Mayer
Voice. Impatience, Schubert
Miss Shepherd
Pianoforte. Mazurka in B-flat Major, Godard
Miss Scott
Voice. Roses, Salter
The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold, Whelpley
Miss McLean
Pianoforte. Nocturne in E flat Chopin
Miss Stults
(Organ part arranged by Mr. Hills and played by Miss Curtiss)
Voice. The Nightingale's Song, Nevin
Miss Shuttleworth
Pianoforte Quartet. Overture to Antigone, Mendelssohn
Misss Ordway, Ter Kuile, Knight and Gallaher
(Organ part arranged by Mr. Hills and played by Miss Curtiss)

Every girl did such credit both to herself and to her teacher that each performance was greeted with enthusiastic and well deserved applause from an appreciative audience composed of members of the school and Auburndale people.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses H. Hamilton, J. Hamilton, Merrill, Brooks, A. and I. Levi, Nahigian, Wendt, Annis, Wessel, Siggins.

If You Wish To Go To Town.

Lasell of course is the best of all schools;
But one hardship is its "unwritten rules."
Whenever to town you wish to go,
The straightest mark you have to toe,
For first Miss Nutt comes on the scene,—
Her smile is bland and most serene:
"If Sunday you in bed make moan,
On Monday, then, you stay at home."
Now when Miss Nutt is pacified,
Miss Potter must be satisfied:
Through the book a search is made,—
An absence is against you laid.
This, at last may be made right, too,
But the register card—oh, woe to you!
"Last week your walk you did not mark;
This means for you not one more lark!"
All these obstacles once out of the way,
Yet another thing may make you stay:
A wee billet doux in your box you may find
That means study hall—an awful grind!
Yet still, e'en though we do scold and complain,
Our teachers we know, are not wholly to blame;
If we work with a will from morning till night,
Our troubles will vanish, and all will be right.

D. B., Sp.



Constance Blackstock, '09, spent her Easter vacation in Washington, D. C., where we think she saw President Taft and know she met Bessie Draper, '02. These loyal old girls had a good time affectionately "talking over" Lasell.

A message from Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, brings the good news that the Iowa and Nebraska "old girls" are forming a Lasell Club. We feel perfectly sure that with "Zoe" as a promoter the club will have a successful organization and future.

Marion Bartlett, a Lasell girl of '08-'09, promises to be with us at Commencement to our delight. She will receive a cordial welcome.

Louise Gibert Martin, of Neodesha, Kansas, sends a friendly word and writes for a catalogue. We are glad to comply with her request, but only wish she had "called in person." The same message applies to Mary Peck Butcher. We do appreciate the loyalty of these "old girls" who show their interest in such a practical way.

Clara Nims, '08, acknowledges receipt of the "Lasell Frolics" in a kind note to our Principal. She is looking forward, to use her own words, "to coming back at some future time." We suggest the date to be June, 1910.

Ethel Taft is responsible for telling us that Marceline Freeman Jones has a little daughter, and we are selfish enough to place her on our "waiting list."

Nell Jones Yoemans and Mary Potter McConn, '05, have sent us the glad tidings that little daughters have come to them during the Easter days. Our loving congratulations to these classmates and our former schoolmates.

We have learned in a roundabout way that Katherine Shouse is to be married this month. We are hoping for a more definite message from the bride-elect.

Helen Royse Shirk has moved to Peru, Ind., so Annie Howe Shipley says.

Alice Bixler Barker (Mrs. J. M.) lives in Newton Centre, Mass. "Her husband is Professor of Sociology in Boston University." I wonder why we did not know it sooner!

Ida Mallory Lyon visited in Brooklyn in February and met Cora Danforth in a store. I wonder what those two girls were doing in a *store?*

Mame Seaman was here a few days. Looks better than I ever saw her. Will be in Riverside a while and then home by the North. She improves as the days go by.

Did you happen to notice in the report of the So. California Lasell Club Luncheon that there were present *ten transients?* i. e. girls who are not residents of this coast. It is remarkable that on any one day so many should be visiting in this one little spot, and from comparatively so small a school! They were Florence Smith, Fitchburg, Mass.; Agnes Wright, Milwaukee, Wis.; Laura Conger Buchan, Omaha, Neb.; Winnie Ewing Coffin, Des Moines, Iowa; (Laura and Winnie were roommates at Lasell.) Marie Shellabarger Crowder, Oakland, Cal.; Roberta Clark, Frankfort, Ind.; Helen Darling, Pawtucket, R. I.; Florence Wilbur Heckler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Anna Howe Shipley, LaFayette, Ind.; Caroline Ebersole Martin, Avondale, O. Lasell girls get to the good places. They travel and see things. The presence of these added much to our pleasure on that day. And only two of the ten from the same state!

Does Lasell know of the marriage of Emma

White to Mr. Welles, also of Wethersfield, Ct., on Feb. 15? If Emma's modesty has kept it back I shall not let it stay so. For Emma and her sister, Alice, were in their day two of the best girls Lasell ever had, and are women to be proud of. I shall never forget their womanliness, their cheerful sacrifices for an education, their lovableness. Mr. Welles ought to be proud of his wife, and I have no doubt he is. He is a cousin of Mabel Deming, and brother-in-law of Bertha Libbey, and fellow-officer with Emma in the Sunday-school. They will live in Wethersfield. God bless them!

Mame Shellabarger's daughter spent a recent Sunday with Dessie Millikin's. Both are lovable girls. So Lasell friendships repeat themselves, as they should.

Meta Buehner wrote that she and Margarita couldn't come to the luncheon because they were to start soon to be bridesmaids (with Mildred Johnston and Helen Huntington and two others—my! Maude what a time to get you married) for Maude Simes in April. There is a younger sister in that splendid Buehner family whom Lasell ought to have next year, and would be glad to have if she is anything like as fine as our two samples!

Lucy Roberts Jack, '91, of whose loss I said in the February LEAVES all I then knew, lives in Glendale, Arizonia, not Bisbee. Her two remaining children, Lucy Sampson says, are the best children she ever saw. Alice, who has passed on into the other room, was eight years old, and of remarkable character. When Lucy asked her if she wanted to go to Heaven to be with Jesus and Grandfather, she answered "Yes, mother, Jesus is the best in all the world." "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven," Lucy!

Lizzie Bacon Whittemore couldn't stay East! She is now in San Diego.

I hear Mabel Crocker is to come to San Diego to live. Hope to see her and hers!

Clifford Warnock phoned today that she is here with Elizabeth (Mrs. Vandenbark, '94,) and father and mother. Their usual visit to California is a little late, but they are welcome and glad to be here.

Marie Cogswell Gelinsky, '06, surprises me with a photo of a sturdy young fellow whom she calls "Charles Cogswell Gelinsky!" Pretty hard to believe he belongs to you, Marie! With Marie's cap and gown on he looks as if he might be a fellow of Harvard—only he is too jolly! He is splendid!

Anna Curry Todd of Berkeley writes that she may bring her baby (17!) to Los Angeles, and will spend the summer at Oceanside, S. Diego Co., in which case we hope to see them.

Mary Wythe, '09, wrote that Fancher Sawyer was in L. A. at the time of our Club Luncheon, but we couldn't find out her address: that Edna Sawyer enjoys housekeeping, and also has more orders for illustrating than she can fill: that Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, is very ill.

Ella Cotton Magee, '00, wrote from Palm Beach, "It's lovely here, but I think California is more beautiful." Wish you had come here, Ella!

I wonder if you heard (I did not till now) of the very serious accident to Lucy Curtis, '80, last fall in Vermont? She was thrown from a carriage, struck on her head, fractured her skull, was ten days unconscious, but is all right now, and almost well again! That was a narrow escape! "A horse is a vain thing for safety" says the good Book. But Solomon didn't know anything about autos. If he had I wonder what he would have said?

Mae Chisholm Brown (our beloved) writes that Mr. Brown will presently come to California. We are sorry Mae does not come with him, but hope she will follow. She expects to stay East a while so you will have the pleasure of seeing her which we crave. California has a warm welcome for both!

Emma Sibley Guilbert, Ida's sister, writes from Paris that she and her daughter Louise are enjoying their long European stay: that Paris' winter climate is by no means that of Southern California: that they are "under the good and charming influence of Dr. Richardson," once teacher of Latin at Lasell: that they suffered only slight inconvenience from the great flood.

Leona Benner, '08, seems to have enjoyed her wedding, and so far to be tolerably content in her married life. Most of her bridesmaids were Lasell girls and wore the blue and white. She enjoys home-making, and Lasell helps her.

Charlotte Ryder, '08, says Leona was one of the prettiest brides she ever saw. After the wedding she visited Sophie Mayer a week, saw Maria Riker, Margaret Wadsworth, Helen Rosenthal, Clara Huttenbauer and Frances Ebersole, and adds what I must quote: "There are very few girls who didn't leave Lasell better in a thousand ways than when they entered, and I believe there are few schools of which that can truthfully be said, and any one who knows anything about Lasell knows it's true." Charlotte has good judgment!

Margie Schuberth, '96, visited Anna Ampt, '98, in N. Y., lunched with Ada Cadmus McCoy, '98, who has "two darling little girls," saw Edith Grant, '98, who was "greatly changed" (for the better, of course), stayed with Dorothy Manning Mathews, '95, who is housekeeping in The Georgia, cor. Broadway and 160th St.

We in So. California are having new peas, new potatoes, new strawberries, etc. Indeed we have these and the like all the year round. Wish I could send a few barrels to Lasell!

C. C. B.

Among the special attractions at the coming Lasell commencement will be the presence of our former principal, Dr. Bragdon, and his family; also the reunion of the Class of 1905. Other class reunions are being "talked up and written up," and no end of "old girls" (non-graduates) are showing their allegiance by sending the welcome word, "We are coming back to Commencement." Lasell has always a loving welcome for her "old girls." Bishop William F. Anderson, of the M. E. Church, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon, and Rev. George A. Gordon, of the New Old South Church, Boston, is to be the Commencement speaker.

Our congratulations to Emily Hale Barnett and her husband, Rev. Francis B. Barnett, pastor of the Episcopal Church at Mitchell, South Dakota. We have entered Dorothy Hale Barnett (born March 23rd) on Lasell's waiting list.

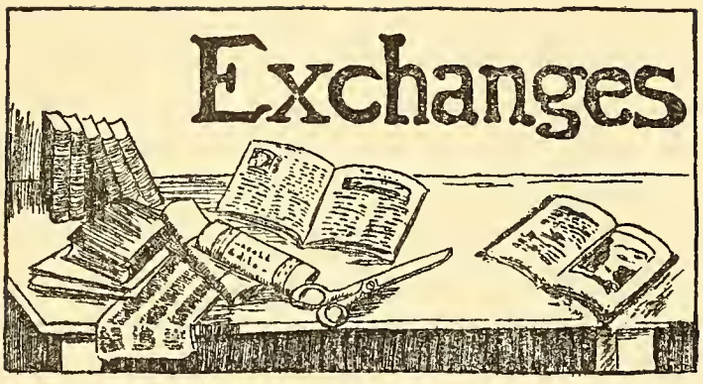
Mrs. A. W. Fulton, (Rena Day, '88-'89), writes for a catalogue and sends the glad news that she is thinking of placing her daughter in her old school home.

From Jessie Butler Seymour (here in '87), comes a kind letter and a word of inquiry concerning the Carpenter Memorial.

Mrs. Winslow's "At Home."

On Friday afternoon, March 18th, Mrs. Winslow gave one of her enjoyable receptions for the faculty and pupils of the seminary,—Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, their tiny son, and Mrs. E. J. Winslow receiving. The girls of Karandon helped to entertain their teachers and schoolmates, and they also served the dainty refreshments. Baby Richard ran all about the rooms, talking to every one, pleasing all by his cunning little pranks, and making himself immensely popular. It was with very real regret that the guests finally departed, after a most delightful half hour.

Yes, there really is quite a difference between a tall fir tree and a church spire. If the Senior who failed to recognize this will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope, we will tell her where she may find books on botany and architecture that will make the matter clear.



The LEAVES is glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers for March: Scroll, *Spinster, Mirror, Kyote, Owl, M. H. S., Tattler, New Trier Echoes, Magpie, Bates Student, Maryville College Monthly, School Life, Herald, Quarterly Tatler, Commerce-Caravel, Review, (Newton), Lawrence High School Bulletin, Dalhousie Gazette, Megaphone, (Dean), Les Collines.*

You are to be congratulated, *Quarterly Tattler,* on your bright and interesting paper. The contents as a whole are very good. Although exceedingly well-written and clever, the stories "The Imprints," "What Fools We Mortals Be," and the sketch "Joshua-Rube," lose their interest somewhat because of a similarity in plot. The Exchange Column, however, is written in a very original way; the criticisms are helpful and good.

The Spinster is a very attractive paper edited by the Senior Class of St. Helen's Hall. The articles are interesting and well-written, especially, "The Legend of Aldyth's Leap," in which is used old English expressions. The cuts are very clever and add greatly to the various departments.

The Herald, Holyoke High School, is a good school paper. Its various departments are well-handled and interesting. The cuts are quite suggestive and make the different divisions more attractive.

On glancing through the February number of *The Scroll,* we recommend your idea of having the majority of the articles written by different members of the Alumni. Your articles are from cover to cover, very good,—the descriptive paper on "Wellesley" being concise and to the point. This Alumnæ number shows how interested the old graduates are in your various school interests.

School Life, Melrose High School, your paper is interesting and well arranged. It would be improved, however, by an Exchange Column containing more helpful criticisms and fewer jokes.

In New Trier Echoes we find the following: "*The Lasell Leaves* is an exceedingly helpful paper. The stories are unusually interesting, and of a high standard. The locals and personals are a very important part of the paper; they make the reader feel that life at the Seminary must be very enjoyable, indeed; students of Lasell during the 'Seventies' are still kept track of as well as those of '09. The Exchange department, however, seems to be barely struggling along, like those of many other school papers. To use your own words, 'Brace up, *Lasell Leaves.*'"

The Review, Newton High School, says of us: "*Lasell Leaves* has an exceptionally good Christmas cover."

Former pupils called: Lida Fiske, Gladys Davis, Carol Maude Case, '99, Josephine Holmes Perkins, '04, Ethel Taft, '08, Amy Lothmann (and mother), Cecile Rich, Edna Wheaton, '09, Edith Burke Wells, Lucy Reilly, Ida Kessinger Reid, Mildred Johnston, '06, Margarita and Meta Buehner, '06, Mabeth Shuttleworth, Edna Rogers, '05, Elizabeth Peirce.

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Miss X. Y. Z. (dazedly)—"Close your eyes when you recite?"

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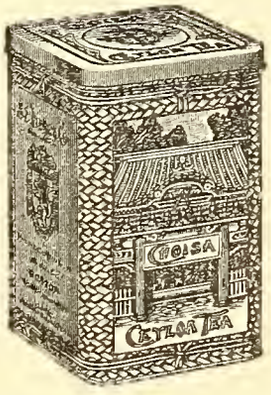
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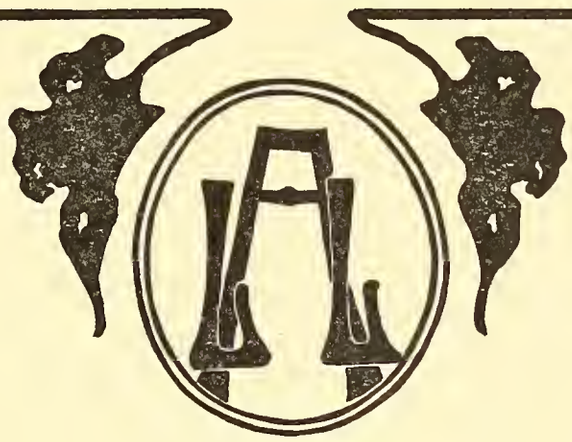
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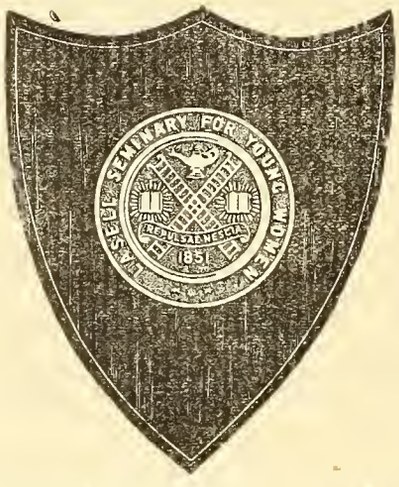
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorial.

At this time it seems especially fitting that those of us who have never really studied out-of-door life should commence to look about us. Spring-time, the first chapter of Nature's beautiful Year-book, is with us, and, as we would begin by reading the very first part of any of our school text-books, so should we begin this new study by reading Nature's first daintily illustrated page. This done, I am sure that our interest will be so great that hereafter the volume will never be out of our hands. As we daily discover new and surprising facts about the wonders around us, we become thoroughly fascinated, and feel that a new zest has been added to our lives.

And if these marvels are many, the reasons for learning about them are numerous, too. In the first place Nature-study furnishes a restful, healthful, and pleasing diversion,—very important in these days of hurry and worry. It would be absurd, for instance, to think of being nervous or care-worn in the depths of quiet pine woods, and fresh air has never been known to harm any one. Again, it is almost impossible to appreciate art in any form without this knowledge, for Nature is indeed the test of all art, and at the same time one of the best subjects for artistic expression, whether in music, painting, sculpture or poetry. Thus in order to appreciate the master minds of this and previous centuries we should have an understanding of outdoor loveliness. And then when we have finally arrived at a realization of the intricate system of it all, the wonderful arrangement of even the most trivial details, we cannot fail to feel greater reverence and deeper love for the over-ruling Power that planned and formed a world so fair to look upon.

"But," you say, "surely every one appreciates the Spring miracles taking place round about. It cannot be otherwise since in May no one is able to resist the lure of the bright sun and gladsome birds, drawing old and young out to join in their merry making; and once this invitation is accepted the charm of the season invariably finds its way into the most crabbed heart." And this ought, indeed, to be true. Still, if we have never, with real determination and earnestness set out to observe intelligently, we can have little conception of how much there is for us to learn. Let us, therefore, each select a particular open-air "hobby," be it the study of birds, insects, trees, rocks, flowers, clouds, or stars, and gallop away on the road leading to a knowledge of what is going on in this new world of which we, perhaps, know so little, although it is so near at hand

The Senior Banquet?

(Honorable Mention in the Allerlei contest.)

One evening as Harold Watson, a Junior, at New York City College, was sitting in his luxurious room, trying to cram Virgil, the door opened and a young fellow, thrust his head in.

"Are you alone?" the intruder asked.

"Yes, but busy," was the reply.

"No one here?" asked the cautious one.

"No; get out! I've got a Virgil quiz in the morning," came the hospitable answer.

"Are you sure you're alone?" Bob Langdon, the visitor, reiterated.

"Well, I suppose you might look under the carpet," and Harry proceeded to make himself comfortable in his large easy chair, utterly disregarding his guest. After carefully looking up and down the hall, Bob softly shut the door.

"Say Bob, are you trying to play Sherlock Holmes? Cut your foolishness, or get out."

With an air of great excitement Bob drew close, and said in a mysterious tone, "Harold

Watson, do you know that the Senior banquet is tomorrow night?"

Harold Watson was no longer the unwilling host, no longer the eager student worrying about a quiz. He forgot about the examination, he forgot that such a man as Virgil ever lived or wrote. All that he now thought of, was the fact that he knew when the Senior banquet was to take place.

It had long been the custom at New York College that as each Senior class planned its banquet, the Juniors should try to prevent them from attending, and it was a kind of unwritten law that the Seniors should come to that function in a body. In some apparently ordinary way, so as to avoid suspicion, they would leave the campus to meet later at some appointed place, whence they proceeded, to enter the hall together as a class. In most cases it had proved impossible for the Juniors to learn beforehand what was the plan. At this particular time they were more fortunate, yet even though they did know, the time was so short that it was doubtful whether they could in any way defeat the plan.

"Are you sure, Bob," Harry asked excitedly.

"Sure? Well, I guess yes," replied Bob in an I-told-you-so tone, as Harry now gave him his entire attention. "Let me tell you how sure," he continued. You know Dick Rogers' 'phone call is Bryant 332 ring 3, and mine ring 4. Well, when it rang last night, while I was studying, I didn't notice especially that it rang *three* instead of *four,* but just answered it, and heard Larry Donovan tell Rogers that they were to meet at Fifth and Forty-second street at six o'clock tomorrow night, get into that big sight-seeing auto of Sullivan's (you know the old man on that corner), and go to the Imperial for dinner at six-thirty." He paused for breath, and then rather shamefacedly added, "I know it wasn't very honorable to have listened or to tell of it, but—in a thing like this—"

"Well, everything's fair in love or war, and we can certainly call this war," was Harry's comforting interruption. "But what can we do to stop them? Tomorrow you say it's to be?"

"Yes; and we've got to do *something* about it. Get there first or something of the sort, or be a disgraced class," said excited Bob.

There was silence in the room for awhile, as both thought intently, Bob walking up and down with a pipe between his clinched teeth.

"Would it do any good to kidnap the officers?" he stopped long enough to say.

"No," was the curt reply, somewhat contemptious it seemed.

"Well, we haven't time to notify all those Juniors to get there, unless we keep the Seniors for a while. What can we do?" and Bob continued to play the part of the caged lion.

"No sense in wearing out my carpet," came from Watson as he studied the ceiling; but suddenly, as he looked up, he seemed to have an inspiration. Following his gaze Bob saw a picture by a popular artist of the day, "The Metropolis," merely the scene of a busy thoroughfare. Harry jumped to his feet: "I've got it, I think! I can manage!"

Both faces were now bright. "What is it? Tell me!" said Bob.

"No not yet; but I'll let you know before twelve o'clock tonight, if I can't make it work. So you go ahead, and notify every Junior in town that he must be at the Imperial at six-thirty tomorrow night, and each must pay —two dollars—yes, that's enough!"

Not another word could Bob get from the Commander; so, like a good soldier, he followed his instructions without question.

The next evening, one looking across the campus would have thought it rather strange that at five o'clock on a pleasant afternoon

there should be so few students where generally there were so many, sitting in groups, or cheerfully whistling down the walks. The entire ground was almost deserted.

But not so in the heart of the great city, where these same young, clean-shaven fellows so often seen dotting the campus, are now clambering into Tim Sullivan's big car which all day long has carried tourists through the great city. There, too, was good old Tim, who daily told of the height of the Singer building, the tragedies of Wall street, and the wonders of the Brooklyn Bridge. They were joyful, these happy go-lucky, overgrown school boys, they had eluded those Juniors, once again the Senior class had won, and they cared little for the rest of the world as they sang their Alma Mater song down Broadway.

A lurch forward, then backward, and the song stopped, as did the huge piece of mechanism, which carried the strain down Broadway.

"What's the matter?" came from sixty throats, as if from one, and big Irish Tim, turned around with his brightest smile and said, "Jist a blockade sirs; can't be helped. We'll jist have to wait." Many and various were the thoughts uttered by that crowd of boys, but suffice it to say that all the suggestions offered, and all the maledictions poured upon poor Tim did not get them an inch farther on in the barely creeping and quite still jam of automobiles, blockaded street cars, and delivery wagons of every sort that stopped their progress. The more protests the irate policemen flung at the impatient students, the more impatient they became, till finally, deciding to make the best of it, they gave cheer after cheer for the college, the Juniors—everything in their minds in fact, including the police force.

After half an hour when once more there was a clear way ahead, old Tim climbed up to his place, but as he started, a shout from a Newsie stopped him.

"Flat tire, Mister, on your back wheel," and sure enough the back tire was absolutely flat.

This was the one straw too much, and the vexed Seniors jumped undignifiedly out of the treacherous machine, and quickly boarded a passing car.

It was seven o'clock when the crowd of heated and angry classmen entered the lobby of the hotel. As they drew near the dining room, they heard familiar strains, and as the door was thrown open one hundred and twenty eyes nearly dropped from sixty heads as the Juniors arose, greeted them with a hastily prepared song apropos of the occasion, and lifting their demi-tasse, as a toast to their elders, left them with the disarranged tables, the Junior colors, floating on high above them.

The next morning, while Harold Watson was confiding to Bob, that he didn't care if he did flunk Virgil, it was worth it, there was a knock on the door, and in response to the "Come in," from Harold, an old Irishman entered twirling his hat in his hand

"It worked fine, Tim," came from Harry, while Bob sat there open mouthed.

"What in thunder did Tim have to do with it," he asked, but a light suddenly dawned on him as in response to Harry's question, "What did it cost?" Tim handed him a slip of paper. This is what Bob saw as he looked over his shoulder:

Auto tire,	$100.00
Motorman,	10.00
10 Deliverymen,	50.00
4 auto drivers,	40.00
Tim Sullivan,	75.00
Total,	$275.00

G. W., Sp.

Everyday Things.

"All the world's a stage"—

So runs the old adage, worn almost threadbare by usage; on the path of life each one of us eagerly counts the mile stones which mark important events or epochs in our existence,—some unusual pleasure, it may be, or some trial, which has somehow changed the whole course of our life, and hence stands out as something more than ordinary, something distinctive. Our careless eyes pass by the little events, the every day things, undistinguished blocks with which life's roadway is paved, yet would our lives lack their very substance without these commonplace practical details, and do far more than is commonly believed to give direction to life and character.

We are told that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

I wonder to how many of us this comes home as a reality without the aid of the irresistible force of circumstances. We are all born with a good share of imagination, for "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," you know. In our fancy we build "castles in Spain"; we do deeds of daring, gain fame untold—all in the realm of dreams! We lay the world at our feet; it pays generous tribute to the genius of a second Raphael or Dante. But beneath it all still exist the necessary common-places, the immovable, insurmountable, inevitable chain of small events. Count them in what rank of importance we will, they are, after all is said and done, "what makes the world go round."

Do you call that a broad statement? May I refute a possible denial of that fact by an illustration? There once lived a girl, an impractical, somewhat thoughtless girl with an outlook on life of the most visionary description. She lived in her castle of dreams. The comfort of others, their convenience, mattered nothing to her so long as she had what she wanted, and when she wanted it. She did not stop to consider how her pleasures came; she accepted them as her due, as interest owed on a debt from the world at large. It was not optimism; it could not be called utter selfishness. It was not exactly thoughtlessness, nor intentional disregard, nor could she be called self-centered. It is hard to find an exact definition. She lived in a world of her own—clouded with the rosy, lingering dreams of unsophisticated youth. She was to be a literary star, the world should sing praises at her door, mankind should wear a pathway to her abode. And they would come; oh, yes, there was no such thing as failure in the hopes and aspirations of seventeen. And so this young ignoramus lived and dreamed, unnoticed the suddenly whitening hair of her father, the growing lines of worry in his brow; unnoticed the fact that her mother had ceased buying beautiful gowns, that she no longer wore her wonderful jewels. Then one day came the inevitable crash. It plunged her airy world in a sudden eclipse. When her scattered senses had lifted themselves again out of chaos, and the Stygian darkness showed a faint glimmering of light, she understood just what had happened. Her father had failed absolutely—unbelievable as it was, he had not now a cent with which to pay his debts or support his family. Some freak of fortune, a chance twist in the stock market, had caused him to fall from the position of a respected bank president to that of a debtor, with a consciousness of having put his hand into other men's pockets and taken what was not rightfully his own. The lovely home, the pretty clothes, the automobile, the servants, the hundred small luxuries that made life endurable must go. Now they could afford only a tiny cottage in one of the suburbs of the city. But with quiet egotism the girl took her voluminous manuscripts from her

desk drawer and mailed them to the leading magazines saying: "I will make things right." But they soon came back one by one, accompanied by that most cruel blow of all, merely a printed slip announcing that "though unfit for our present needs, perhaps some other publication"—. It was a hard blow, and a rude awakening. After all, she had builded her castle upon the sands, and a rude blast had crumbled the foundation away. But a publisher, a former friend of the family, gave the last disillusioning touch. When she sought him out with her rejected manuscripts; kindly, but with utter sincerity, he told her the truth: "My girl, you will never succeed as an author. The truth is never kind, but it is best. There are far better things for you than fame. Look about you, pay attention to the little things of your existence. These you may use as stepping stones to whatever greatness may be your portion." A sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears brought the beginning of a transformation. A year from that time saw a useful, happy girl, glorying in the work she had once despised as far beneath one of her talents, cheerfully helping with the housework, unashamed of the fact that she made her own clothes, making a cheerful, comfortable home, with a laugh and a song as she took the tasks from her mother's hands and kissed away the furrows from the brow of her father. And one day in the cool still twilight, a letter fell from the postman's hand into the girl's lap. But the hundred dollar check it contained was not half so welcome as the words which met her eyes: "The privilege of changing one's mind is not the prerogative of woman alone. You have lived and learned, and the story submitted shows that you hold in your hand the golden key to happiness and comfort."

We cannot all be Miltons or Shakespeares. Alas! too many of us can be no more than ordinary mortals. Give up the abstract, girls; let the dreams fade away. To all of us is given opportunity in everyday life.

"If a man is able to write a better book, paint a better picture, or build a better mouse trap than his neighbor, even thought he make his dwelling in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

H. H., '10.

The House of the Blossoming Rose.

I came to a door—to a little low door,
That I reached thro' a garden close;
And it stood ajar, and I entered there
The House of the Blossoming Rose.
With its low red roof, ashine with dew,
And its quaint peaked gables, and chimneys two,
And the little paved walk that led thereto.
Oh the garden beds were thick with flowers,
That proudly took both sun and showers.—

The Hollyhock reigned o'er the star-set beds
Where sweet pale Marguerites raised their heads;
Pinks so fragant and Larkspur tall
Nodded salute o'er the garden wall
To the leafy sentinel trees a-row
Where dim, cool shadows ebb and flow.
As I walked down the path 'twixt pillars white,
Upholding a trellis of proved delight,
Where riotous vines made a lace-work roof
Of Rose and Grape for my heart and eye
To love and rejoice in, glad was I.

Thus I passed into my House of Dreams,
The House of the Blossoming Rose;
And never again shall the mad World's noise
Its fret and jar and its restlessness,
Its discontent and trivial toys,
Its lack of beauty and peace and grace,
Disturb my soul. Here Love and I
Dwell secure as the days flit by—
In our beautiful House of Dreams.

—By an "Old Girl."

To You, By Me.

"Mish Maurish, my papa he give to the new baby, cake."

Miss Morris cut another eye in the paper doll that she was cutting, as she replied: "Chevie, tell your papa that there won't be any baby, if he gives it cake."

This piece of advice was lost upon Chevie,

busy dropping a button down the back of unsuspecting Meetzie, whereupon a cry arose.

Miss Morris looked stern. "Chevie, take your seat, and children, see what a beautiful day it is! Why don't you all run out and play until time for school to begin. Then, when the bell rings, make a nice line and come marching in." Away they scampered, queer little souls clad in rudely fashioned garments of brilliant colors in bizarre combinations. Miss Morris smiled, then sighed. Was it really worth while to spend every afternoon with these little Austrians and Italians? It was interesting, but novelty does not last forever.

The last paper doll was ready for coloring, when the big bell rang. The quiet little school room became a lively scene. In the little tots clattered, most of them pausing by the big piano, to deposit some treasure, to be called for at the close of the session. There was a scraping of chairs and a chorus of "Mish Maurish, Tony got a 'tato," and "Maby not put her candy by the piano." It seemed to Miss Morris as though twenty children brought articles to her to be claimed. Now it is no lightly esteemed honor to proudly bear something to Miss Morris, explain that you have found it outside on the grounds, and have her hold it up and say, "See! Children, who has lost this?" There were times when Miss Morris rebelled, inwardly. I say inwardly, for there was the same smile on her face when she held up a soiled bonnet string, as when she displayed a ring, magnificently set with enormous diamonds.

The last article had been claimed or laid aside, and the long line of urchins stood impatiently awaiting the sound of the piano, that they might march around the room and form their circle for play-hour. Before Miss Morris struck the first note, a shy, little figure stepped out of line and advanced toward her.

"What is it Fanny?"

Fanny held out a pin.

Miss Morris frowned slightly. "Oh! Fanny, why didn't you bring it to me when the other children brought theirs? When did you find it? See! I'll put it right here on the piano until later;" then as Fanny's black eyes winked hard, "See, dear, we are going to play 'Birdies,' and you are to be the mother-bird."

But even the distinction of being the"mother-bird" did not take away the sadness from the little face, nor the sorrow from the little heart. Miss Morris was puzzled. She replied absently to little Mary's announcement, "Mish Maurish, I got such a nice ribbon to go around me here," indicating a chubby waist, and she only shook her head at Tony's fiery denial, "Aw, you ain't not." What had she done to wound the heart of Fanny, the gentlest of all her babies? Even Chevie, Miss Morris' loyal defender, and, by the way, Fanny's loyal defender, looked at her with big accusing eyes.

The last doll was colored. Bless their little hearts. They could paint on the dolls all the things that their own little hearts yearned for. The last cap had been found, the last handkerchief pinned on the little dress, and the last article taken from the stock on the piano. Miss Morris, playing the march, smiled her "Good-nights" as the long line filed out amid a loud chorus of "Good-night, Mish Maurish."

As the teacher was closing the piano for the night, she became aware of a little figure in the doorway.

"Why Chevie, dear. Didn't you go home with the others?" Chevie hesitated, then came in and looked earnestly up into the face of his teacher. "Mish Maurish, a pin to you, by Fanny; to you, Mish Maurish."

Suddenly it all dawned upon her. Miss Morris's eyes were very tender as she said, "Go Chevie, find Fanny and tell her that Miss Morris wants her."

Away sped Chevie and soon came Fanny, big-eyed and wondering. The teacher held out her arms and Fanny cuddled into them, unquestioningly.

"Dear, you didn't mean this beautiful pin for Miss Morris, did you? Not a present! I didn't understand, dear. You see I didn't know that such a nice pin could be for Miss Morris."

Fanny's voice trembled with eagerness. "To you, by me, Mish Maurish."

Miss Morris took the pin. Even the fearfully made bird held only pathos for her. "See, dear, I'll put it on my apron and wear it every day." Then a very happy little girl slipped out of the room.

"To you, by me." Miss Morris looked lovingly at a huge bird with a purple eye, stuck at random in the beak. She smiled, but in her eyes there were tears. C. M., '11.

Her First Party.

Jack Graham leaned wearily against the marble pillar which supported the archway between the handsome ball room and the conservatory in Marjorie Huntington's home. He had entered the door only a few minutes earlier unobserved by the great crowd of people who had come just as he himself had—merely to see a friend married. "A friend!" His face flushed as he said the word over to himself. Surely he had far greater claims on her than mere friendship could ever bestow. Once she had said that she loved him—but that was before her father lost money on Wall Street. Yet there she stood now, before his very eyes, saying that she would be ever faithful and ever true to another man.

Had she proved false? No, never! He was the one who had failed; for the gold he had sought in South America, he did not find; and now as he stood there watching with unseeing eyes the wedding ceremonial, he told himself that he was poor,—poor in all things except in his passionate love for Marjorie,—Marjorie, who was sacrificing her life-happiness to save her father's business honor.

"Marjorie!" He repeated the name aloud, and the magic of its sweet sound took him back in fancy to another party, where she had been for him the central feature. No crowd had witnessed that party, however; only three battered dolls were present to see the happiness of the two of them. That other bride had not, like this one, worn a satin gown,—only a little blue dress with mother's checked apron tied around her waist for a train. How queer that he had not thought before of that bygone day! Yet he had not,—not even when Marjorie's letter had come saying that she was to marry another man, "very rich." But now he seemed to be standing beneath that same wild cherry tree whose branches were weighed to the ground, almost, with rare sweet blossoms. He sighed softly, as in fancy he reached his hand upward to break off great boughs for his little bride's bouquet.

Suddenly he was back in the present again. Marjorie, shaking off a crowd of friends, moved beamingly towards him. "Dear—Jack—when did you come?" she asked. Of course she had had no idea that he was anywhere within a thousand miles, and she chattered, never once letting her eyes really meet his.

Suddenly he reached out and took the fair, slender hand in his own, and looked at the circlet of gold that ringed one of the small fingers; then raising his eyes to her face, and compelling her to return his gaze, he said slowly, Marjorie! oh, I hope you will always be just as happy as——" He did not finish. A harsh laugh escaped his lips, and Marjorie finished the sentence. "As you?" she said. A fleeting look of sadness and longing passed for an instant over her face.

"No, No!" Jack said, as he saw an elderly

man, with a beaming smile, stepping toward them. "I meant," he said, "as happy as you and I had planned at our first little party."

Marjorie buried her face in a great shower bouquet of orchids to hide the mist in her eyes, and then, as her bridegroom stopped at her side, she raised it, wreathed in smiles as she said, "Harry, this is one of my old friends, Jack Graham, who is just up from South Ameriea."

The groom took Jack's outstretched hand: "Indeed! I'm glad to meet you! How long will you be in this country?"

"Only until the next ship. It sails, I believe, in a few hours," said Jaek. Then, bowing, "I eongratulate you! Good day!" And he left the room. N. C., '10.

Monsieur Baby Learns to Walk.

Carlton Edward is a fat, dimpled, rosy-cheeked little fellow who has known but one short summer and winter. But, Prince of babies that he is, he has always preferred to sit in state in the middle of the floor, and with one chubby fore finger make known his wants to his adoring subjeets, rather than make any effort toward obtaining them for himself. To-day, however, is his first birthday, and Father, sitting at the breakfast table, is suddenly brought to a painful realization of the faet that his eldest son still lacks the one accomplishment that would make him a perfect baby.

"He must learn to walk today, is Father's deeree, and when breakfast is over, the family hastens to the library, as here there is a carpet, and Carlton will not be so likely to slip as on the polished floor of the sitting-room. Then Father kneels a short distance away, and tempts the plaeidly planted infant with a bit of sugar. Carlton is not to be won so easily, however. He turns away disdainfully, and in a trice is rapturously engaged in pulling the pink ribbons of his shoes, the new shining slippers that have so interested him sinee nurse put them on. But, alas, for happy Baby! The glittering object that is held up before his eyes, but just out of reach, is that fascinating thing of which he has sometimes eaught just a teasing glimpse, as it disappeared into Father's vest pocket. His euriosity is roused; the pink ribbons no longer interest him; his blue eyes sparkle; a radiant smile dimples the ehubby face, and one rosy forefinger is outstretched imperiously as he commands, "Tiek, tiek!" But for once in his short life, his order is not obeyed.

"Come to Father, and get the tick-tiek!" And Baby, who interprets this to mean that he has not said the right thing, smiles engagingly, and answers, "Tank oo!" Then, as even this eompromise is unavailing, a tiny pout shadows the dimpled mouth, the smooth rose-leaf forehead puekers into a frown, and stretehing out both hands, he bursts into a wail of disappointment.

"My precious! You shan't abuse him another minute!" eries Mother, and she gathers the sobbing infant in her arms. But just at the crucial moment, Grandmother is seized with a happy inspiration, and disappears from the scene. Presently she reappears, and at the sight of the object she bears, Carlton's woes are forgotten, and with a erow of delight, his hands clutch the air, as he struggles in Mother's arms. Father instantly sets him on the floor, steadying him on his feet. Then as he wavers, apparently vacillating between the inclination to flop limply down on the floor, and to crawl as usual for the object, and a half-formed impulse to walk like Papa for the possession of that wonderful, brilliantly beautiful something which Grandmother holds, there is a breathless silence. Slowly, very slowly, one tiny step—then another—and tottering, swaying, with both tiny arms outstretched, he runs forward, only to fall with a mighty crash half-

way to the longed-for goal. He is in Mother's arms in a twinkling, sobbing out the woeful tale of his indignities upon Mother's shoulder, while penitent Father runs for the cold water to soothe the great red place that threatens to prove a bruise on the white forehead.

"Oh, Peter's a handsome bird!" comes in a hoarse croak from the great red and green parrot in Grandmother's arms, and Baby has once more forgotten his troubles. One last rising sob is swallowed, the smiles begin to twinkle in the blue eyes, as the sun peeps out after an April shower, and with the tear-drops still sparkling on his cheek, Baby struggles from Mother's arms, slips to the floor, and clutching the folds of her skirt to steady himself, he manfully steps forward, smiling an engaging "Tank oo!" Presto! he has made it! He has really *walked* to Grandmother's open arms, and Pollie laughs uproariously. K. M. K., '11.

My Household Trials.

Wishing to obtain a little experience in the line of housekeeping, I obtained permission from my mother to do all of our housework for a week, just to find out what it was like, and also to get practice in that very necessary art. Great fun I thought it would be, and not very hard work, either; but I found out before the week was over that in this I had made a great mistake.

Duties began early Monday morning, perhaps the most difficult and trying part being the early rising. Now my morning sleep is with me a much beloved thing, and, as the saying goes, "It went against the grain," to miss it; but a housekeeper's duties must be performed, and as that was one of them, I hurriedly dressed and went to the kitchen, there to be confronted by the puzzling question, "What shall we have for breakfast?" There was bread in the bread-box; but no, that would not do; it could be used for dinner, but by no means for breakfast. We must either have hot muffins or fresh biscuit. I decided on the latter, and gathered together the necessary ingredients, mixed them, and made the dough ready for the oven. I was *so* anxious for them to be a success, and peeped in quite often to see how they were progressing. But soon I felt convinced that something was the matter,—they were not rising. What could it be? I was sure all the necessary things had been used, and counted them over to be sure, but on closer investigation, discovered that the label on the can supposed to contain baking-powder, read, "Cream-of-Tartar." Thus the problem was solved, and that pan of biscuits was hurriedly snatched from the oven and cast into the garbage-pail to be eaten later by the swine. Another batch was made, this time with less difficulty; coffee, and an omelet were also evolved, and when at last I set upon the table my various dishes, it did not appear to be such a bad breakfast after all, and the biscuits were devoured with manifest enjoyment.

The other meals were prepared with more success than that first one, but I think, perhaps, my mother would rather have done the cooking herself another time, than have to answer such an innumerable lot of questions as were then asked her. Dish-washing was the most disagreeable task there was to do; it did make my hands look so ugly and red. I was sure they looked like those of a washerwoman.

Making the beds and dusting was not so disagreeable, but just as surely as everything was in "ship shape" condition, in would come a crowd of children and make the house disorderly again. They provoked me sorely, and I often felt tempted to send them home; but that would have been unkind, so I controlled my wrath as well as possible.

The week finally came to an end; but by that time I had learned the lesson that housekeeping was not such unmixed fun as I had before thought it would be.

G. B., '11.

Rainy Days.

There are sunny days, cloudy days, dreary days, days of all sorts in which we may do many things, but for a good, cheerful, homey day, give me a rainy one. Not one of those days when the sky smiles, frowns, then in a fit of perverseness sheds a few moist tears, but one that from morning until evening just pours, keeping all the people at home. Oh, that is the day for me! One of those wet days when pools of water stand here and there on the lawn, and broad sheets stretch from one side of the road to the other When you hear on the roof the steady downpour of the rain, and down the drain pipes come rushing torrents of water, sweeping from the roofs all the dust and dead leaves accumulated there.

It is on such days as these that we sit before the open fire and read, or talk to the home folks, of whom on sunny days we see so little. Perhaps the children wish to be amused; we tell them stories, play hide-and-seek, blind man's buff, checkers, or perhaps we make candy in the kitchen. If the rainy day happens to be in the spring, we sit by the broad open window, or perhaps on the piazza, watching the raindrops dimple the puddles on the walk and lawn, and plan for our flower beds or gardens, for these are the times when such plans must be made. And we can almost see blooming all the flowers that as yet we have not planted.

On such days as this we also answer all those letters that have been accumulating for the past month, and which we have never had time to answer during those bright sunny days when so many other things distract our minds. These, too, are the times when we go up to the attic to overhaul all the old chests and drawers, reading all the old letters and seeing again other scenes and people who have long ago passed out of our lives to brighten the lives of others. True, such remembrances have their sad as well as happy side, but after such a visit into the past, on a rainy day, we usually return to the present, brighter persons.

Ah, those rainy days, when with the birds and blossoms we may sing;

"Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!"

E. S., Sp.

Will o' the Mill.

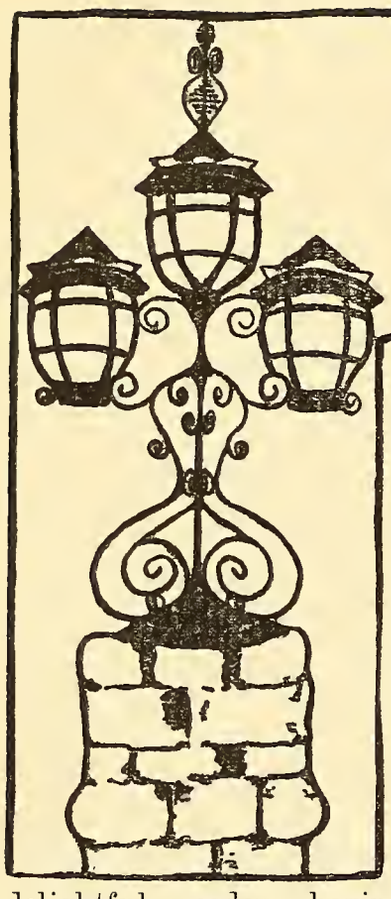
Will o' the Mill lived in a peaceful valley with his adopted parents, the miller and his wife, and was regarded by the neighbors as an oddity. The only reason for this prevailing opinion seemed to be that perhaps he had a keener imagination and different ideas of common things than the other more satisfied inhabitants.

When Will was a boy, he showed the curiosity natural to boys of his age, but he seemed to think more deeply and to carry more permanent impressions of the discoveries he made. He used to sit by the river for hours and ponder on the mysteries of the unknown world to which he longed to go, and this meditation would result in a powerful discontent with his simple dutiful life. Yet when any of the guests offered to take him with them to the outside world, he always refused. He never could quite make up his mind to take this important step.

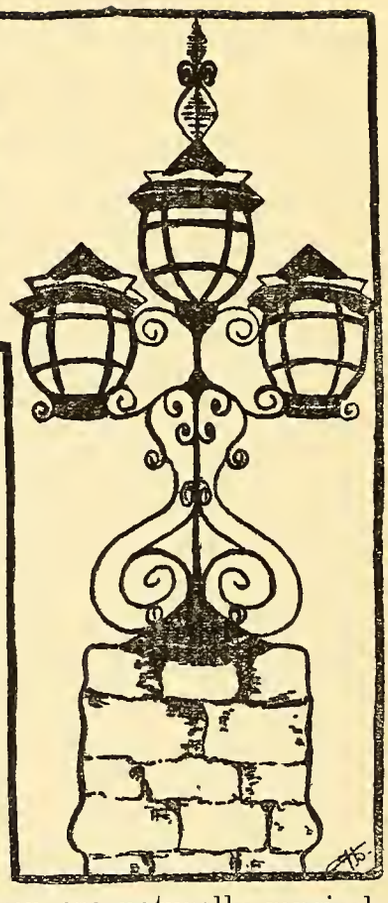
And so it always was, even when he became a man. He was always found lacking at the decisive moment. In his love affair with Marjory he could not quite decide to marry her. He was selfishly eager for her companionship, and even went so far as to make the, to him, heroic offer of marrying her if she wished. After her marriage to another, all the interest in life seemed to have deserted him; but to others he was still the same simple, courteous, popular inn-keeper, and his name became well-known through the surrounding country, and even in the unknown world which he had formerly so longed to see.

That desire had now entirely disappeared. He no longer had the slightest wish to leave his cheerful inn or the pleasant valley. None of the numerous temptations offered by the travellers stirred him in the least. He remained a contented, steady, prosperous man to the day of his sudden death.

E. R., '12.



LOCALS



April 19.—Miss Potter led the Christian Endeavor service this evening, giving us a very inspiring talk. It was a lovely evening and the temptation to stroll about the campus instead of coming in to prayer meeting was strong; but those of us who did attend the meeting are all glad I know, for we received so many practical, helpful suggestions.

April 21.—This evening we had a very interesting lecture. Margaret Deland read, "The Encore." Mrs. Deland is a delightful reader, having a very melodious voice, capable of expressing great feeling; and of course it is doubly interesting to hear her read one of her own stories. Lasell feels a special interest in her, for she is the honorary member of the class of '09.

April 23.—Another law lecture this afternoon by Mr. Allen.

April 24. The Vesper service was held at 4.15 this afternoon, because Rev. Chas. M. Melden, who conducted it, had to return to his own church for the evening service.

April 29.—There was great excitement in chapel this morning over the choosing of the May Queen and the Maid of Honor. They were voted for separately this year, instead of together as they formerly have been. All are waiting anxiously to know who received the highest number of votes.

April 30.—Miss Fletcher gave us a very interesting lecture this afternoon, explaining the new method of teaching the first principles of music to children, which she has evolved. She claims that all children are naturally musical, and that by her method they can learn much about it without the drudgery which all children hate.

May 1.—Dr. Spaulding of the Methodist church had charge of the Vesper service this evening. He read us a very interesting story entitled, "Brother Paul."

May 2.—This afternoon at 4 o'clock we celebrated May Day. It was an ideal day, warm and clear, and the campus, dotted with light gowned girls, was a pretty sight. Edna MacDonald and Doris Powers made a beautiful May Queen and Maid of Honor, respectively.

May 5.—This evening Dr. Francis E. Clark, recently returned from his trip around the world, lectured on Japan. The Juniors, who have chosen him for their honorary member, invited Dr. and Mrs. Clark to dinner, and announced their choice to the school.

May 6.—Miss Alice Sovereign, a contralto, assisted by Mr. Frank LaForge, a pianist, gave us a delightful concert which was held in the

gym. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow had invited many guests, who were afterward entertained with a reception in the parlors.

May 7.—Mr. Allen gave us a law lecture this afternoon.

May 7.—This evening the Dramatic Club presented their play, "The Rivals." This was an event long looked forward to, and much enjoyed by all. Many of the girls had guests.

May 8.—Ex-governor Utter of Rhode Island conducted the Vesper service, giving us a helpful and inspiring talk.

May Day.

We had all been anxiously awaiting the arrival of May, and at last she came, a little sad at first—yes, even weeping a trifle, but on the third afternoon of her existence she smiled, and it is needless to say that we all smiled with her.

About half an hour before the appointed time, the shining green campus was filled with girls, standing about in groups, each with the same question on her lips, "Who is to be the May Queen?" It was not long, however, before we were enlightened. There was a sudden lull, and in the distance could be heard soft singing. Closer and closer the sound came, and as the words became more audible, the Seniors appeared around the corner, marching with dignity, as they paid their tribute to the May. At a certain point their ranks divided, and forming in double line, with passway between, they awaited the arrival of Her Majesty. But first came the merry dancers of the May-pole, and these surrounded the seat of honor, so soon to be graced by the, as yet, unknown queen. A sudden hush, and then, "It's Edna MacDonald!" exclaimed the delighted girls. By her side was her Maid of Honor, which position Doris Powers took with dignity befitting one so close to royalty. Beth Brandow at the right of the queen, assisted her to her throne. In an apposite little poem, Beth, with her usual sweetness, gave up to her successor the imperial seat, placing the crown of laurels on the head of the new queen kneeling before her. With a gracious smile, the royal lady took her seat of honor, and received the tribute paid her, in a way we shall not soon forget.

'T was after the coronation that the dancers expressed their delight to their new queen. They wound the pole with the ever beloved blue and white, and with their graceful steps, won hearty applause from everyone.

Again the voices of the Seniors broke into song, in praise of "Her Highness," and as their song was ended, each Senior in turn, bowed before the throne and kissed the royal hand. Following their example, each class paid its homage, and Edna, beaming with happiness, told us in the few expressive words of her coronation speech, her appreciation of the honor.

An important event of the afternoon was the planting of the Iris, the class flower of the Seniors. In an earnest speech, the Senior President, Mildred Goodall, presented the spade tied with blue and gold, to Katherine Kelly, Vice President of the Juniors, who received it gracefully.

When the shadows of evening fell we realized with regret that this day of festivities was at an end; and at night, when each girl in her respective bed was tight asleep, the tiny fairies of the night might have told you that in more than one room they heard some girl unconsciously say, "Wasn't Edna a lovely queen?"

Dr. Clark's Lecture.

On Thursday evening, May the fifth, the Juniors gave a great surprise to the other members of the school, when they made known their honorary member, Dr. Francis E. Clark,

founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, by giving a dinner to both him and his wife, Mrs. Clark.

The Juniors, all dressed in white, formed two rows in the dining room, and as the dinner bell rang, Dr. Clark came down the stairs with Marian F. Ordway, the president of the Junior Class, followed by Mrs. Clark and Katherine Kelly, '11, Vice President, and the other officers of the class. Then those members who had formed the passageway through which their honorary member and officers had passed, followed to a table which was wholly given up to the Juniors and beautifully decorated with sweet-peas, the '11's class flower.

Great was the surprise to the other members of the school when they entered the dining room and found the Juniors standing around a large table with Dr. Clark in their midst. Lastly came the Seniors, walking in couples and singing to the class of 1911 and their guest. When dinner was nearly over, the Juniors arose and sang a toast to Dr. Clark, after which the other girls cheered several times. Dinner over, the Seniors arose and formed a double line for the proud Juniors and their new class-mate.

The Juniors next went to the drawing room, where an informal reception was enjoyed, after which Dr. Clark gave a lecture in the gymnasium on "Japan." His talk was very interesting, as well as instructive, and brought out many phases of Japanese life heretofore little understood by his audience.

Musical Recital.

One of the most delightful concerts of the year was given on Friday, May 6, by Miss Alice Sovereign, contralto, assisted by Mr. Frank La Forge at the piano. Miss Sovereign won the admiration of the audience by her charming personality and wonderful voice. Mr. La Forge's numbers were equally appreciated. Following is the program:

1. (a) Lungi del caro bene, Secchi
   (b) Willst du dein Herz mir schenken, Bach
   (c) When the roses bloom, Reichardt
   (d) Leezie Lindsay, Old Scotch
2. Preludes, D-flat major, A major, C minor, Impromptu, C sharp minor, Chopin
3. (a) Fruehlingsglaube,
   (b) Der Tod und des Maedchen, Schubert
   (c) Sapphische Ode, Brahms
   (d) Verborgenheit, Wolf
4. Nocturne, D-flat,
   Etude, G-flat, Chopin
5. (a) Like the Rosebud,
   (b) Schlupfwinkel, La Forge
   (c) Verborgene Wunden,
   (d) Irish Folk Song, Foote
   (e) The Year's at the Sping, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

My Heart at Thy Dear Voice (Samson and Delilah) Saint-Saens.

A reception for Miss Sovereign and Mr. La Forge immediately followed the musical.

The Dramatic Club Play.

Saturday evening, May the seventh, we enjoyed one of the really remarkable affairs of the year—namely the semi-annual play given by Lasell's talented Dramatic Club. So many guests were present that the gymnasium was filled as probably never before in its history, and judging by the frequent bursts of applause, all these guests, as well as the pupils of the school, were well satisfied with the entertainment.

"The Rivals" by Richard Sheridan, was the play presented, and the cast was as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute, ... Miss Lawton
Capt. Jack Absolute ..... Miss Miller
Falkland.....Miss Woodward
Bob Acres.....Miss Brandow
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Miss Stults
Fag.....Miss Thomas
David.....Miss E. Gulick
Thomas.....Miss M. Harris
Boy.....Miss Dietz
Mrs. Malaprop.....Miss Burke
Lydia Languish.....Miss Carneal
Julia.....Miss Hood
Lucy.....Miss Burckett

The whole thing was well-managed, and the

actors did unusually well,—even for Lasell girls. Surely, Mrs. Martin must be proud of these splendid results of her careful training. The local hints so artfully introduced, added an especial interest.

We are very grateful to Mr. Cook of Boston University for consenting to take the place of Miss Stults, who was unexpectedly called home at the last moment.

The Memorial to Miss Carpenter.

Edited at the request of Dr. Bragdon by her cousin, Mr. Henry A. Starks, is completed.

It is a work of love, composed of appreciative words of this noble life made by many of her friends. A short sketch of her life is followed by worthy tributes from Dr. Bragdon and other fellow-teachers and friends, parts of two of her own letters to Lasell clubs, messages from pupils, and memories of her last days written by Dr. Bragdon, Dr. Peloubet, Miss Nutt and Miss Witherbee. The book closes with an account of the funeral services held in the school chapel, giving a partial report of Dr. Parkhurst's address and the closing prayer.

As this memorial is a collection of personal expressions of love and appreciation, written, for the most part, with no thought of their being published in this form, it is an eminently fitting monument to the beauty of Miss Carpenter's life, and the love and esteem in which she was held by all who knew her.

There are some copies at the Seminary to be had for $1.00 each.

The following have received calls from members of their families: Misses Hibbing, Warner, Goodall, Briggs, Shuttleworth, Lees, Laurens, Douglass, Bettcher, Lewars, Hardy, Clark and H. Hamilton.

Former pupils called: Josephine Fish, Mildred Woodbury, Hazel Carey Adam, '05, Helen Carter Marcy, '06, Mildred Peirce, '06, Edna Thurston, Edith Anthony Carlow, '06, Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, May Chisholm Brown, Agnes Bullard, '08, Bessie Robinson, Sadie Peckham, Edna Rogers, Shirley Castetter.

"The memory of a kindly word, for long gone by;
The fragrance of a fading flower, sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile or sudden tear;
The cordial pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer;
The hush that means I cannot speak, but I have heard;
The note that only bears a verse from God's own Word;
Such things we hardly count as ministry,
The giving deeming they have shown scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of just such little things to make it well."

BREAD.

Bread is made from many other grains than wheat and rye. The bread of India and China frequently has millet for its main ingredient. Peas, beans and other seeds are used for the making of cakes, and in South America the cassava cake is only an unfermented bread made from tapioca. On the same list, too, might be placed the oat cakes of Scotland and the corn cakes of the United States.

The city pay rolls of Boston have increased two and a half times as much as the population, since 1905, and at least one-fifth of the laboring force are incapable on account of age of doing a full day's work.

THIRTY TO THE SQUARE MILE.

As nearly as can be estimated there are thirty inhabitants to the square mile on this globe.

Maiden (afflicted with "Sunday illness")—"Why, I feel perfectly well, Miss Nutt, only I feel sick."



Wanted, more than anything else just now, the addresses of these "old girls." If anyone can furnish them, we would be most grateful:

Mary Phelps Elliot (Mrs. Henry J.)
Harriot Gray Clay (Mrs. Benjamin B.)
Emma H. Wilder.
Louise Fisher MacDougal (Mrs. Daniel T.)
Blanche Sage Holcomb (Mrs. George)
Anna Fry Hall (Mrs. John Lee)
Mary Pierson Wilkins.
Eva M. Stiles
Alice C. McCarn
Fanny Dillrance Coutts (Mrs. W. J.)
Eva Dye Decker (Mrs. Fred)
Lucy Phelps
Kate Haws Mell
Agnes Bateman
Lillian H. Klinefelter.

This list came to us from Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95, who seems to be the "moving spirit" in the Lasell reunion and luncheon held recently at Omaha. Among other things she reports, "The meeting was a splendid success, and the girls were very enthusiastic over next year's plans." She promises a more extended account of the meeting from Nellie Hugus Caldwell.

We have received invitations to the commencement of the Deaconess Training School of Boston, and are proud to note that our Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, is among the seniors. Very few of our "old girls" have so persistently and steadily moved forward at the ratio of our Mabelle. She has our most hearty congratulations at this time of her *second* commencement.

Blanche E. Gardner, '00, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., is sending (we hope) "one of our best new girls for Lasell this fall." Such loyal favors are always gratefully received.

Margaret Henderson Soule, '05, writes, "Though so far away, we old girls manage to keep in touch with our dear school. And it is a source of the greatest gratification to hear the flattering reports of the progress Lasell is making. Best wishes to yourself and family, and everybody at Alma Mater."

Edith Houghton, '09, writes that she "waits anxiously for Lasell news," and we are always glad to receive a word from this graduate. She tells some interesting facts concerning Luella's "dear family," which she describes as consisting of "two little boys and a new little girl." Our best wishes always to Edith and her loyal-to-Lasell family.

Personals from California.

Nellie Johnson of Walla Walla has a modest way of keeping to herself. But at last she writes that she is well and busy teaching pianoforte, etc. She was always one of Lasell's workers, too modest for her worth!

The Warnocks of Urbana, O., are here for their fourth winter visit, the Judge, Mrs. Warnock, Clifford, Elizabeth (Mrs. Vandenbark) '94, and Anne, the baby! All are glad to be in Pasadena, and Pasadena is glad to have them here, and wishes they would come to stay!

Mattie Burnham (from Bethel, Me., to Lasell) is one of Pasadena's most useful and cheery citizens. It always does one good for a week to meet her!

Capt. Parsons, father of Bertha (now Mrs. Harry B. Hibbard, 2106 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., called. He is Inspector of Census for this district. A man worth meeting.

Alice Ball Groesbeck called on her way from San Diego to Portland, Oregon, where they will make a home. Sorry not to see her.

I ran down to Riverside last week. Found Florence Phillips and her wonderful mother in their home, a garden of roses indeed, well and happy. Florence took us in her own auto, which she drives perfectly, and is very fond of. A fellow guest at the most delicious hotel in California, The Glenwood (where every one who comes to this section, ought to stay a week at least. She misses much who does not), was Catherine Lazenby, who came to Lasell from Baltimore, and whose home is still there, though she and her sister and brother travel a good deal. Catherine has taken on some flesh, which is becoming to her, and is another Lasell girl to be proud of.

Also, Louise Holden, of Newark, N. J., who was visiting with "her man," Mr. Hunter, who is pastor in Laramie, Wyoming (where Louise expects to go in October to help him) and son of Riverside's Presbyterian pastor. Mrs. Hunter is sister of Ella Holden, who came to Lasell from Montreal. Louise and Ella are not related. Louise looks well and happy. I forgot to say that Catherine Lazenby knows Gertrude Hooper, who is married and lives in New York. I failed to get her married name and home. Sorry. Met Mr. and Mrs. Huggins of Portland, Oregon, who know the Buehner's, and say they have just built a splendid new home, one of the finest there. They also know Helen Danforth, now Mrs. Cloyd Baker, living at 366 32d St., Portland, and who is "behaving well" though she ought to have told us of her change of home. Also, our Nellie Brooks Bradley.

The University of Southern California Glee Club gave as fine a Concert as ever any Eastern College Club gave in my hearing, and you know we have had most of them at Lasell.

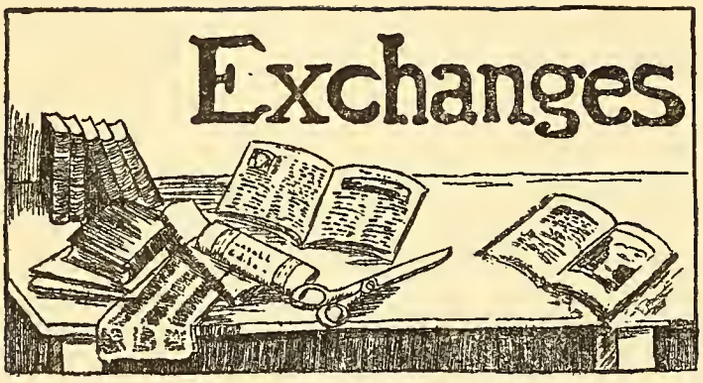
Our former Vice Principal, Dr. C. W. Gallagher, is having good success in his Maryland College for Women at Lutherville, Md. I am glad of it.

So far as I have seen Lasell has failed to speak its sympathy with our former teacher, Prof. Cassedy, Principal of National Park Seminary, in the recent loss of his wife. Mrs. Cassedy was a woman of unusual force of character, of beautiful and commanding person, and a great help in the remarkable upbuilding of National Park. We cannot imagine how our dear friend will do without that wonderful part of himself. Many pupils all over the land are remembering with gratitude the ministry of Mrs. Cassedy, and will never forget her.

Grace Ordway Miller's new husband is a druggist, so will take most of the care of the business in Monterey, which Grace has so well and bravely carried since the death of her father. Grace writes, "Pasadena is a beautiful place, and I do not wonder that you gave up Lasell so you might live in such an ideal spot." But Grace does not know how my heart still clings to old Lasell!

Caroline Thomson Moore wrote, "The invitation to the Southern California Lasell luncheon is such a temptation to me. If it were not that on that day our oldest daughter is six years old, I could go! Mary Johnson Whitney, who lives near us, must tell me all about it. I wonder if any '97-'98 girls will be there?" Caroline has three little people, the third, a boy of six months. She adds, "I hope my girls will some time spend as happy years at Lasell as Mary and I did. I hear from Frances Wood, Ruth Kimball, both the Houghtons, May Emery often, and it makes one long for a big reunion." Caroline's husband is Professor in Occidental College, and they live at 530 W. Ave., 54, L. A.

New peas, potatoes, artichokes, and really ripe, sweet strawberries are our diet now. Wish I could send you some! C. C. B.



The LEAVES acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following papers for April: *Owl, Scroll, New Trier Echoes, Mirror, Spinster, Allen Tatler, The Lal Bagh Chronicle.*

New Trier Echoes, you are one of our prompt and good exchanges. Your material is well handled and shows that there is an interest taken by all in trying to make the paper a good representative of the life of the school. The stories and poems in the literary section are quite amusing, as well as interesting. Your exchange column is exceedingly good. The criticisms are helpful and well written.

The Owl, M. H. S. The Junior number is very interesting. The stories, though rather short, are very good. From the society, athletic and school notes in general we judge that you have a good school spirit.

The Allen Tattler. Though slow in coming we were glad to receive your March issue. If this delay was unavoidable, pardon us. We want to exchange with you, and want your paper regularly, and on time. The various articles are very interesting. Your paper has an air about it that distinctly shows us that it is edited by a boy's school.

Heard in Junior French.

"The sentence should read, 'La fenetre s'ouvre;—not 'La fenetre souffre.' A window cannot suffer."

But Mademoiselle, all windows have panes, haven't they?"

Jokes.

Mademoiselle's Freshmen were lustily singing French "Chansons," when a visitor remarked admiringly, "Oh! Glee Club practice, is it not?"

One of our intelligent Sophomores lately asked of the down-town stationer, "How much is a five-cent bottle of ink worth?"

"Ah! Teddy, you are sleepy!"

"Why, I'm not a bit sleepy. I'm only airing my mouth, mother."—*The Circle.*

WHY HE DESIRED A CANNON.

It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon.

"Do you expect me to loan you a cannon with which to kill my soldiers?" the old veteran inquired.

"No," the chief replied; "kill soldiers with a club. Want cannon to kill cowboys."

We do not love the Quarantine!
It is a cruel thing
That keeps us close in Auburndale
Through all the balmy Spring.
'T is said to be so good for us,
But, awful to relate,
The things they name "Foryourowngood"
Are mostly things you hate.
Still, just to reckon what we've gained:—
(Although by measures harsh,)—
Our money's in our pocket-books,
And not with Jordan Marsh,
Our study time is infinite;
In lessons we're so bright
That study-hall is almost empty
Almost every night.
There's nothing bad in all the world
From which no good appears.
You'll hear this maxim quoted
If you live a thousand years.
So let us pet the Quarantine
Nor grumble at its reign,
But from all merry Boston trips
Most carefully refrain.
And if it thinks we do not mind,
Some glorious, happy day,
Perhaps the hateful Quarantine
Will vanish quite away.

A little Boston girl's composition on boys. Here it is:" The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself smart because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing and rested on the seventh day.

One morning in the chapel, runs this tale which I repeat:—
A maiden fair stood shivering there, chilled through from head to feet.
Her anger rose to wondrous hights; the register was cold!
So forth she tripped to office, where a story sad she told.
The furnace man when summoned up, could not quite sympathize,
But laughed and shrieked in merriment before her puzzled eyes;
When finally he found his voice, he said, "Well, I am beat!
How can you hope to warm the house if you don't turn on the heat?"

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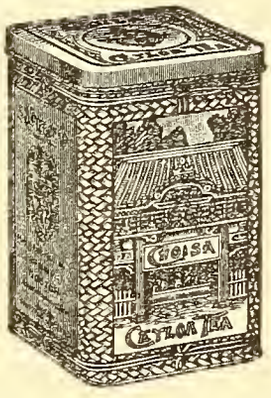
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Secretary
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MARION BRIGGS, Sp.

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

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Editorials.

As the close of the school year gradually draws near, our thoughts are turned from work and studies, toward the happy Commencement time. This spirit of Commencement manifests itself everywhere, and in everything around the school. The June birds seem to sing sweeter carols, the June flowers bloom in brighter hues and with more fragrance, the June grass puts on its greenest velvet, and even the sage old June trees appear wiser, and seem to want to tell us how many years they have watched the old girls going, the new girls coming, and sadly watched the many Seniors as they bade farewell to the things on the campus most dear to them.

In spite of the good times anticipated and enjoyed in this glad time of the year, I wonder how many of us there are who do not feel a touch of sadness each year, as we leave the school that has given us such dear friendships, that has brimmed our cup with a draught of joy so sweet that merely to think of leaving must needs bring sorrow, also at the idea of parting with loved friends, some of whom we *may* never see again. Especially do we feel this when we see the Seniors graduate, leaving their schoolmates, and their own dear classmates, to go forth in the world, each to fulfill her own destiny in life.

But is Commencement the end? Hardly, it seems. Many of the girls again take up studies in higher schools, thus fitting themselves better for life, while others engage in the business of the world, now to reap the harvest of the long, quiet school years of earnest study and conscientious character-making, now to live out their ideals as well as they may. They have successfully passed their schoolhood days, are now just on the threshold of life, awaiting whatever duties, hardships, sorrows, and joys, that the Future may allot them.

Thus we pass out from the life of school into the school of life.

Drill Day at Lasell.

We cannot always have sunshine and clear sky just when we want it, but we can at least make the best of bad weather, which is exactly what Lasell girls did May twenty-first: while the audience on the lawn sat under trees and umbrellas, the girls entertained them in the drizzle and mist with their annual exhibition drill.

They looked very military with their khaki suits, gray felt infantry hats, guns, and swords, as they marched back and forth in genuine soldier fashion. The battalion was especially imposing, for in that there were a hundred and sixty or seventy girls, four companies in all, each one formed in true military style, with all the necessary officers. Overhead floated the square banners of the several companies, —yellow for A, red for B, blue for C, and green for D; yellow red, blue and green balloons also were scattered through the audience, and small bows of ribbon of the same colors, indicating in which company the visitor had a friend.

The first thing on the program was the competition drill of companies D and C, whose respective captains were Reva L. Berman and Mary S. Lumbard; then followed individual competition drill of the junior prize squad, commanded by Cadet Captain Mildred V. Goodall; next came the drilling companies B and A, under Cadet Captains Edna MacDonald and Mary A. Gallaher, which in turn was followed by the individual senior competition prize squad, commanded by Cadet Major Ina M. McLean. Last of all occurred the battalion drill, under Cadet Major Ina M. McLean. With the Eighth Regiment band at its head, and a large American flag in the center, the whole battalion marched in front of the higher officers, each company saluting them as it passed, with "eyes right."

The awarding of the prizes came immediate-

ly after this drill, and was the most exciting of all, for the young soldiers themselves. The judges, Majors George I. Canfield and William H. Perry of the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry, and Captain Perry L. Burrill of the Ordnance Department of the Commonwealth, had some difficulty in making the decisions, but at last Colonel Louis B. Goodall, a visiting officer, and the father of Cadet Captain and Adjutant Mildred V. Goodall, announced the winners: First junior prize, Marie A. Mills; second junior prize, Elizabeth B. Brandow; senior prize, Reva L. Berman; and the blue and gold guidon, the company prize, Company A. There had been much rivalry between the companies, each girl hoping, of course, that her company would be the lucky one, but the disappointed ones nevertheless cheered most gallantly for the victors.

The visiting officers were invited to dinner, after which several of them favored the company with speeches, among these being Captain Ranlett, who made his farewell address to the Lasell girls, this being probably the last year in which he will be able to drill the Lasell battalion, owing to the demands of a recently accepted position elsewhere.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

On the evening of May 26, the Shakespeare class presented "Midsummer Night's Dream," on the lawn. The campus in front of Carter Hall served as the stage, while the beautiful sloping green bank in front of this, made a delightfully convenient amphitheatre from which rows of eager and interested spectators watched the progress of the fairy play.

The stage was lighted by calcium lights from either side, making very effective the scene when the fairies entered. They could be discerned from a distance as they were approaching, and with their dainty iris-hued gowns and flowing hair presented a lovely picture of fairyland, as they danced about on the green sward. During the course of the play, Misses Lee and Shuttleworth gave most charmingly two beautiful Shakespearian songs. The characters were well chosen, and well drilled by Miss Dillingham, whose careful training and enthusiastic interest are to thank for the gratifying success of the production. The old girls hope that this lawn play is but the forerunner of many such delightful entertainments to be given by our students.

The cast was as follows:

Theseus, Duke of Athens,	Miss St. Clair
Egeus, father of Hermia,	Miss Bates
Demitrius, } In love with Hermia	Miss Ter Kuile
Lysander, } In love with Hermia	Miss McLean
Philostrate,	Miss Kelly
Bottom, a weaver,	Miss Kelsey
Quince, a carpenter,	Miss Warner
Starveling, a tailor,	Miss Cobb
Flute, a bellows-mender,	Miss Proctor
Snout, a tinker,	Miss Aldrich
Snug, a joiner,	Miss Briggs
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons,	Miss Gallaher
Hermia, daughter of Egeus,	Miss Porter
Oberon, King of the Fairies,	Miss Thomas
Titania, Queen of the Fairies,	Miss Dietz
Puck,	Miss MacDonald
Pease-Blossom, a fairy,	Miss Butterworth
Cobweb, another,	Miss Siggins
Moth, another,	Miss Frick
Mustard-seed, another,	Miss Harvey

An Afternoon With Miss Call.

On Saturday afternoon, May 28th, we girls who have the good fortune to belong to Miss Annie Payson Call's nerve-training class, spent a most delightful afternoon at our teacher's home in Waltham. We reached this home by way of a woodsy short-cut, and by passing through the charming old fashioned garden to the broad piazza of the house. Here we were most cordially received by Miss Call and several of her friends.

Everything that could please boarding school girls was done for us: Clever monologues were given by Miss Dietrick, who seems to us like an old friend since she has accompanied Miss Call here on class evenings on several oc-

casions; Miss Call's niece played three or four beautiful selections on the violin, and another young lady entertained us with piano solos. After this we were glad of an opportunity to demonstrate with our teacher, the class instructing for the benefit of a visitor of our hostess. Later, refreshments were served, after which we were permitted to ramble all over the house,—a roomy, most livable dwelling with many charms.

But electric cars, like time and tide, wait for no man; and at last we had to bid regretful farewell to our kind hostess and her friends, whose delightful entertainment of us we shall always remember in the keenest pleasure.

Glee Club Concert.

The evening of May twenty-eighth was looked forward to with great anticipation as the time set for the Glee Club Concert, and indeed on that night every one's expectations were realized. An attractive luncheon was prepared for the girls and their guests at half past five, and those whom a later hour suited better, were served at half past six. Later the different classes received visitors and served lemonade in the cottages and in the library, where the guests enjoyed pleasant chats until a quarter to eight, when everyone assembled in the gymnasium. Here the twenty members of the Glee Club, accompanied by Miss Amy Wessel, and under the competent direction of Miss Helen Goodrich, gave us the following delightful program.

PART I.

First Smile of May, Cesar Franck
Songs My Mother Taught Me, Peers-Dvorak
Barearolle, Offenbach Sherwood
Rose o' Tipperary, Josephine Sherwood
Comin' Thro The Rye, Frederick W. Root
Solo (a) Open Thou My Love, Thy Blue Eyes, J. Massenet
(b) A Little Maiden Loves a Boy, Clough-Leighton
Miss Halstead.
Dry Yo' Eyes, S. Landsberg
Dinah, Clayton Johns
My Lady Chlo', Clough-Leighton

PART II.

The Rosary, Ethelbert Nevin
Solo (a) Where My Caravan has rested, Lohr
(b) The Magpie Is a Gipsy Bird, Lohr
Miss Pierce.
Polly, Peg, and Poppety, Ernst Frank
Rock-a by-Lady of Hush-a-by-Street, Geo. S. Osgood
Laughing Song, B. Luard Selby
Ching-A-Ring-A-Ring, J. L. Molloy
A Little Dog Barked at the Big Round Moon, G. Conant
Solo, April Morn, Robert Batten
Miss Nelson.
Blue Danube Waltz, Strauss-Spicker
Alma Mater.

The Canoe Races.

Thursday, May 30, will long be remembered by the Lasell girls of this year as the day of a most exciting boat-race. The river-banks at the end of the course were lined with canoes, and the Point was crowded thick with girls and their friends all awaiting with eager interest the first gleam of the paddles of the racing canoes at their starting-point a half mile further down the river, at the starting point by the water tower. As usual there was a long pause before anything happened, but at last the three singles were seen. As these drew near the girls distinguished Dorothy Dorr and Gladys Stults in the leading canoe, Emily Butterworth and Winifred Whittlesey in the second, and Clara DeWolf and Athena Henkel in the third. Gladys and Dorothy were doing splendid work, and were ahead of the second canoe by some three lengths, when by a bit of miscalculation the canoe was upset, spilling its two occupants into the Charles. For an instant there was silence, then screams from the spectators, followed by peals of laughter as the two ducked ones, rising, struck out manfully for the shore near by. They were picked up by a patrol-boat and taken to the emergency station, there to recover dryness and good looks, while Emily and Winifred paddled on

to the finish, thus secured in their victory.

Then came the crews. The start had been difficult, owing to the wind, but as they came dashing into view it was seen that the "Mercury" crew was ahead, though close pressed by the "Tippy-Canoe Club." The captain of the former was Mildred Hall, the crew, Misses Flynn, Gregson, Arend, Kelly, Pierce, Renwick, Loebs, and A. Levi; while the latter had for captain, Gladys Lawton, and for crew, Misses Billington, Adelsdorf, Smith, Davis, Bragdon, Knight, Mayer (Louise), and Bettcher. The race went, by about a length and a half, to Mildred Hall's crew, though both crews did excellent work, and the contest was a close one. Congratulations are due them, not only upon their good team-work, but also upon their good luck in having so good a trainer as Miss Warner. Lasell may well be satisfied and proud in its "Race-Day."

Commencement Concert.

On Wednesday evening, June the first, the Commencement concert, which was the opening event of Commencement week, was given in the gymnasium. The program was as follows:

PART FIRST.

Organ. Rhapsodie on Christmas Themes, Gigout
Miss Snyder

Voice. The Danza, Chadwick
Miss Shuttleworth

Pianoforte. Concerto in D minor (last movement) Mendelssohn
Miss Berman
(Accompanied at a second pianoforte by Miss Lee)

Voice. To Thee, Hills
Upon the Shining Sands, Hills
Miss Porter

Pianoforte. Impromptu, Sternberg
Miss Scott

Voice. My Heart Sings, Chaminade
Miss McLean

Pianoforte. Gondoliera, Liszt
Miss Annis

PART SECOND

Violin. Meditation Religieuse, Missa
Misses Watkins and Shuttleworth
(Accompanied by Miss Snyder, Organ; Miss Wessel, Piano)

Voice. O Don Fatale. (Don Carlos) Verdi
Miss Aldrich

Pianoforte. Love Song, Stojowski
Miss MacDonald

Voice. Haymaking, Needham
Miss Miller

Pianoforte. Second Rhapsodie, Liszt
Miss Ter Kuile

Voice. Jewel Song. (Faust) Gounod
Miss Hale

Pianoforte Quartet. Overture Genoveva, Schumann
Misses Ter Kuile, Ordway, Knight and Gallaher

Chorus. Bridal Chorus, Cowen
Orphean Club
(Violin obligato by Miss Pickard and Mr. Goldstein)

Each number was well rendered, and did credit to both pupil and teacher. The appreciation of the large audience was shown by the hearty applause which followed each selection. Our seniors may well be proud of their Commencement concert.

The Proof of the Lasell Pudding.

Among the excitements of commencement week our most pleasurable afternoon was spent in visiting the exhibitions in the departments of Art and Household Economics, and in swimming, and altho' this work has always been exceptionally fine, more than one expressed the opinion that this was certainly a banner year.

Visitors felt well repaid for climbing to the top floor on the warm afternoon of June second, for there they were cordially welcomed in the cool studio by Miss Mullikin, and after being served a glass of refreshing lemonade were in good spirits to enjoy the numerous specimens of this branch of work there displayed. The walls were hung with pencil sketches and beautiful paintings in oil and water color, some of which were copies of masterpieces, some done from nature, and others purely imaginative. Very interesting was the work in arts and crafts, in which sundry appropriate

designs were cunningly worked out in brass, leather and silver, and effective stencil-work done in curtains, table-runners, sofa pillows, and bags. In addition one corner of the studio was devoted to an exhibition from Miss Fairbank's class in china-painting, the numerous pieces shown being very artistically and cleverly done.

The exhibition of the Household Economics department made one feel that the work here had also been done by those who may rightly be called true artists in their own line. On a table in the center of one room was a display rivalling that of a French shop, while on the tables arranged around the sides of the room were models wonderfully illustrating the course in sewing, from the weaving of the cloth to the finished gown. Excellent workmanship was shown in every piece, and very gratifying skill, as well as taste and artistry.

On tables in the adjoining room were displayed many substantial foods and dainty dishes, which had been prepared with such a nicety that even our grandmothers, those most famous of cooks, could surely have found no fault with them. The girls who have been under Miss Dolley's instruction this year realize that instead of the drudgery they had associated with such work there is a keen pleasure in preparing such dishes when the work is intelligently and correctly done. One of the most attractive features of this display was a lunch-basket temptingly packed for a vacation picnic, and, by the way, the picnic really came off on the following day, to the delight of the young cooks who had evolved the hamper.

In the practice dining-room the second year Household Economics class had prepared a savory course-dinner consisting of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, salads, and delicious dessert in the form of jelly in orange baskets. The bare oak table was laid with great care, the color scheme being carried out in yellow, a center-piece of buttercups, and delicately hand-painted menu cards lending their aid. Admiring so many goodies was hunger provoking, and the refreshments of punch and wafers served by two dainty maids on the dining-room porch, was most welcome.

In the swimming pool the girls did the side stroke, the crawl stroke, swimming on the back, and other like feats with admirable skill. Dorothy Dorr with fearless precision, did the running spring-dive, and was loudly cheered therefor. The girls in the winning team in the relay race were Louise Mayer, Juliet Beach and Hannah Morris; the other swimmers were: Grace Warner, Edith Waller, Sara Shuttleworth, Marjorie Lees, Ruth Burckett, Josephine Siggins, and Winifred Whittlesey.

It was an afternoon of keen enjoyment for the young exhibitors, and for the school generally, while to our many visitors there was added no doubt an element of surprise that girls so young could do work so satisfactory.

The Senior Reception.

The crowning event in the Senior year of every Lasell graduate is the Senior reception, the one event above all others to which she looks forward with anticipation and pleasure. It is the greatest social event of the school year, when the Seniors are granted the privilege of wearing at a Lasell reception trained gowns and gloves, a fact which in itself is sufficient to make this event a memorable occasion at the Seminary. This "function," long anticipated by the Class of 1910, occurred on Saturday evening, June 4, in the very midst of the festivities of Commencement week. The Seniors and their guests began to arrive soon after eight, and from that time, until half past nine, the formal reception took place. In the receiving line, which stood in Miss White's room, were Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Dr. and

Mrs. G. M. Winslow, and Miss Mildred Goodall, the president of the Class of 1910. The Juniors, dressed in simple white gowns, were organized in various committees, to look after the welfare of the guests of the Seniors, who were so soon to give up their places to them. At half past nine supper was announced in the dining-room, where the descending guests found chairs arranged in cozy circles for their comfort and pleasure. The serving tables were prettily decorated with flowers and maiden hair fern, and here again the pretty serving-maids were members of the Junior class. While supper was in progress, an orchestra played on the balcony overlooking the gay scene. As the capacity of the dining-room was inadequate to accommodate at one sitting the entire number of guests present, groups of "old girls" renewed friendships and discussed long forgotten pranks in the parlors till the second table was announced.

It was in all respects a very pleasantly memorable event.

Baccalaureate Sunday.

Baccalaureate Sunday was as lovely a June day as one could wish. The faculty, alumnæ, and students, proceeding in the usual order to the Congregational church, found on arrival the auditorium prettily decorated with palms and ferns. After a sweetly, simple opening service, the speaker of the day, Bishop William F. Anderson, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, announced as his text, First John, chapter 4, verses 7-9; his theme in especial was the place of God's love in man's life. His discourse was something as follows:

This theme is like the boundless ocean, and hence it is necessary to restrict ourselves to certain aspects of it, let us say, God's love is the environment, interpreter, and endowment of man's life.

God provides always an environment for every form of life that he creates—for the fish, the water; for the worm the soil; for the beast, the field and forest; for our own physical life the free air we breathe. Only of late have we come to appreciate rightly the healing properties of the air. Many diseases that have for years baffled medical science, have been found curable if the patient can be made to live outdoors, and under sanitary conditions. God hates uncleanness. For the spiritual life, the Gospel provides the environment of love, an environment which Christians accept in the home-life, where it is found of incalculable service in the business of living. Blessed is the woman who in this atmosphere rules her home, and becomes thus the true wife and mother, thus fulfilling her God-given mission. In the church life it finds such and so large a place that the dearest and sweetest friendships are often made among the communicants of the church, and by no mere chance, but by a solmen logic of cause and effect. The church furnishes an atmosphere where Christian friendships thrive. Ambassador Bryce once said of America, that here Business was king—a condition of affairs which should never be. On the contrary, love should so permeate all our relations that it could truly be said, Love is king. Love is meant to be the universal environment of the life of mankind, and one of the chief reasons why the members of the human family have not more largely entered into their divine estate lies in the fact that up to the present time in the progress of the world, society fails so largely to provide God's environment for the life of man as it is found in the law of love. When all men's good shall be each man's aim, then all strikes and strifes will be remedied. In the great divine doctrine of human brotherhood the problems of our modern society will find their solution.

A point in illustration here is found in the recent development of nature study. The

world of the lower creatures has never before been studied more reverentially, and Coleridge's memorable lines fitly express our attitude on this matter:

To the tried teacher whose rules the mischievous little boy breaks again and again, it seems doubtful that he will ever amount to any good, so much of what is undesirable and wrong does she see in him. But go to the mother of that same boy and she will tell you quite another story. Her idea concerning her son's failure is that of a great success. She sees him succeeding in business, perhaps even in the Presidential chair. This is easily explained by the fact that mother love is a better interpreter of a child's capacities and probable future than a teacher's judgment, because of its greater depth. The most illustrious men and women in history have been the greatest *lovers.* The fundamental necessity of the comprehension of character is to be found in the magic power of *love.* Therefore God is the best interpreter because *He* so loved us that He gave His only begotten Son. If life would be successful it must be loving.

Man is naturally endowed with love. It is not necessary for him to create it; it is intuitive in him. The importance of this lies in the wise direction of his loves and admirations, for man becomes like his ideal. When he loves God, he becomes like God. "Many kinds of love many kinds of life," said Henry Van Dyke. There is a very essential difference between the natural love and the Christ love: the natural love loves its ower by kindred, by congeniality, by taste, loves that which is loving, lovely, and lovable; but the Christ love overleaps all these distinctions and loves the unloving the unlovely, and the unlovable, in order that by loving them it may lift them up. Human life never becomes redemtive in quality until it includes the sacrificial element so beautifully seen in the life of our Lord. Love is life. Take love from the world and the realization of this will be dreadfully apparent. The richest man in the world is not the one who has the most money or the most land, but he whose life is spent to the greatest degree in loving service.

Members of the graduating class, your lives will become significant in proportion to your entrance into the true service of mankind.

This sermon, so beautiful in its thought, so forceful in its delivery, was heard with deepest attention, and made a profound impression.

In the evening Dr. Gordon, pastor of the Congregational church, led our Commencement Vesper service. The theme of his address was the necessity, the great privilege and delight of advancing in life from glory to glory, steadily onward, steadily upward.

Class Night.

Hail, dear Lasell, Alma Mater,
Home of our school life so gay!
Life's portal now opens widely,
Through it we all pass today.
Praises, Lasell, to thee, praises!
Words fail to tell all we feel;
Yet will our love last forever,—
Loyal, as years shall reveal.
Hail, dear Lasell, Alma Mater!
Kindly thou hast been and true;
Guidance and love and protection,
These, yea, and more we owe you.
Noble ideals, ambitions
Such as exact and refine,
Friends and affections we gained here,—
Proud are we, proud to be thine.
Hail, dear Lasell, Alma Mater!
Hail to the gold and the blue!
Gold for our wealth of sweet memories
Blue for the pure and the true.
E'er "for the highest, the utmost,"—
Thus wisely our motto we chose,
Colors and motto together
In our sweet violet repose.

In the evening of the sixth of June the Seniors, having formed into line outside and carrying the daisy chain over their shoulders, marched, singing their processional, through

the gymnasium, past the expectant faces of their friends and relatives to the platform at the front.

The salutatory address was given by Mildred V. Goodall, president of the class, following which came several sprightly songs bearing not a little reference to the Juniors. In the roll call as each girl's name was read, she was obliged to rise while Julia TerKuile proclaimed in well-rounded tones the girl's name, address, and peculiarities. After several songs, Martha R. Hazelet presented "A Piece of Tapestry," an ingenious web of composition, woven in part of the threads of the past year's events and depicting the class history. The "Last Will and Testament" was read most impressively by Mary S. Lumbard. As each victim's name was called she was forced to wedge her way from the rear of the room to the platform, thus to find herself the sport of the whole class. The prophesy was given by means of stereopticon slides thrown on a screen, showing the future occupation of each member of 1910. After the prophecy the Seniors, who had before been clad in simple white dresses, reappeared on the platform in their caps and gowns. The farewell address having been delivered by Mildred Snyder, the Seniors descended from the platform and marched, singing the recessional, through the gymnasium and out to the front door of the building, where they were met by the Juniors bearing lighted torches.

Headed now by a band of music and followed by a crowd of spectators, the torchlight procession marched over the campus, strung with electric lights, to Karandon House, where Julia B. Hamilton gave the "goodbye to Karandon," which was followed by a song. From here the procession marched around to the "Crow's Nest," where Reva L. Berman in an oration entitled "The Place of Dreams," surrendered to the Juniors in behalf of the class this retreat, always sacred to the Seniors during the school year. The procession then proceeded to Pickard House, where the farewell was spoken by Ina M. McLean, and a farewell song was sung. The Seniors then formed in a circle on the campus around the flames into which, after Marion L. Hale had given "The Sacrifice," each member tossed in effigy or reality, the object most hated by her during all the year. Then while the loving-cup was passed around the Seniors sang one last song—their farewell to one another as a class.

Lasell Commencement Address.

It was a gray day, Commencement Day; the air was heavy with mist, but the beautiful summer greenness all about was almost as lovely as the much longed-for sunshine that was already promising itself to the hopeful Class of 1910 as the customary procession of Faculty, Seniors, returned "old girls," and undergraduates went down the hill to the church. Later that promise was to be fulfilled most charmingly.

There were present in the pulpit that day our Principal, Dr. Winslow; our former Principal, Dr. Bragdon; Dr. Charles Rice, of Newton; Dr. Peloubet, of Auburndale; and Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, who gave the Commencement address, one of the most forceful and appealing in its simplicity and dignity, and its finely impressive truth ever delivered on such an occasion at Lasell.

Dr. Gordon's theme was "The Fine Art of Life," which he developed somewhat as follows —after a humorous allusion to the floods of advice usually bestowed gratuitously upon young people at such times. Always great minds have had beautiful thoughts, and always have they tried beautifully to express them, partly because of the sheer delight in the doing of this, partly also because when thus expressed, such thoughts become an independent power in life,—a great, objective, permanent part of the

educative, civilizing capital of the world. Through these efforts of genius fitiy to clothe its beautiful thoughts exquisitely, have arisen the fine arts. Products of such attempts at fit expression, are the Egyptian obelisk, the Greek temple, thc Gothic cathedral, the great sculpture, and the great music of the world, as also its great poetry—all are but beautiful thought so beautifully expressed as to become thereby an abiding, inspiring power among men.

Yet this is not enough. One may be thus greatly gifted, yet miserably fail of genuine greatncss in his own lifc. *Our busincss is to live.* If we fail in our living, we fail absolutely—nothing can compensate for it; but if life be successful, as judged by the highest standards of success, then all other failures are comparatively trivial. This, then, is the sixth fine art, the art of life, *life in its supremely beautiful form.* It is this art that lies nearest of all the arts to these students, and most imperatively demands their attention. And to this art, as to all the arts, vision is absolutely indispcnsable. The sublime beauty of the Parthenon, the exquisite harmonies of Beethoven had first their existence in the creative mind of architect and musician. *Everywhere the dream precedes the achievement;* absolutely and inevitably it is the *first* thing. So also in our living, vision is the prerequisite. To what shall we direct our energy? Shall our bodies be the mere vehicles of chance, responding to every whim or accident? Dismal! Such fortuitous lives are those of thousands. *Fine art demands a dream.* Lay hold, therefore, on some clear vision to shape, mold, inform, and fill with grace and divine energy your whole existence! Said Aristotle, "The mind is the truth of the body." A notable saying. Without mind the body is but a corpse; but if mind be added, if an educated, moral Christian impulse be given it, this is the truth of the body.

Conscience is necessary to all fine art; even though artists may dispute this, conscience of some sort there must be in every kind of art. If no other conscience there be, then there is this, in itself a very good kind. Never accept as a finality what is below your best. From the application of such a conscience to art have come our Sistine Madonna, and Milton's splendid, incomparable style; and all art without it fails of its end. Apply this to life. Often we must accept in the press of daily living what is less than our best; but to this conscience says, "Take it only as provisional, not as final." Begin anew, and make your art of life perfect. "Days are lost lamenting all lost days," says Goethe; but if such lamentation result in a determination to improve our time, then comes the finest art of living. Girls in this respect are much like other people. Their danger is that they will settle down to a threadbare respectability. The threadbare, seedy, unromantic life is a curse, the life in which is no reach for the highest, no aspiration. Don't accept anything as a finality that is below God's best for you.

The fine art of life demands patience, the patience of the artist in love with the vision, the canvas, the piece of sculpture, a tireless enthusiasm of devotion. Nothing comes out of life save through this patience. The life that broods with patience over its great aims evolves its ideal. Look at thc long, long patience with which Dante endeavored to do something somewhat worthy of Beatrice who had stirred his soul. A long time he was in the making of that great poem which the world so loved and admires. So with our lives. Through a like patience in his high aim did Jesus invest his life with such divinity and perfectness; so must all who would make their lives full of beauty, power, and a noble satisfaction for self. This satisfaction is in itself a great power and support. One can do all, bear all, if only the

soul evolves steadily into a larger and finer. Give the sense of this growth to a human being, and defeat is impossible, and there is no need to regret the lack of other things. This means character. The one thing of imperishable value our learning and our literature will grow antiquated and useless; but a great character is ever the same in all ages. Socrates' philosophy has long been outgrown; but Socrates in his prison, with the cup of hemlock, meeting death with equanimity and hope, cannot be transcended, now as ever he is a great and heroic soul. Always has the great deed, the great attitude of soul, absolute immutable worth for all men, and for God. This is the best justification of the fine art of living, to hand back to God a life spotless and unblemished.

Take with you into your home-life the vision. Let this religion of character be always yours. Meet the just, pious, loving expectation of your home.

Parting at The Crow's Nest.

The Commencement service at the church over, with one accord, students and visitors moved toward the Seminary grounds, taking their stand in the driveway and on the bank near the Crow's Nest. As soon as the members of the various classes had gathered together, the Seniors, with the President of their sister class of '12, bearing their banner at their head, entered for the last time as owners, the shady nook which for this year has been conceded to be their exclusive property. Then with a final song of class spirit and loyalty to their Alma Mater, followed by the graceful surrender of the "Nest," to the Juniors, the Class of 1910 slowly filed down the steps, taking their places in double line at the approach to the sacred bower, and, now truly "Seniors no more," removed their caps and holding them against their breasts stood with downcast eyes while the Seniors of 1911 somewhat sadly, perhaps, but yet proudly, too, entered their new possession. Almost regretfully the new black and gold banner was hung out over the side of this last and dearest legacy of the departing class. Then followed the song of acceptance, the yell of 1911, and the sad farewell to the class of 1910. Lumps rose in many throats, and some tears were seen during this song, and the "Alma Mater" which followed; but faces once more brightened when, the new Seniors having passed again between the ranks of the new Alumnæ, class after class, both old girls, and present day girls, gave cheer after cheer for this year's class and for their own individual classes. The call to luncheon seemed visibly to brighten the misty atmosphere, and the ceremony ended in a general movement to the usual Commencement collation, served in the house this time because of the unsettled weather. There, good fellowship and good cheer ruled the hour, while the throng enjoyed the dainties prepared under the supervision of Lasell's capable commissarist.

Marjorie.

She is a winsome little lass,
  This maid of half a year;
She brightens all our days for us,
  And fills us with good cheer.
She is the queen of Karandon;
  We bow beneath her sway.
We are her subjects tried and true;
  Our love she'll keep alway.
And sweetest Marjorie is her name;
  She gains the love of all,—
A happy, dear, beloved babe,
  The princess of our hall.
And though the youngest at Lasell,
  She has the greatest power;
Her smile, her beauty, and her charm—
  They form a handsome dower.
So here's a health to Marjorie;
  As queen long may she reign!
And subjects faithful, tried, and true
  May we, too, e'er remain!

—From Junior Sparkles—N. C., 1910.

The Wreck of the Mataafa.

We were having one of our cold November blizzards, and my aunt and I were watching from out sitting room windows the waves of old Lake Superior as they dashed high over the lighthouse, when we saw one of our huge freighters, the Mataafa, and her tow starting bravely out of the canal. They had only gone a short way, however, when the tow broke loose and anchored, while the Mataafa turned back toward the harbor. Just as she was about to go through the canal a great wave struck her, knocking her against the pier with such force that the propeller broke, and the boat was cut almost in two and was left at the mercy of the waves.

When Aunt and I saw this we bundled up and started for the canal, being forced to walk as the car only ran part of the way, and by the time we arrived the waves had carried the freighters around the pier and up on the sand. Meanwhile hundreds of people had gathed at the shore to watch the helpless Mataafa, and to help the life savers who were vainly trying to send out the life line through a cannon.

On board the freighter the men were making a desperate struggle to get to the cabin, the only part of the boat over which high waves did not roll. Clinging to a rope which led from the aft to the bow, they would try to work their way forward, when perhaps a wave would carry them off their feet. At such times how the people cheered when they saw that the men had not been washed overboard!

But all attempts of the life savers to get to the boat were uscless, as the wind was too strong against them. Even tugs tried to come to the rescue, but were forced to turn back. It was, indeed, pitiful to see thousands of strong men standing on the shore, and yet unable to assist those on board, whom they could hear calling for help.

At last we were forced to leave the unhappy scene, but early next morning we again went down to the canal. This time the sun was shining, and the cruel lake was calm; but there lay the Mataafa, so near shore that I could throw a stone on her deck. And such a pitiful sight! The poor men had crawled into the man-holes in their vain attempts to keep warm, and had frozen stiff. Only those who were fortunate enough to get into the cabin escaped, and they were more dead than alive when taken ashore. Seeing the water so calm next morning it was hard for us to believe that this was the same lake that had been so wild and had caused such havoc only the day before.

M. H., '11.

1910's Gift to Lasell.

For a number of years it has been the custom of each graduating class to present to Lasell some useful or beautiful gift as a token of gratitude and love to the school that will always hold a place in the memory and heart of every graduate. The 1910 girls have combined use and beauty in their gift, which is no less than a triple-light, placed at the east end of the driveway, which passes in front of Cushman hall. We are sure that many future visitors as well as the students of years to come will appreciate the thoughtfulness shown by this year's graduating class, and to those of us who know the girls personally these bright lamps may even seem symbolical, for surely this same class of 1910 has been a light and an inspiration to us all.

Dear Girls—

Did you ever hear this before?—"Our school is a little world,—your room is your castle!—The habits you are now forming you will carry with you into the larger world outside."—But alas! "It is one thing to hear and another to heed." Some of you have done both, others (I am sorry for them) have heard but failed to heed. I am glad these probationers will have

another chance. As a whole, Clark Cottage was the model house throughout the year, and this is the more surprising because the girls did not have as much time in their rooms as the girls in Cushman. A Cushman-habitue who failed, suggests, "Perhaps that is one reason why things kept in order over there,"—but *we know* better! Beginning at Cushman Hall, among the best housekeepers were the occupants of Nos. 9, 13, 15, 22, 23, 33, 40, 48, 52, 73 and 75. The residents of A and E, Carter Hall, were good housekeepers; Karandon A and E were model rooms. Our occasional tour of inspection at Hawthorne House furnished us usually a pleasant surprise. Very naturally we expected Pickard House to represent us at our best; in most of the rooms we were not disappointed. However, there were some rooms in each home which were "impossible," and a few girls who were good housekeepers left unmistakable signs of having disobeyed the school regulations. Untidiness is always disappointing; signs of dishonesty and disobedience, lamentable. "Short-comers" who return to us will have a fresh opportunity to redeem the past. All who read this report, whether they return or not, ought to resolve to "measure up," not to our expectations, but to the standard of the Teacher who demands that "everything be done decently and in order."

Faithfully,

L. R. P.

Gymnasium Statistics.

109 tests of new girls made in fall.
92 tests of new girls made in spring.

Number gained in total strength tests,	70
Number lost in total strength tests,	22
Number gained in lung capacity,	64
Number lost in lung capacity,	9
Number same in lung capacity,	12
Number gained in weight,	77
Number lost in weight,	9
Number same in weight,	6
Greatest gain in strength, May Meloon,	105 kilos
Greatest gain in weight, Dorothy Dorr,	44 lbs.
Greatest gain in lung capacity, Dorothy Dorr,	55 cu. in.

Greatest lung capacity:

Miss Eisenstædt,	235
Miss Stults,	230

Greatest chest expansion:

Miss Flynn,	16 c. m.
Miss L. Mayer,	15 c. m.
Miss Morris,	15 c. m.
Miss Brandow,	15 c. m.

Greatest ninth rib expansion:

Miss E. Butterworth,	15 c. m.

Strongest, (those making tests of 300 k. or over):

Miss Hardy,	349
Miss Thompson,	340
Miss Hall,	334
Miss Flynn,	323
Miss Arend,	322
Miss Merriam,	317
Miss Billington,	317
Miss Stults,	310
Miss Smith,	308
Miss Bragdon,	306
Miss Heitmeyer,	302

The Alumnae Meeting.

The Alumnæ Association held its 35th annual meeting on Commencement afternoon at 2.30, Lillie Fuller Merriam, presiding. Dr. Bragdon offered prayer. The Glee Club very kindly sang. This and a solo by Louise Miller was greatly enjoyed. After the usual routine business it was announced that something over one thousand dollars had been raised thus far for the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund. Dr. Winslow most generously offered to duplicate the income for the present. A committee consisting of Miss Potter, Mrs. Peirce and Mrs. Draper was chosen to consider the best means of using this combined income. After considerable discussion it was voted to establish, for the present at least, the "Caroline Carpenter Scholarship" in memory of our dear preceptress—feeling that her girls could do her no higher honor than to help some other girls to knowledge and Lasell advantages they could not otherwise have.

Miss Dillingham, teacher of Literature at the Seminary and a former pupil, read an original monologue, "Taking a Rest," which proved delightfully entertaining to her audience of alumnæ, teachers and friends. A social hour followed. Following is the list of officers

elected: President, Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Vice Presidents, Etta Stafford Vaughan, '86; Ella Richardson Cushing, '73; Martha Haskell Clark, '05; Secretary, Nellie Packard Draper, '84; Treasurer, Mabelle Whitney, '03; Mid-winter Committee, Josephine Woodward, '10; Charlotte Ryder, '08; Miriam Nelson, '05; Ex-Committee, Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95; Mildred Peirce, '06; Anna Conant, '09; June Committee, Lillie Potter, '80; Fanny Gray Merrick, '56; Mildred Goodall, '10; Florence Lane, '07; Agnes Bullard, '08.

Lasell Reunion.

On May 4th, 1910, at the Omaha Club, there was a reunion of Lasell "girls" as Professor Bragdon always affectionately calls us, regardless of years. Thirty-nine in all sat down to luncheon, and if some were strangers, they did not long remain so, as new discoveries were constantly being made as to "who you *used* to be, etc. Then came the irrepressible newspaper reporter to take a flash-light picture, and telling every one to "smile and look pleasant" and not to be afraid as there was not the least danger, all of which created a feeling of good fellowship and merriment.

After several ineffectual attempts on the part of Mrs. Zoe Hill Mayne to secure a telegram, which was "on the way" to the Club for hours, and which we had reason to think contained greetings from Lasell—the party accepted an invitation to the home of Mrs. Wallace, where plans for the future were discussed. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Lydia Tukey Morrison, President; Mrs. Ella Bacon Houghton, Vice President; Mrs. Eva Kennard Wallace, Secretary; Mrs. Zoe Hill Mayne, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Mrs. Alice Anderson Kountze, Chairman; Marie McDonald and Mrs. Mae Burr Meadows. A resolution was passed to meet again next year, the latter part of May, on a date that will enable Professor Bragdon to be with us.

Among the interesting reminiscences was this word from our Vice President, Mrs. Ella Bacon Houghton, "Since my day at Lasell my three daughters have followed in my footsteps, and are graduates of the same school."

Zoe Hill Mayne read a most welcome and characteristic letter from Dr. Bragdon, describing the California Lasell Club in their recent meeting in Pasadena.

Dr. Guy M. Winslow, present principal of the school, sent friendly greetings to our new Lasell Club from the faculty and students.

Those present were:

From Omaha: Martha Stone Adams, Laura Conger Buchan, Suc French Brown, Nellie Hugus Caldwell, Laura Dale, Martha Dale, Elizabeth Mizner Harris, Roberta Steele Hyde, Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95; Katherine Pierce Martin, Lydia Tukey Morrison, Kathryne G. McClanahan, '06; Ella Cotton Magee, '00; Elizabeth Allen Paxton, '98; Constance Waite Rouse, Lucile Hyde Robinson, Mabel Barber Shears, Louise Peycke Smith, Eva Kennard Wallace.

From Lincoln, Nebraska: Grace Allen Clarke, '95; Mae Burr Meadows, Mary Spalding, Claire Funke Storey; Jessie Butler Seymour, Elgin, Neb.

From Council Bluffs, Iowa: Elizabeth Beno, Zoe Hill Mayne, '01; Madge Hollenbeck, Pinney, Gertrude Gleason Shepard, Mary Tulleys, '94; Julia Tulleys, '96; Helen Wallace Brown, Ellen Siedentopf Haas.

From Red Oak, Iowa: Mrs. Ella Bacon Houghton, Edith Houghton, '09; Mary Houghton Will, '00; Madge Fisher Boudinot, '01; Wester City, Ia.; Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89, Des Moines, Ia.; Effie E. Symns, '93; Atchison, Kan.; Elizabeth Ewing, '93, Sabetha, Kan.; Marie McDonald, St. Joseph, Mo.; Edna Smith and Ruth C. Spindler, Council Bluffs, Ia.

The prizes for bread-making were awarded by Dr. Winslow on Tuesday of Commencement week, the gold prize for the best loaf going to Lucy Cox, and the silver prize for the next best loaf, to Marguerite Vicary.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."



Word is received from Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen of the engagement of her daughter to Lieut. Royal Ingersoll of the U. S. Navy, son of Rear Admiral Royal Ingersoll. Alice writes, "they are old friends; in fact, played dolls together when little children." Our loving congratulations to this charming daughter, whom we chance to know, and to the fortunate young officer.

Helen E. Carter, '07, acknowledges receipt of Lasell Frolics; speaks especially of Madamoiselle's picture, which will be valued by the "old girls." Attended a luncheon given by Louise Grunewald, when Dr. Bragdon, Francis Avery, Edna Mathews Condit and Imo Blakestead were guests. Regrets not being "on" for Commencement, but found it impossible to leave her Chicago University examinations!

Grace Hardy, '04, writes she is proud to show Lasell Frolics to her friends. She and Ella Hazelton, '04, are planning to go abroad this summer. We wish them bon voyage and the best of times.

Jennie Stanton, here in '07-'09, says she has missed school and also expresses the wish to be here for Commencement.

Katharine Jenckes,'04,also enjoys the picture of Mlle. in Lasell Frolics. She speaks of the fine looking girls whom she wishes she knew.

Sarah Caldwell, '06, whom we were glad to see this June, visited Louise Kelly, '07, in Springfield, O., and Helen E. Carter, '07, in Chicago.

Ella Hazelton, '04, thanks Dr. Winslow for Lasell Frolics, and, like so many others, prizes the picture of the faculty relay race. She saw Charlotte Marshall and called up Gladys Patterson Hill, '04, in Worcester, although she did not see the latter. She is going to be in Iceland in August, and is to be Grace Hardy's, '04, pilot.

We are glad to hear that a younger sister of Martha and Laura Dale is almost ready to enter Lasell, and that there is a prospect of Nell Jones Yeomans' sister coming to us in the fall. They will receive a warm welcome.

Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, also acknowledges Lasell Frolics and tells us of the successful Lasell Club luncheon at Omaha.

The LEAVES is pleased to notice in a recent number of the Christian Endeavor World a most interesting article on "Flower Gardens" by Martha Haskell Clark, '05. Lasell is proud of this versatile graduate.

The engagement of Alcine Hotchkiss, (here '03-'07), to Mr. William H., Rippere was announced, recently. Both are of Ansonia, Conn.

In the recent passing away of Rose Perkins Cook, '66, of Natick, Mass., Lasell has lost one of its most distinguished and beloved graduates. The Natick Bulletin of June 3d contains a beautiful and touching tribute to Mrs. Cook from the pen of her author-friend and Lasell's former neighbor, Louise Manning Hodgkins. After referring to the important service which this gifted woman has rendered in educational, philanthropic and religious circles, Miss Hodgkins closes with this tender petition, in which we unite. "God comforts those left behind with the legacy of a rich life and the patient hope of sometime also reaching the immortality she has attained."

We were sorry not to see May Emery Yale, '98, of Minneapolis, Minn., here during Commencement. She is at her summer home on Cape Cod.

Marriages.

Winifred A. Taylor to Mr. Ivan Panin, Jr., on Saturday, the 28th of May. At home after the first of October, 82 Elm St., Worcester, Mass.

Edith A. Harris to Mr. William H. Seward on the evening of Wednesday, June 1st, at 2 Gould Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Florence Grubbs Fales, '99, to Mr. John Lafon, Jr., on Tuesday, June 14th, Aspen Hall, Harrodsburg, Kentucky. At home, Marshfield, Oregon.

Our Principal Emeritus.

Lasell of today and former days were glad to welcome home at this Commencement time, Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Miss Ransom, Mrs. Belle Bragdon Barlow and "wee" Margaret Barlow.

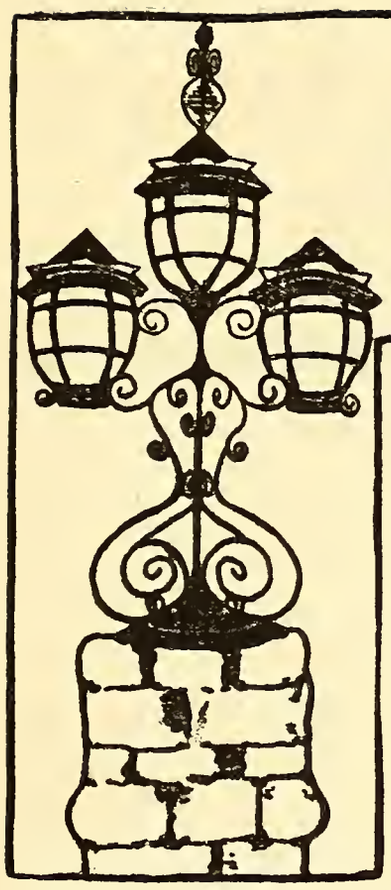
Not all the fascinations of the far, fair West, especially Pasadena-way, can crowd out Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon's love for and loyalty to Lasell, our Alma Mater, and their Foster child.

Lasell Remembered.

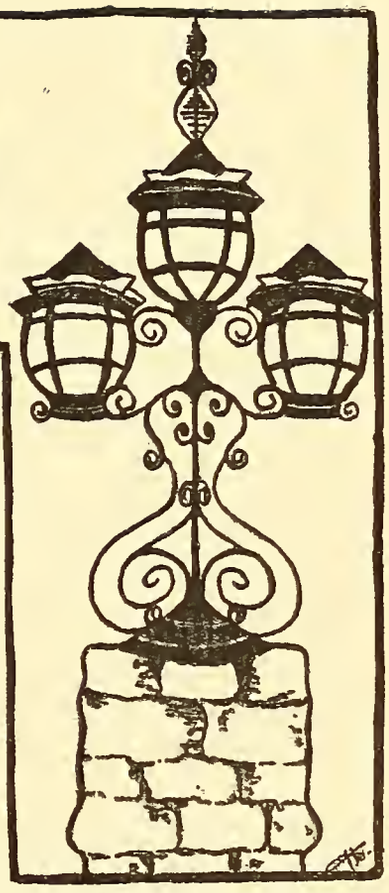
Our school has recently been the recipient of a valuable gift from the estate of the late Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D. A fine library clock and two bronzes were presented by Dr. Kendig's daughters, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, and Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80. For many years this distinguished clergyman was a Lasell patron and friend of our school. Lasell acknowledges with deep appreciation these artistic mementoes of her former friend.

Commencement Guests.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Miss Catherine J. Chamberlayne, Miss Eliza Kendrick, Miss Statira Caldwell, Mary Shaw Rogers, '56; Martha E. Stone, '56; Frances Sykes Davis, '57; Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57; Caroline Spear, '57; Caroline Hills Leeds, '61; Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67; Sarah C. Boynton, '67; Delia Hopkins Cooke, '70; Ella Richardson Cushing, '73; Marion E. Gilmore, '76; Annie Kendig Peirce, '80; Lillie R. Potter, '80; Lillian M. Packard, '83; Nellie Packard Draper, '84; Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Marietta Rose Green, '86; Etta Stafford Vaughan, '86; Elizabeth Eddy Holden, '88; Mary P. Witherbee, '92; Nellie M. Richards, '93; Bess C. Shepherd, '94; Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95; and daughter; Louise Barnes Douglass, '96; Martha A. Baker, '98; Alice Jenckes Wilson, '99; Bessie Campbell, '00; Alice Ashley Patten, '00; Elsie Reynolds, '00; Mabel Martin MacGregor, '01; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03; A. Katharine Jenckes, '04; Alice Stahl, '04; Frances Bragdon, '05; Martha Haskell Clark, '05; Roberta Clark, '05; Helen Darling, '05; Edith C. Harber, '05; Ida R. Jones, '05; Miriam H. Nelson, '05; Grace E. Rowe, '05; Barbara C. Vail, '05; Leslie A. White, '05; Agnes L. Wylie, '05; Sarah C. Caldwell, '06; Margaret M. Fuller, '06; Mildred Peirce, '06; Julia E. Potter, '06; Irene Sauter Sanford, '06; Dorothea L. Turner, '06; Fern Dixon, '07; Lilian M. Douglass, '07; Louise Kelly, '07; Florence Lane, '07; Martha R. Laurens, '07; Clara F. Nims, '07; Edna H. Strickland, '07; Agnes E. Bullard, '08; Leona Benner Dunsmoor, '08; Lela H. Goodall, '08; Grace T. Griswold, '08; Sophie B. Mayer, '08; Charlotte P. Ryder, '08; Anna Millar Smith, '08; Myra H. Steward, '08; Ethel C. Taft, '08; Constance E. Blackstock, '09; Anna L. Conant, '09; Annie E. Crowe, '09; Louise B. Funkhouser, '09; Florence R. Hudson, '09; Stella Marx, '09; Louise B. Paisley, '09; Maria L. Riker, '09; Dorothy V. Wells, '09; Edna K. Wheaton, '09; Katherine H. Wheeler, '09; Jane Ford Amesbury, Martha Atwood Baker, Alice C. Ballard, Louise Gurley Betts, Alma J. Blaisdell, Mabel Brodbeck, Dorothy G. Caldwell, Elinor K. Chamberlayne, Sue Hallock Couch, Frances B. Dillingham, Mary E. Dodge, Mabel Eager, Marion W. Eldredge, Isabel Farr, Vivian L. Fowler, Kate Colony Fyre, Ida Trowbridge Fuller, Sallie Guething, Florence Grout Hale, Alice Mayo Hicks, Blanche Busell Hofmann, Susie C. Johnson, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Edith Brodbeck Kimball, Mildred Marshall, Lillian McCauley, Cora Penniman McFarland, Ruth S. Miller, Hazel Orcutt, Pauline Orcutt, Elizabeth Peiree, Alice Taylor Potter, Lillie N. Potter, Sarah Buck Proctor, Martha E. Ransom, Lucy E. Reilly, Ruth Skinner Redington, Cora Reinherz, Hope Richards, Eva C. Robertson, Bessie Robinson, Marjorie M. Sharp, Florence M. Smith, Mary K. Wales Smith, Harriet V. Spooner, Flora Clark Stetson (and son), Edith Harris Seward (and husband), Ruth Talcott, Edna Thurston, Florence Tower, Minnie Ransom Wagner, Violet I. Wellington, Lillian Wetherell.



LOCALS



May 14.—This afternoon Mr. Allen delivered the sixth and last of his law lectures.

May 14.—The annual missionary fair was held on the lawn this evening. Each class had charge of a booth;—the Seniors selling homemade candies, the Juniors, ice cream and cake, the Sophomores auctioning off various articles lost during the year, the Freshmen selling sandwiches, and the Specials selling pop corn and presiding over a grab bag.

May 18.—An event much talked of, and it must be confessed not a little dreaded by some Lasell girls, took place this evening, when the earth passed through the comet's tail. Although a tidal wave which should sweep Boston away completely, had been predicted, nothing worse than a thunder shower occurred during the day. The evening was beautiful, and Miss Potter yielded to the many eager requests, to sit up and see the comet, although she assured all that they would see nothing unusual, the girls said they wanted to be on hand in case anything *did* happen, so they did not retire until ten fifty-five. But alas! There was no trace of the comet or its tail, and there was not even a single falling star to be seen.

May 18.—This evening Mr. R. L. Bridgman lectured to us on the movement toward universal peace, and the Hague conferences. This subject, of which all were glad to learn more, was most interestingly presented.

May 20.—This evening Mr. Bailey gave us the last of his series of lectures. His subject was, "The homecroft," and he showed us how much pleasure and knowledge may be derived from the flowers, trees, and birds living in our own back yards, even though these yards may be only small town lots. Mr. Bailey is one of our wittiest and most interesting lecturers, so the girls are always glad when they hear that he is to give the usual Thursday night talk.

May 22.—This evening Mr. Bailey led our vesper service.

May 27.—The comet has appeared! After, over and over again, having risen early and retired late—but all in vain,—we have at last seen the comet without doing either.

May 29.—Mr. Ely spoke to us at vespers this evening. He is connected with the American Missionary board, and had much to tell us of interest concerning his work.

June 3.—This evening the Seniors held open house at Pickard for the entire school, giving all a chance to see their attractive rooms and to visit with the beloved owners.

June 5.—So many orders for trunks and boxes are being given that it really looks as though we are going home soon.

June 6.—Class night exercises of which particulars are given elsewhere.

June 7.—Commencement day!

June 8.—Home, Sweet Home, and we wish all our girls and Faculty a happy vacation.

Growing Up.

(Honorable mention in the Allerlei Contest.)

Goodby, you dear old apple-tree,
I'm sorry to have to go.
Folks say that I'm too big to be
A'climbing trees, you know.

I can't climb up in you again
To sit and read my books.
They say, "That is not lady-like,
My dear, think how it looks!"

I can't go paddling any more
In the brook across the way.
My nice short skirts that I adore
Must be lengthened right away.

I have to wear my hair dressed high
In a pug upon my head.
Sometimes it seems as if I'd fly,
When reproved for things I've said.

I never want to grow at all—
I want to race and run.
I hate to be sedate and tall,
It ain't a bit of fun.

But it's, "Don't cross your knees, my dear,
Don't whistle, 'tisn't best!"
Until that I begin to fear
I'm worse than all the rest.

What if Tom did walk home with me
From church the other day!
Why, that's as natural as can be—
He lives just up a way.

I 'spose that I'll get used to it,
And be nice—by and by,
But it takes an awful lot of grit
Not to give up and die.

But you'll be my refuge—as of yore,
And when life's all awry,
I'll climb into your arms once more
And have a good old cry.

M. K. F., '12.



The LEAVES acknowledges the receipt of the following magazines: *Tattler, New Trier Echoes, Mirror, Review* S. H. S., *Magpie, Megaphone, Lal Bagh Chronicle, Owl* M. H. S., *Herald, Bulletin*, L. H. S., *Commerce Caravel, Chronicle* (King Edward's).

This number of the *Magpie* contains some very good articles. The prize stories are well written and show that great interest was taken in the competition. A few cuts, however, would make your paper cheerier and improve its interior.

The Junior number of the *Review* S. H. S., is quite a success. The literary department is very good, especially the story, "Edith's Timely Discovery." This story is handled very cleverly and gives credit to the writer. For a small paper, your magazine is well arranged, but it would improve your Exchanges to have fewer jokes and more helpful criticisms.

The *Commerce Caravel.* Your paper, as a whole, is good. The various departments are interesting and well written. Another story or helpful article in place of some of your full page cartoons would give the magazine a better aspect,—for some of the pictures appear to be only space fillers.

The *Megaphone.* Your literary department needs more long, well developed stories or better handled short stories. The students ought to take more interest in raising the standard of their school paper, trying to make it excell all

others in every possible way. Your cover design is neat and gives the paper a very attractive appearance.

The *Bulletin,* L. H. S., is a very neat appearing paper. The articles are good and well arranged. A few cuts, however, would greatly help the magazine.

In the *Bulletin,* L. H. S., we find the following: "Your paper this month, LASELL LEAVES, shows careful preparation. The students of your school show much spirit and genius in writing for their representative organ."

The *Tattler* says of us: "LASELL LEAVES, as is usual, contains very good material. The poem entitled "Rosemary," is a work of art, which we could not resist reading more than once."

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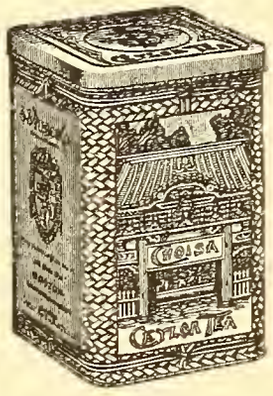
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